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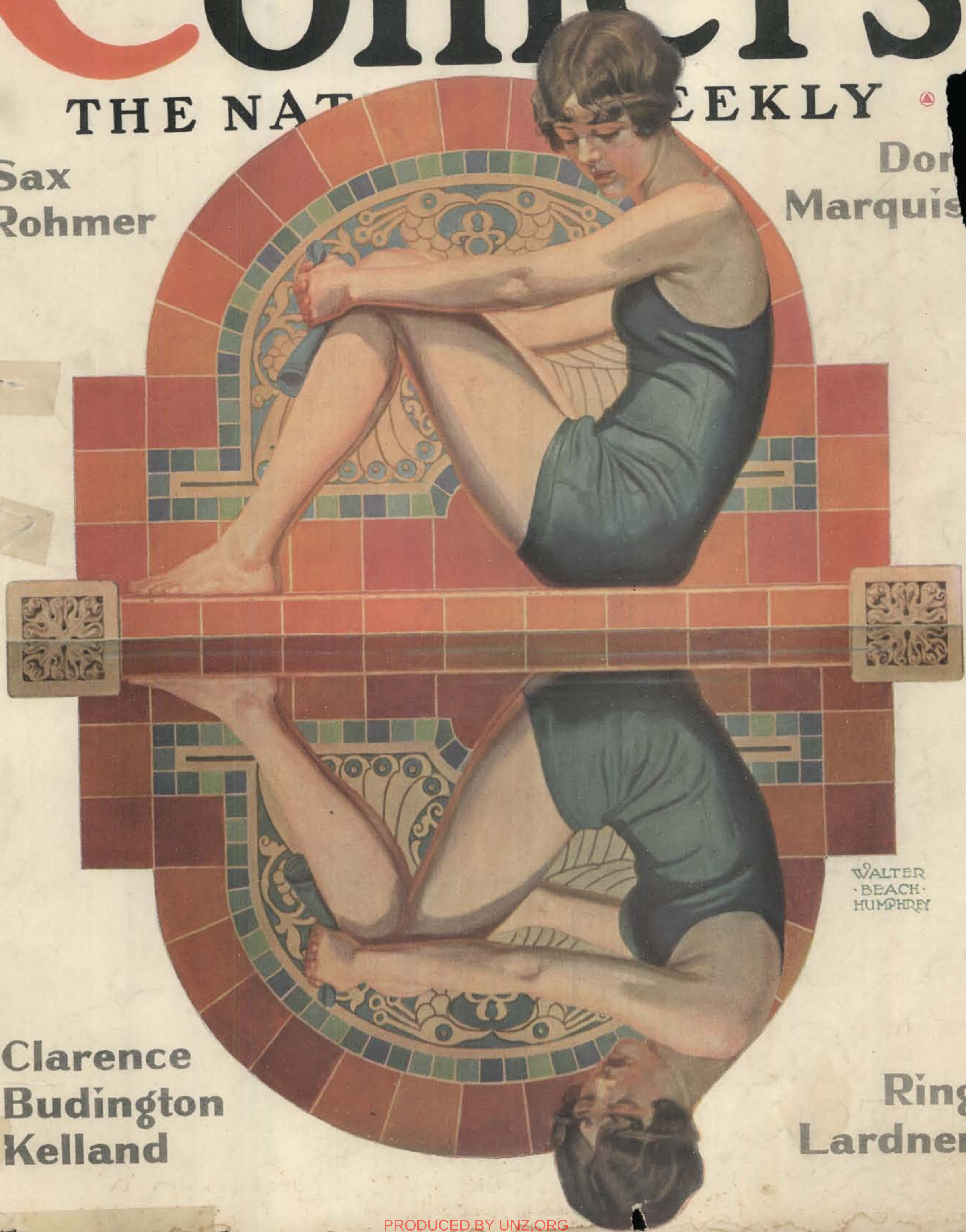
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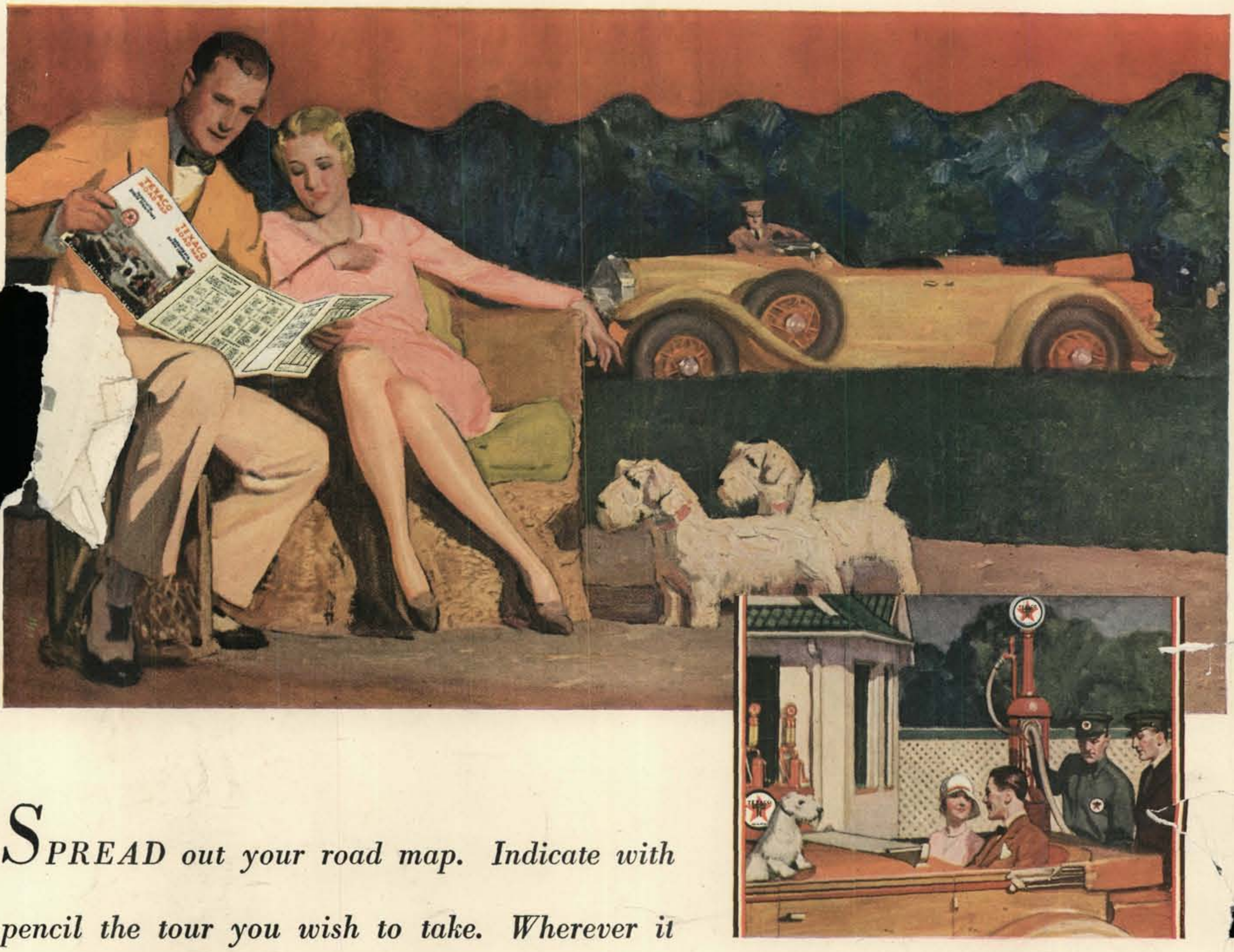

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THE TEXAS COMPANY
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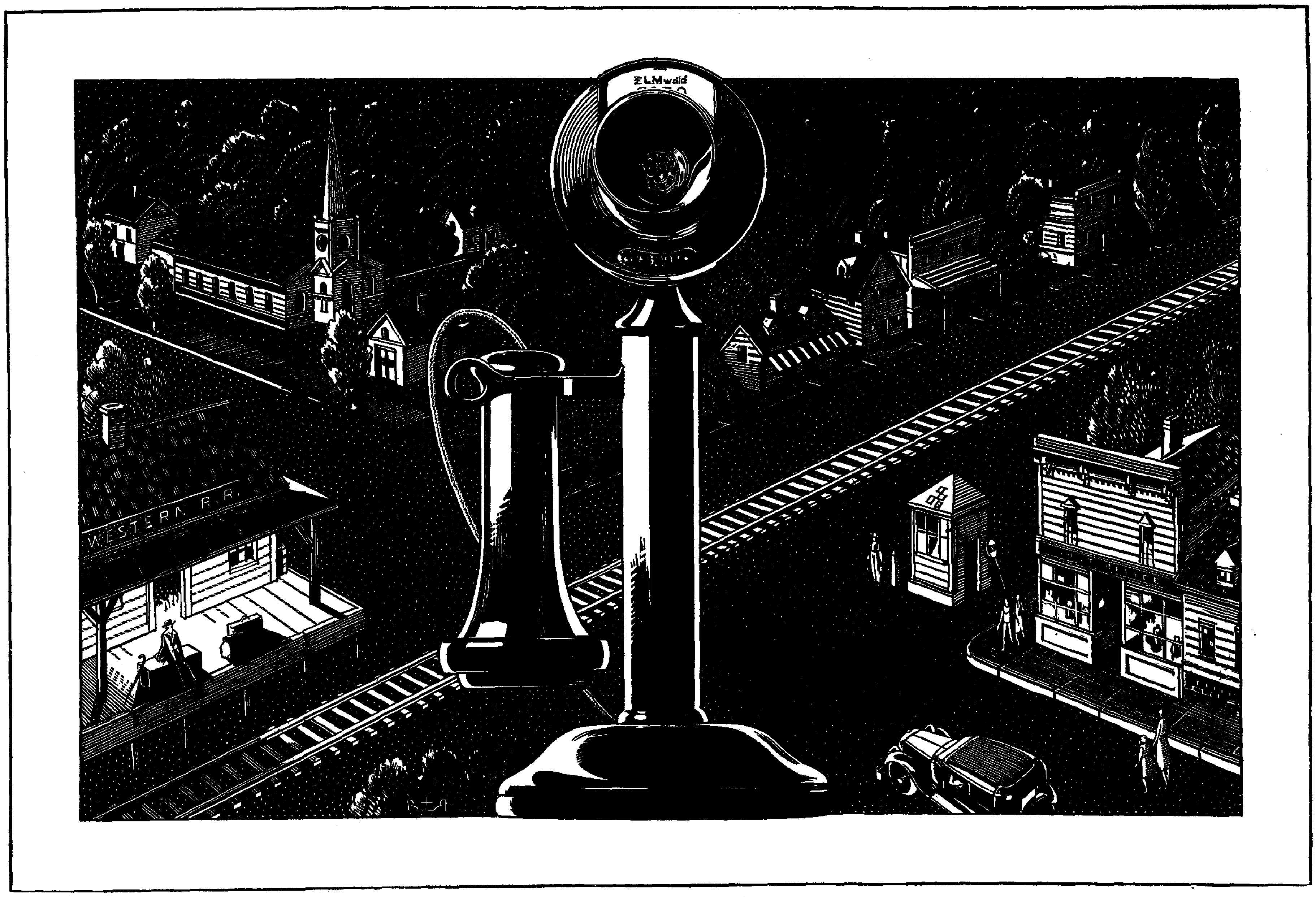
Stranded in a Small town . . .
He kept both Engagements by Telephone



A PLANT superintendent of a large tire company was on a business trip in Canada. He missed his connection and was stranded in a town with one train a day. Two important engagements loomed ahead—one in Toronto, the other in New York. He thought of the telephone. He called the two cities. He completed his business so satisfactorily in both places that neither of the trips was necessary.

The telephone is always ready to put important things through. A man in St. Louis was too busy to go to Memphis and back. He made the round trip by telephone. It resulted in $1400 worth of business.

A Seattle lumber company received a carload order on condition that it could be shipped in five days. Special items had to be cut. A telephone call to Portland, costing $1.15, found a mill that could do the work. The car was shipped in time. A Minnesota commission house invested $43.60 in nine telephone calls to five cities and sold 60 carloads—$24,840 worth—of potatoes.

What delay, worry or expense could you save today? Is there a misunderstanding to be adjusted, an important sale or purchase hanging fire? Calls are cheap. Typical station to station day rates: Chicago to South Bend, 60c. Peoria to St. Louis, 90c. Cleveland to Philadelphia, $1.60. Pittsburgh to St. Louis, $2.35. Boston to Chicago, $3.25.

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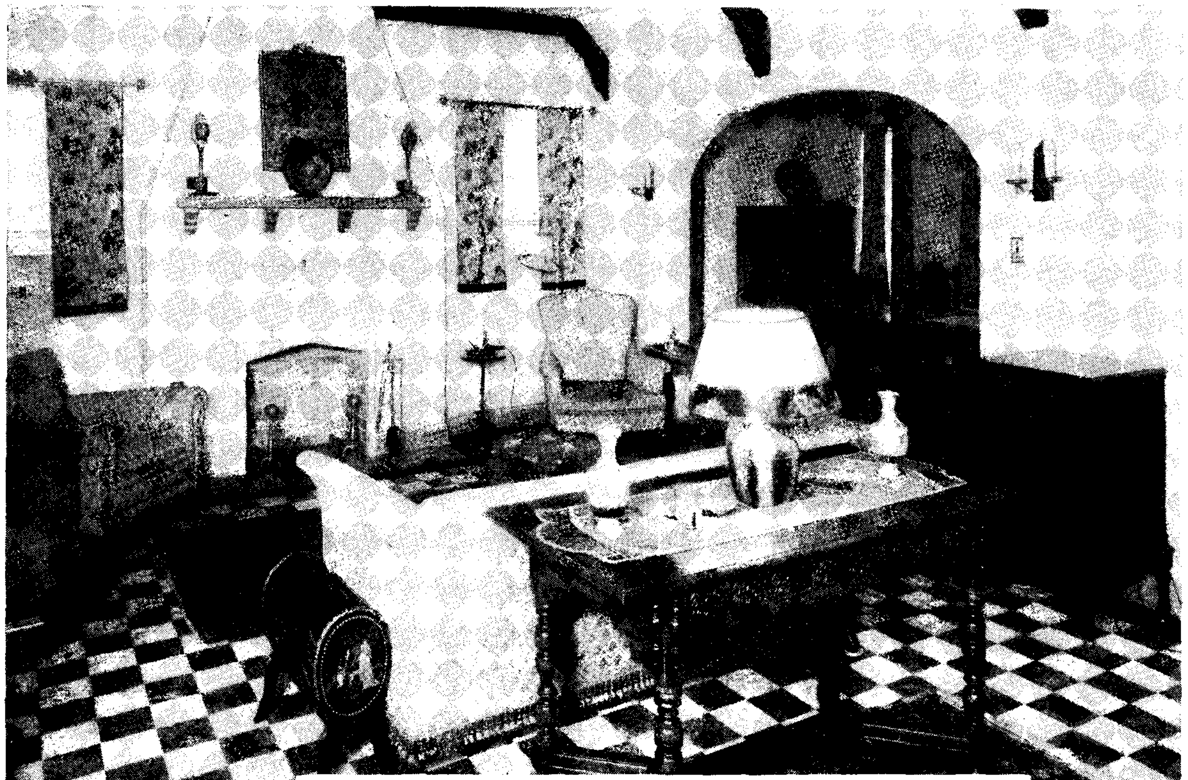

Above—Dining-room of Clarksburg model home. Floor is Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 83.

Center—Same Armstrong Floor in Edward J. Costello's attractive living-room. The marble squares are rich tones of brown and cream.

Below—One of the bedrooms floored with a soft-toned Taupe Jaspé Linoleum (No. 12).

PHOTOGRAPHS show up every defect in a floor. Cracks. Splinters. Telltale spots and stains.

But not when Armstrong's Linoleum Floors dress up your room picture. Witness these camera studies in the Clarksburg, W. Va., model home. No camera-shy floors here. "They smile right back at the photographer's glaring lights!" writes Edward J. Costello, Jr., designer and builder of this modern home.

"These floors are really so attractive it is not necessary to cover them with large rugs. Small rugs, costing less or of better grade (the ones you see in the living-room are imported Orientals), can be used. This makes for easier housekeeping, too.

"Then there's no scraping, sanding, no costly refinishing every year or so. For these floors are permanent, built right in, firmly cemented over builders' deadening felt. This method of laying assures a comforting, cushioning surface underfoot. A warm floor, as well."

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A letter to Lancaster brings you a bookful of model rooms in full color, interiors with floors that keep their beauty in lamplight, in sunlight, floors that pass the most revealing camera test. Just ask for "New Ideas in Home Decoration," Hazel Dell Brown's latest book. Sent for 10c to cover mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 919 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN ·· INLAID ·· EMBOSSED ·· JASPÉ ·· ARABESQ ·· *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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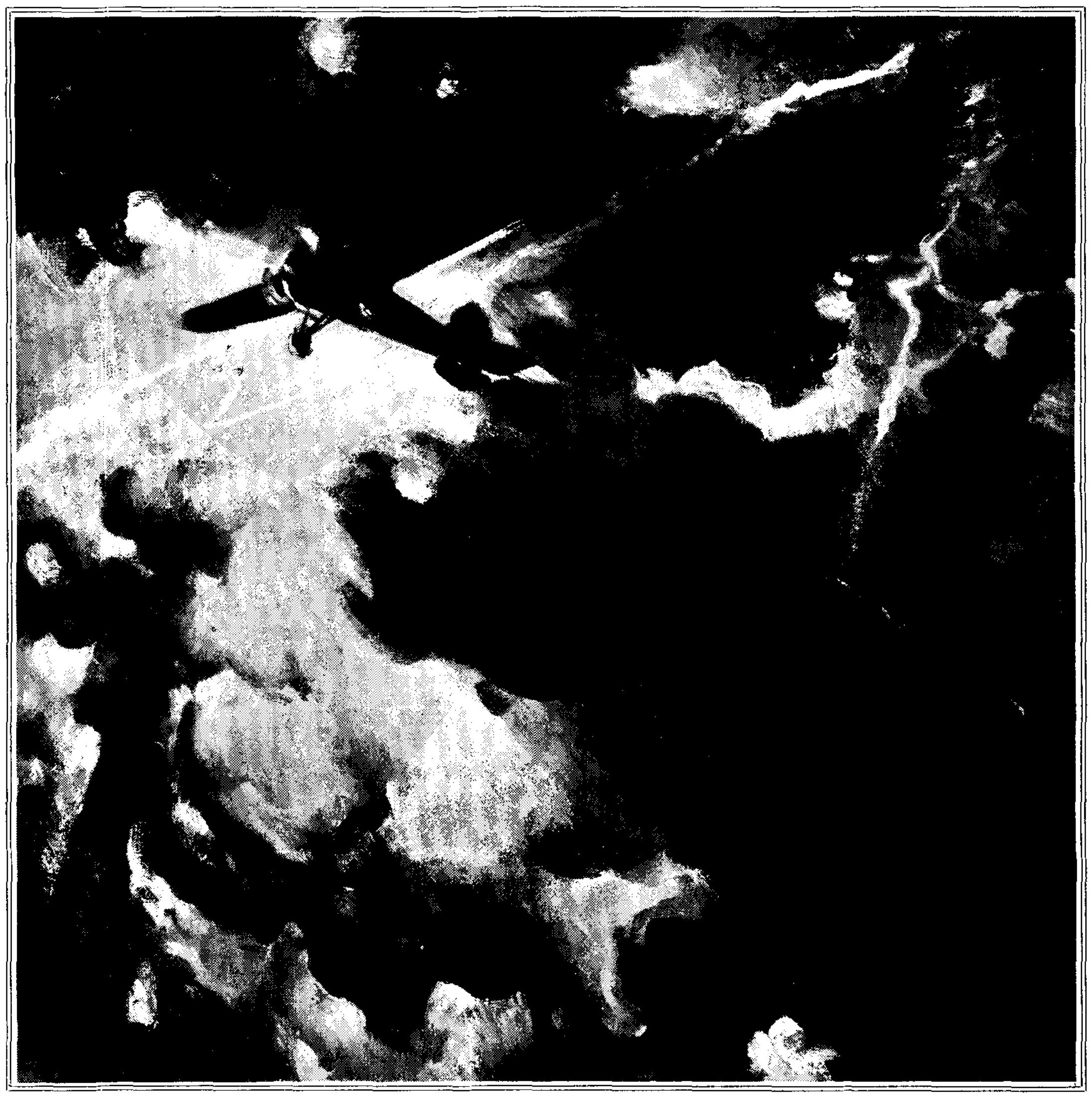

"Out there over the ocean somewhere—alone!—fighting!—battling this storm!—Oh God! *Oh God!*"

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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

AN EAGLE FLIES

By William Dudley Pelley

The story of a splendid adventure that couldn't fail

"I'M COMING out at once!" Jack Wenzel announced. Across eighteen miles of phone-wire he spoke, that being the distance from his Los Angeles office to my Santa Monica beach club.

"But it's after midnight, Jack," I protested.

"The project I want to describe won't keep. Besides, I'm catching the first morning train for 'Frisco, anyhow. After we've talked, you'll understand why."

So I wandered into the billiard room. At ten minutes past one, Jack came up the steps.

"Let's get away in a corner," he begged. His manner was curt. Hence his business was important.

The club steward had started his rounds, snapping off lights that were burning to no purpose. We selected an alcove with a high western window. The lethargic Pacific was moonlit before us, breaking in ghostly beads upon the sands.

"Bill," began my friend, snipping a Havana with the cutter on his watch-chain, "you see in me the pardonably proud father of a bouncing baby airflight. A transoceanic flying venture. I've just bought a ship."

"You've bought an airplane!" I echoed incredulously.

"For cash," he confirmed. "Never mind how I got it. The ship was on the market and I had to grab it quick. I paid ten grand down and will borrow the balance—the only ship on the coast capable of making the grind to Japan."

"To where?"

"With a halt, of course, in Hawaii for gas. Lindbergh's flown the Atlantic. The next big solo stunt is to fly the Pacific. The man who does the backing will come out of it wealthy."

"But Jack—a ship big enough to carry the necessary fuel—for that nasty stretch between Hawaii and Asia—"

"I've got one, don't worry. I discovered Slim Rickert had been making one at the Langley plant in Glendale. A monoplane. *A beaut!* Biggest ship for a solo flight—"

I said, "Man, it's eight thousand miles across to Japan. Who's going to stand the strain?"

"It's not eight thousand. Not as the crow flies—or an airplane, either. It's twenty-six hundred from here to Hawaii. It's only about thirty-eight hundred from Hawaii to Tokio. But that's not the point—"

"I don't see any point to it at all. Are you going into the business of murdering pilots? And where do I fit in this—?"

"I want you to manage it."

"You want me to *what?*"

He told me then. Plenty. Fifty thousand dollars, he figured the expenses. But what was that beside the glory and the profits?

"Look what other big flyers are making," Jack argued boyishly. "The money from the syndicates—the advertising hook-ups. All those things I want someone to attend to, while I apply my time to getting him away."

"Getting whom away? You've someone in mind who'll try the crazy stunt?"

"Yes," Jack admitted, when I finally pinned him down. "Whizz Bartlett! But keep that quiet. You know the flying he's been doing for the pictures? It was Whizz who looked me up and begged me to back him."

"You intend to send him over there alone?"

"That's the stunt, don't you see? Forty-eight hours Whizz will have to keep awake. No solo record will stand against that!"

Big Jack talked on. Twenty minutes of three, it was, and only a sleepy night-man remained at the desk, when I let myself be sold. I went up to bed at the club, the business brains of the craziest, wildest, most suicidal project that two normal men ever let themselves be hooked for. Jack departed for San Francisco. I knew he went up there to get the balance of his money.

Four days later, the money provided,

I sat in Jack's office on the fifteenth floor of the Hellman Building in Los Angeles, waiting for the flyer who would so bet his life.

I felt a stab of dismay when I saw him.

THE first thing that struck you about Whizz was his wholesomeness. He was twenty-five years old, wiry, clean-jawed, with the complexion of a woman. His eyes and mouth are best described as quiet. Blue, the former. Gentle. And they held that cool vagueness peculiar to men who sight far horizons. He wore a trimly-tailored sack suit and sea-green tie that matched his silk socks. Not unlike a thousand other well-groomed young fellows one might encounter down in the street. And yet so direct, so sincere, so poised.

It meant the "big break" of his flying career; getting this chance to wing across to Tokio. Supremely confident, he was, that he could do it. That was the boy in him, I thought.

Then details came out about his personal life.

He'd learned to be a pilot down in Texas, he told us. His mother still lived there and we gathered from his talk that she was a widow. Not that he said so. If Whizz had a father, at least there was no mention of him. And Whizz wasn't married. Not even engaged.

I asked about his mother—what she thought about his flying.

"Oh, Mom's gotten hold of herself pretty well. Half a dozen crack-ups I've been in, as you know. And always got free with scarcely a scratch. Lucky, I suppose. Well, you might call her hardened."

Hardened! It stuck in my brain for a year and a day. Did the mothers of aviators ever get hardened? . . .

We fell to talking terms. The ship would be his if he came down in Japan—fifty per cent of stage or screen revenues—twenty-five per cent of all other receipts. At length he signed his name to a contract. The papers burned in my hands as I held them. So much like his death-warrant—papers that bound him to fly on and on, perhaps to eternity. . . .

BY THE end of a fortnight one drawer of my desk was crammed with contracts. Eighty thousand dollars would accrue to us from them, when, and if, Whizz put his tail skid down in Nippon! Another week—with Bartlett gradually lengthening his waking hours—and spending his time in Slim Rickert's factory. Every bolt and screw of the final assembly our boyish pilot saw go into place. Those were the chances he wasn't taking—faulty construction in the excitement of departure. He knew his stuff; it half allayed my anxiety.

Then, on the last day but one—with the West Coast papers smearing him in headlines—California on tiptoe for news of his take-off—who should walk into the scene but his mother.

I'll forego any sob stuff. She wasn't weazened and bent and nondescript and childlike. No little black bonnet and antiquated shawl. Not the mother of this birdman. A well-set-up woman in her forties, some gray at her temples, skirts modishly short, walked into our office one noontime when I was there alone. She asked to see Bartlett.

"I'm afraid he can't be seen, ma'am. The physician who's been keeping an eye on him has ordered him home to sleep—all he can get—with the big job so close. Why must you see him?"

"I'm Frank's mother," she answered.

"Frank?" I echoed. I'd almost forgotten Bartlett's first name wasn't Whizz. . . . Then it struck home.

"You've come up from Texas?" I suggested, feeling callow. And avoiding her eyes. Even after I'd gotten her a chair, I couldn't meet her eyes. Gambling with her son's life for money—fame—what-not? No, I couldn't meet her eyes.

"I thought it would be better, waiting for him here instead of back in Waco. People knowing us back home might make too much fuss if anything—went wrong."

She sat very straight in the chair. Her nose was long, like her son's, I noticed. Her glance had the same directness, though the eagle vision was missing. And her mouth . . . it wasn't hard exactly. Still, it was strong—over-strong. This woman had forced herself by sheer will-power to hold herself in check, master her emotions no matter what the upset. Spartan, you might call her. A queer thing: I noted subsequently that her turban hat was trimmed in front with bird-wings, points upward, increasing her height and commanding personality. A sort of Viking effect.

"You'll remain as the personal guest, of course, of myself and Mr. Wenzel," I contended.

"No. You mustn't bother over me in the slightest."

And try as I would, I couldn't persuade her.

"Damn!" said Wenzel when he heard. "I'd hoped against hope *she* wouldn't show up. Not that I'm soft. But Whizz mustn't have any teary partings to shake his nerves at the moment of take-off."

I knew this was true. Strange, however, that I failed to give the woman credit for the common sense to see it. Just that one time she came in the office—and she didn't come again till Whizz was in the air.

HOW can I describe the lump that arose in my throat when I drove out to Clover Field that last morning and afar, atop the crowd, saw the Lone Eagle's wings?

Chaste silver, they were—delicate, ethereal, tilted skyward toward the spaces where soon they would soar. Two motor policemen cleared my way through the mob.

The immediate space about the plane and hangar had been staked and roped off. Far away down the field—toward the blue, lithesome west—was a wide sweep of emptiness. The final gasoline was gurgling in when I crossed to the group giving last-minute touches.

"Well, Whizz, how goes it?" I said, trying to seem casual.

In his bird-clothes, he was—with helmet lappets flopping. A slight, supple figure, he seemed the least important personage about that huge monoplane. And quiet. Disturbingly quiet.

"Just bully," he answered me. Little more than a whisper. Behind us autos honked, policemen's motorcycles wheeled, a battery of cameras clicked almost incessantly. Two or three thousand people, I estimated, were jammed behind those field ropes. . . .

"Feeling fit?"

"I'm all right. And you and Jack are princes . . . giving me such a break as this."

Jack Wenzel came across.

"Well, son," he said queerly, "I guess everything's jake."

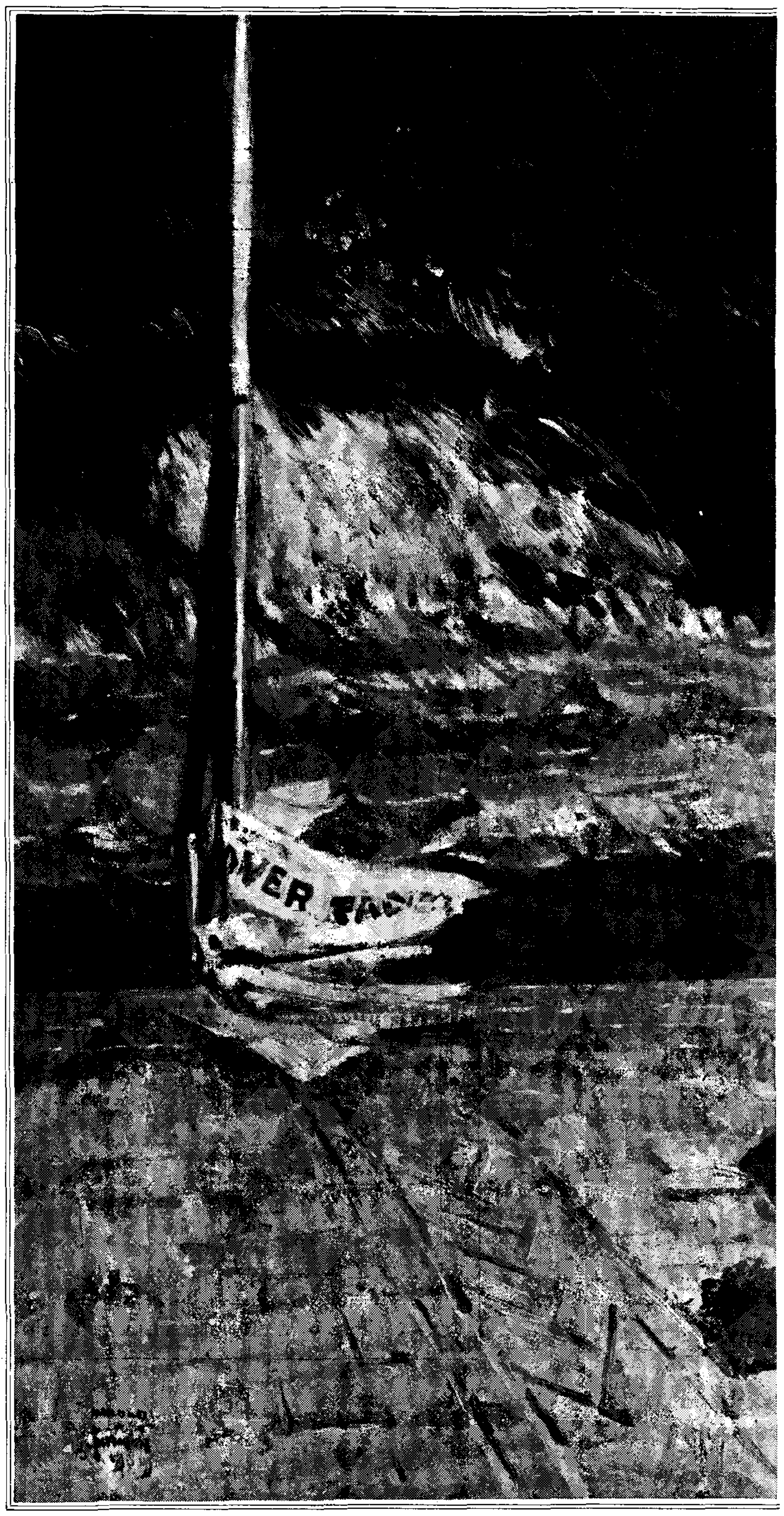
"All ready?"

"Last gas is in. Slim wants to know if he'll warm her some more—let her have the gun."

"Tell him not yet. I'll be over there presently."

A truck engine started. One of the hippopotamuses that had brought the last gas load. Its clacking of gears drowned our voices. Over behind the hangar it jolted. Bartlett cast aside his final cigarette.

"I guess there's not much I can say, Mr. Wenzel. I was just telling Bill how grateful I am. . . ."



The beach promenade was totally deserted. Just the two of us

"Get along with the flight," Big Jack said gruffly. "Save all the mush for the day you come back."

Whizz started fastening the lappets of his helmet. And good-bys were in order. He held out his hand to notables around. . . .

WHILE it was in progress, I noticed the morning. Perfect, it was. Too perfect. A gentle, inshore breeze—salty yet incense-laden—stirred bright scarfs on girls behind the ropes. Little fleecy clouds hung suspended in clean cobalt. A lone gull high over the western ocean dipped, soared, banked. What a day for a take-off!

The great plane rocked slightly as workmen climbed over it. Like a vast, fantastic, yet docile racing animal it seemed, with full confidence in loving trainers. Yet thinking . . . thinking. . . .

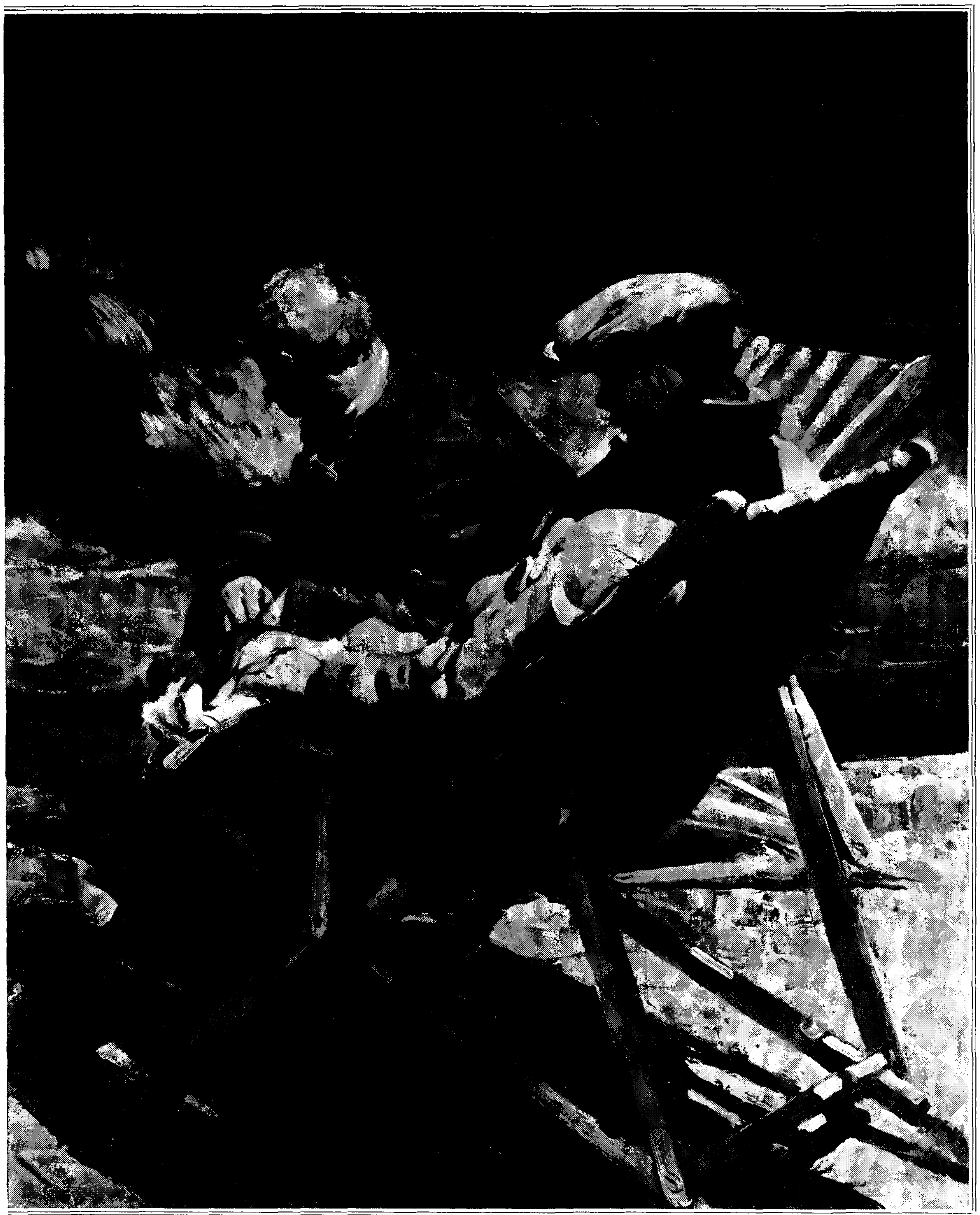
We sauntered finally over toward the tail, walking under one wing as under the roof of a pavilion. Bartlett separated from us, artlessly, going toward the blunt, lofty nose of the ship as though running an eye over final preparations. But it wasn't for that. The prop's vast blade stood nearly vertical, reaching down to Bartlett's shoulder. Frankly, unashamedly, he kissed that lethal thing. A man's kiss. A pilot's superstition. Back he came sauntering.

"There's a bit of bad weather headed down from Alaska," said Captain Bowers, who was one of us. Bowers was our weather expert, a government man from San Diego, who had volunteered his services early in the venture. "It's hugging the American coast, however, according to reports. You ought to get way beyond the western edge of it by sunset. Ships coming in on the Great Circle say the water outside is as calm as a mill-pond."

"I'll beat it," promised Whizz.

"Boy, don't take any chances!" begged Jack thickly.

"I know what you're risking, Mr.



down there at the back of the clubhouse—and the vast sea before us where the black tempest heightened

Wenzel," was the answer. What *Jack* was risking!

The crowd started to cheer then, when they saw our bird-boy begin to climb up. Whizz Bartlett paused and waved in response. And yet his eyes appeared to be searching for a moment. Expecting to see someone whom they couldn't.

Somewhere in that vast smear of faces was an elderly woman with wings on her hat. If those pressing, jostling her could only have known her identity! Whizz didn't dream she was there, of course. And yet . . . and yet. . . .

He cast a leg over the cowling. Another cheer. Another wave. And a famous line flashed through my muddled brain. What was it? Something that ran—"We who are about to die, salute you!" . . . I suddenly discovered I couldn't see Whizz for the film across my vision.

"Go to it, kid," were Jack's last words. "*Bring home the bacon!*"

But Whizz didn't hear. He was bent forward, intent on buckling his safety-belt, adjusting his instruments. Then a weird sough of valves—a grind—a terse bark—

ROAR-R-R-R-R!

Whizz had opened the throttle. The plane was alive—dynamically galvanized. The job was at hand. The big job. Sixty-six hundred miles of ocean challenged her. She strained to be away. *ROAR-R-R-R! ROAR-R-R-R! ROAR-R-R-R!*

A million whirring faces caught obliquely glinting sunlight—faster and faster. The gale bowled us backward. We stumbled out of range.

"All clear!"

WE STOOD with smothered hearts. The monoplane we worshiped was clawing for the sea. It poised. It moved. The great Lone Eagle was going into action!

Oh, those blood-congealing moments before her wheels left turf! Would she make it? Would she? Would she? A hundred feet—five hundred—a thousand—a quarter-mile. Still her vast wing-arcs were gummed to terra firma. Out from her exhausts blue poison shot. Then as though tearing from invisible strands—

"She's clear!" sang a movie-man, eyes tight at binoculars.

"Thank God!" gulped Jack Wenzel—not because the ship cost a lot of money, either.

Up, up, up, the far monoplane floated—clearing the tree-line down far, sunlit distance—a little higher, swaying slightly like a great gorged bird as she settled to her load, a little higher—higher—higher—

Jack Wenzel tugged my sleeve.

"Let's get out of here!" he begged me.

I took a last look down the field, now a black mass of people. I caught the sun-glint twice, as on a mighty horizontal mirror hung somewhere in the sky. Off there in western blue, a dragonfly was setting a course over lazy, indolent waters. It seemed so queer that young Bartlett, smoking a cigarette at my elbow just a moment before, could be in it—in that rapidly decreasing speck—carried so far in so short an interval.

We got clear of the mob and drove back to town.

Our office, when we reached it, was cluttered and insufferable. The débris scattered around reminded me of a small court-room after a sensational murder trial—or a lick-penny convention. Newspaper reporters, camera men, movie friends of Bartlett's, aviation technicians, a few fellow flyers, sprawled about on divans, chairs, tables and desk-tops. The air was stale with tobacco smoke. No one seemed to know why he loitered—unless it was to get first-hand wireless reports from ships along the Great Circle as Whizz passed them one by one in that epic grind westward.

"I'm not going to hang around any longer," I told Jack at five o'clock. "If you get any news, phone me at Casa Del Mar. I'll stay there tonight."

Then I headed out through Hollywood. Clouds finally smeared out the western sun as I drove through Sawtelle. That storm of which Bowers had spoken was arriving. Turning into Santa Monica along the ocean front, I saw the Pacific had turned a drab gray. . . .

NIGHT seemed to fall early when the day had no sunset. After dinner, the club's beach drew me . . . pulled me irresistibly out along the breakers. They rolled up almost to the back door of the clubhouse.

The sky was more murky than ever. A strong wind was blowing. But no rain yet. Just the spray in my face from the increasing furls of breakers. I lit a cigar, found a beach chair, sat down alone. Somehow, being thus close to the sea supplied me with a strange sense of communion with Whizz. Miles and miles away over that curdling void, he must be by now—ever flying on and on, into the sun. Flying into the sun! Stranger still to think there was sun shining anywhere as the night became blacker and the surf broke higher. . . .

I don't know exactly how long I'd been there—an hour, perhaps—and I knew black rain was soon due to descend, when someone came out of the long passage from the club-building's basement to the stretch of eerie sand. In a lull in the wind I heard a flunkey say: "He must be here somewhere. I saw him come down and he didn't come back." I glanced toward the beach light under the canopy where the passage left off and the night was unroofed.

Presently an egg-shaped little man left the arc of weird light and came toward me in the shadow. Rather flat-footed he walked, in that mealy, moist sand. He came almost to where I sat—and stopped. He turned and faced the west—where the ocean was getting angrier. Far, far off toward Catalina, I heard the boom of rain.

"Were you looking for me?" I called, not to startle him.

"They told me one o' the men who's backing Frank Bartlett'd be down here."

"I'm he. Has anything happened?"

The stranger came closer. Rather shabby he was, in a rumpled black suit and soft shapeless hat. His mustache was ragged; his back somewhat bowed. A queer little man, all things considered, about fifty years old.

"Not that I know of. You heard anything?"

"Who do you happen to be?" I demanded. All sorts of queer characters had dogged me of late.

"I'm Frankie's dad."

"His *what?*" I exclaimed, overcome.

"Yeah, I'm his father—"

"Er—is Mrs. Bartlett with you?"

"Mrs. who? . . . Oh, now. . . . I guess Stella's in Texas. Last time I heard, she was."

And the little man dropped down into a tilted canvas chair beside me. Dropped down with head (*Continued on page 40*)

A Job for Jack

By William G. Shepherd

The pay-as-you-earn plan has been extended to federal office seekers in the South, Mr. Shepherd reveals. Here are details of the unique correspondence course (positions guaranteed) which Congressional investigators are studying in an effort to locate and punish the job merchants

OTHER business men, motoring o' mornings to their offices in Atlanta, may occasionally have had doubts as to how their day's business would turn out, but never Mr. Benjamin Davis. His would turn out well, and he knew it. And he wasn't a bootlegger, either.

A simple place was his office. The rent was only $30 a month. Being a colored man he couldn't find available offices in a more expensive building. His own salary was $250 a month. Sometimes he had a secretary at $35 a month. Once, about every four years, a real smart secretary-stenographer would come in at $75 a month. Business always had a spurt for Mr. Davis or his predecessors once in four years.

A white man named John W. Martin, a sort of business-man-around-town, whose office was under his hat, came in occasionally to see Mr. Davis. He would transact with him such business as was necessary, and, in his capacity as treasurer of the organization, would draw forth from a desk a large check book, write Mr. Davis' check, the rent check, the stenographer's check—when there was a stenographer—and a salary check for himself, in the sum of $250. Once he signed a check for flowers for the funeral of Henry Lincoln Johnson, a famous negro Republican "boss" in Georgia.

All in the Day's Work

It was a very simple-looking business. The most important equipment consisted of two little varnished sprucewood boxes, which, side by side, would no more than cover the palms of your two hands. Keep your eyes on these boxes during a day's work.

Mr. Davis, as secretary of the organization, drops in and opens his mail. So does Mr. John W. Martin. There are checks in the envelopes. These are removed most carefully.

Mr. Martin reaches for one of the little boxes, or, perhaps, Mr. Davis does. In the box is a card containing the name of the person who has signed the incoming check. On this card is written the sum indicated on the check, to the credit of the sender. There are records of many previous payments on most of the cards.

The customers are sending in their monthly payments. Of course, there are irregular payers, as there must be in every spaced-payment system of business. Mr. Davis or Mr. Martin writes letters to these stragglers.

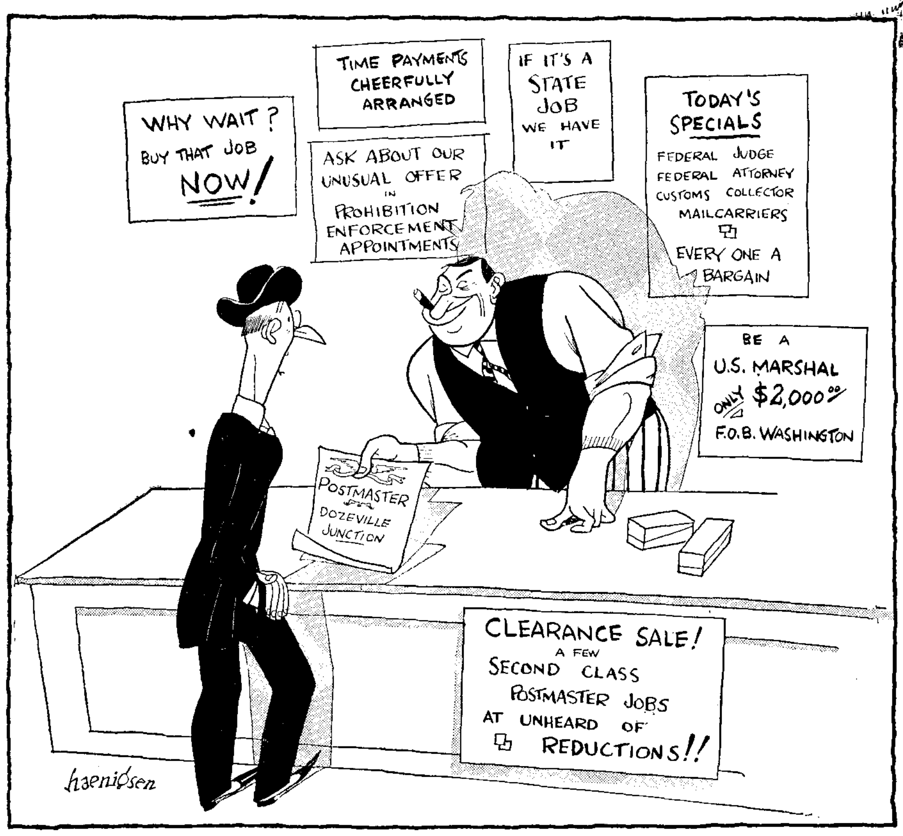
These letters, however, are not the only messengers that go out to the laggers. There's Mr. Carey Cook, besides, who may be called into conference this day. He is colored, but his record for having brought delinquents to time, even if these delinquents are proud white folks, is very good. Now and then Mr. Cook is paid a bonus on the bad debts he collects. That's the way the business goes in the Davis office.

Those simple cards, in the little yellow boxes, show that about $1,000 a month comes into this office. The stubs of Treasurer Martin's check book show that about that same sum is paid out for office expenses, salaries and overhead. In it comes, easily; out it goes, just the same way.

It was a $12,000-a-year business that Mr. Davis was conducting. The fact that President Herbert Hoover saw fit to put him out of it makes it all the more interesting as an ex-business concern. If this institution were not a bootlegging business, what kind of a business was it?

What did this concern have to sell, in order to bring in this steady flow of checks? As a matter of fact, the question of what it had to sell hasn't been decided as yet, even by Mr. Davis and Mr. Martin themselves, to say nothing of a gentleman named Smith W. Brookhart, in Washington, who happens to be a United States Senator in charge of a senatorial committee charged with looking into this Davis concern. But what the committee discovered was enough to start the White House into action.

Who are the people whose names are written on the cards in these two little boxes and who sent their checks at regular intervals into the dusky little Atlanta office and received letters, or perhaps a visit from the brown Carey Cook if they didn't?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POSTMASTER DOZEVILLE JUNCTION
CLEARANCE SALE! A FEW SECOND CLASS POSTMASTER JOBS AT UNHEARD OF ☞ REDUCTIONS!!

Southern bosses did a thriving business in government positions

In each of their communities, these thousand or more individuals are the representatives, in a manner of speaking, of the great government of the United States at Washington. They are the postmasters and postmistresses of the state of Georgia. It was they who sent the checks to Mr. Davis' office. Mr. Davis, himself, also in a manner of speaking, had great power in Washington. He was able to give eagerly-sought rewards to those who sent him checks. Whether he traded favors for checks hasn't, as I have said, been quite decided as yet. But the fact remains that this simple-appearing, dark-hued Negro, Davis, has—or did have, until last June—the power of sending to Washington the name of the man or woman he desired to be appointed postmaster or postmistress of any district in the 161 counties of the state.

That's a good deal of power. It has reached on occasions right into the offices of a number of the President's cabinet members.

Davis' endorsement, for instance, on an application for a postmastership paying from $1,500 to $3,000 a year was once as good as gold in the office of the Postmaster-General. The man who holds such power ought to have rather an imposing title. Well, Davis has—or, at least he did have until last June.

Mr. Davis' mysterious little office in Atlanta was nothing less than the headquarters of the Republican party in Georgia. And Mr. Davis himself was one of the forty-eight gentlemen of the Union (one from each state) who make up, together with forty-eight very estimable women, the sedate Republican National Committee. He was also secretary of the Republican Executive Committee of Georgia. Tens of thousands of Republicans strive regularly throughout the state for membership in the national committee. Mr. Davis was the man in the State of Georgia who made it. The money which these postmasters and postmistresses sent in to Mr. Davis' office kept his organization running. The odd part about Mr. Davis' life in his office in Atlanta—and Mr. Martin's life too, for that matter, seeing that he is the treasurer of the state Republican organization—was its tranquillity, so wanting in the excitement of political strife.

There never is any great election contest in Georgia, for the simple reason that NONE OF THE MONEY COLLECTED BY METHODS WE HAVE ABOVE CONSIDERED IS EVER SPENT IN PUTTING UP ANY REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE IN GEORGIA. IN OTHER WORDS, THIS REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION OF GEORGIA, QUEERLY OPERATING AND QUEERLY MAINTAINED, DICTATING, IN CERTAIN FIELDS, TO THE GREAT GOVERNMENT ITSELF AT WASHINGTON, MAKES NO EFFORT TO GIVE GEORGIA CITIZENS, WHITE OR BLACK, ANY REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES TO VOTE FOR. THEY DON'T GIVE ANYONE IN GEORGIA A CHANCE TO BE REPUBLICAN.

A few men swallowed up the money that the postmasters and postmistresses turned in, and let it go at that. The fact is that most of the postal officials who donated to the Republican gang in Georgia always voted the Democratic ticket.

Now this is not a controversial political article. It is merely a description of facts, recently come to light, of a certain political situation in certain states of the union which may be called one-party states. They are states which are so solidly Democratic that a second party has no chance honestly to survive.

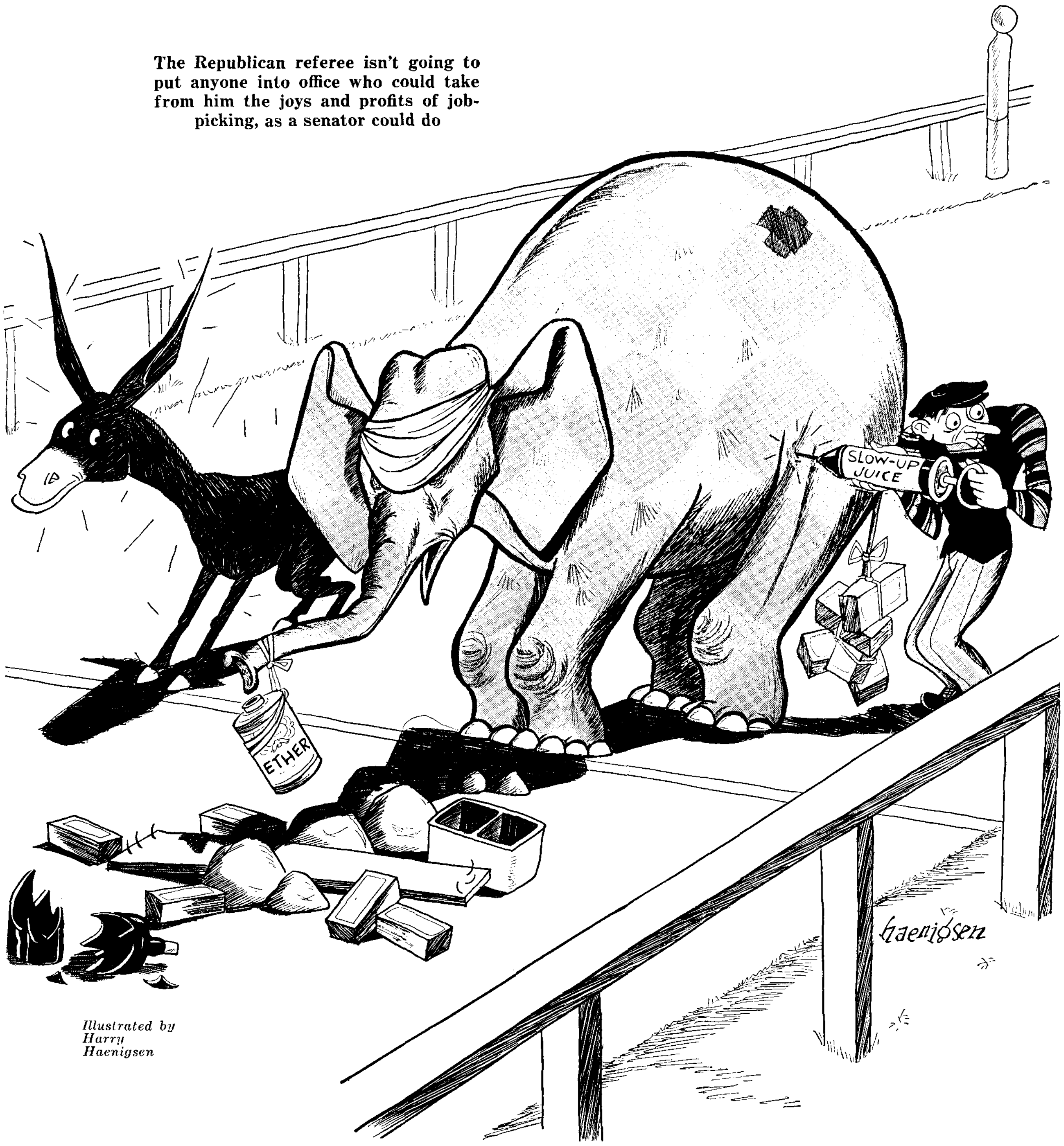
It is true that there are political irregularities in many other sections of the country, but the fact that a senatorial investigation, under both Republican and Democratic auspices, of the corruption of Republican politics in one-party states is under way is a bright spot in our national life.

Some Light on a Dark Subject

Daylight is being let into the politics of certain of these states, and the first and most important fact it reveals is that decent citizens of these states have been doing the best they could under difficult circumstances. Americans in other parts of the country have long been accustomed to impatiently blaming their fellow citizens in states like Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi for being solidly Democratic on election day.

This criticism is unjust. Republicanism has been so corrupt, mercenary and hypocritical in such states that no decent citizen could support it. Facts are being brought to light today by Senator Brookhart's committee which show that

The Republican referee isn't going to put anyone into office who could take from him the joys and profits of job-picking, as a senator could do



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

the citizens of the one-party states have been literally forced by Republican "leaders" in those states to be Democrats or nothing.

"No citizen in national elections could go in with such a crowd as Davis'," Senator Brookhart told this writer the other day. "And, in local elections, Davis and his crowd would rarely give the people a Republican candidate to vote for."

One more mystery remains to be cleared up concerning the odd business, from which, as we shall see later on, Mr. Davis and others of his ilk have recently been ousted by a declaration of the President. Why does the great national Republican organization permit the existence of a Republican organization in Georgia if it is as weak, disloyal and questionable as this one?

The answer is: The Georgia organization would send a delegation to sit under the banner of the state of Georgia in one national Republican convention after another. The voice you heard booming out *over the radio*, from the Kansas City convention last summer, for instance, was the voice of Mr. Ben Davis.

Mr. Davis' position lacks no more of conspicuousness than it does of power. The votes he cast were of supreme importance. Indeed, votes of Republican delegates in the one-party Democratic states during Republican conventions are just as valuable and count for just as much as the votes of delegates from the most deeply-dyed Republican states.

Every four years backers of the various candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination personally deal and dicker, in financial terms, with men who can swing these votes. There are politicians who are experts at the game of nailing down the so-called Southern States. These experts know these leaders personally and know how to handle them, for the votes of convention delegates have frequently been for sale, en masse, in pre-convention campaigns.

A Powerful Political Figure

Henry Lincoln Johnson, known as "The Georgia Peach" and famous for a mouthful of gold teeth which only accentuated his extreme color, once took money, estimated by politicians at about $60,000, from two different candidates. On the convention floor, however, he threw the sixteen votes of the Georgia delegation to a third candidate, Warren G. Harding. That practically ended his career as a politician in Georgia and it is said the chagrin caused his death.

Politicians who are experts at dealing with men of this type naturally keep their operations secret, even from the candidate they are boosting. It cannot be said that any man who has been placed in the White House has ever bought such convention votes. The buying is done for him without his knowledge. The buyer is content to have the President give him due credit and political reward for having carried such and such a state.

There is little wonder that politicians have not wished to do away with Republican organizations that could be used with such benefit to themselves.

Here's a new word for you to learn in the game of politics: "Referee." A referee, in the political sense, is the man in Mr. Davis' game who has picked a winner in the Republican convention and secures his reward for so doing.

To illustrate the duties and the powers of a referee let's turn from Mr. Davis of Georgia to another of his kind, Mr. Perry Howard of Mississippi. Mr. Howard, incidentally, also maintained a dark, simple, little office room, where queer transactions involving money were carried on. Mr. Howard, colored, was Republican referee in Mississippi as was Mr. Davis in the state of Georgia.

When we have a Democratic President of the United States the Democratic senators and the Democratic congressmen are wild with delight, for, by the rules of the political game played by both Republicans and Democrats, senators and congressmen of the party in power are allowed to send to the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Treasury or other cabinet members, the names of individuals in their district they wish to have appointed as federal judges, federal attorneys, prohibition enforcement officials, United States marshals, collectors of customs, postmasters, mail carriers and so on. Similarly, when we have a Republican President the Republican senators and congressmen give whoops of joy, because of the thousands of good jobs they have to distribute to their friends back home.

But suppose, during a Republican administration, there are no Republican senators or Republican congressmen from a state to say who shall receive in that state the plums which the Cabinet members have to give out. Who then shall tell these great Republican gentlemen in Washington how to distribute the jobs in a solidly Democratic state?

In such a case the few Republicans in the state name one of their number as the referee. Their selection is accepted by the Republican officials in Washington and the word of the referee has had as much potency in the high-ceilinged offices of the President's cabinet members as the word of any senator or congressman from a Republican state.

There are no Republican congressmen or senators from Georgia; that's how Ben Davis came to be a referee. Neither are there any Republican congressmen or senators from Mississippi; that's how Perry Howard happened to be the Mississippi referee and the dispenser of Republican federal offices in his state. Any time during a Republican administration that you come across a state in this Union, north or south, east or west, that is so thoroughly Democratic that it has no Republican senators or congressmen, you may be sure that there is a political person in that state, acting as referee, but not chosen, of course, in any election, who has at least a million dollars' worth of federal offices to give away.

The Referee Protects His Job

Being a referee is about as sweet a political job as there is in politics. And right at this point, incidentally, may I ask you as a member of this class in Southern politics: Do you think a Republican referee, in any Democratic state, goes into a wild, desperate fight at election time to have Republican senators and Republican congressmen elected from his state? He does not.

The man who has the soft job of Republican referee in a state isn't going to put any one into office, if he can help it, who is likely to take from him the joys and profits of job-picking and job-giving, as a senator or a congressman could do.

And what a mixup this makes! The referee is always the Republican political power in his state. For this very reason he doesn't want any Republican senators or congressmen elected from his state. He doesn't even want Republican candidates for these offices on the state ballot.

In other words, as the game has been rigged in the solidly Democratic states, the leaders in these states have too much to lose by seeing their states go Republican: they want them to remain solidly Democratic.

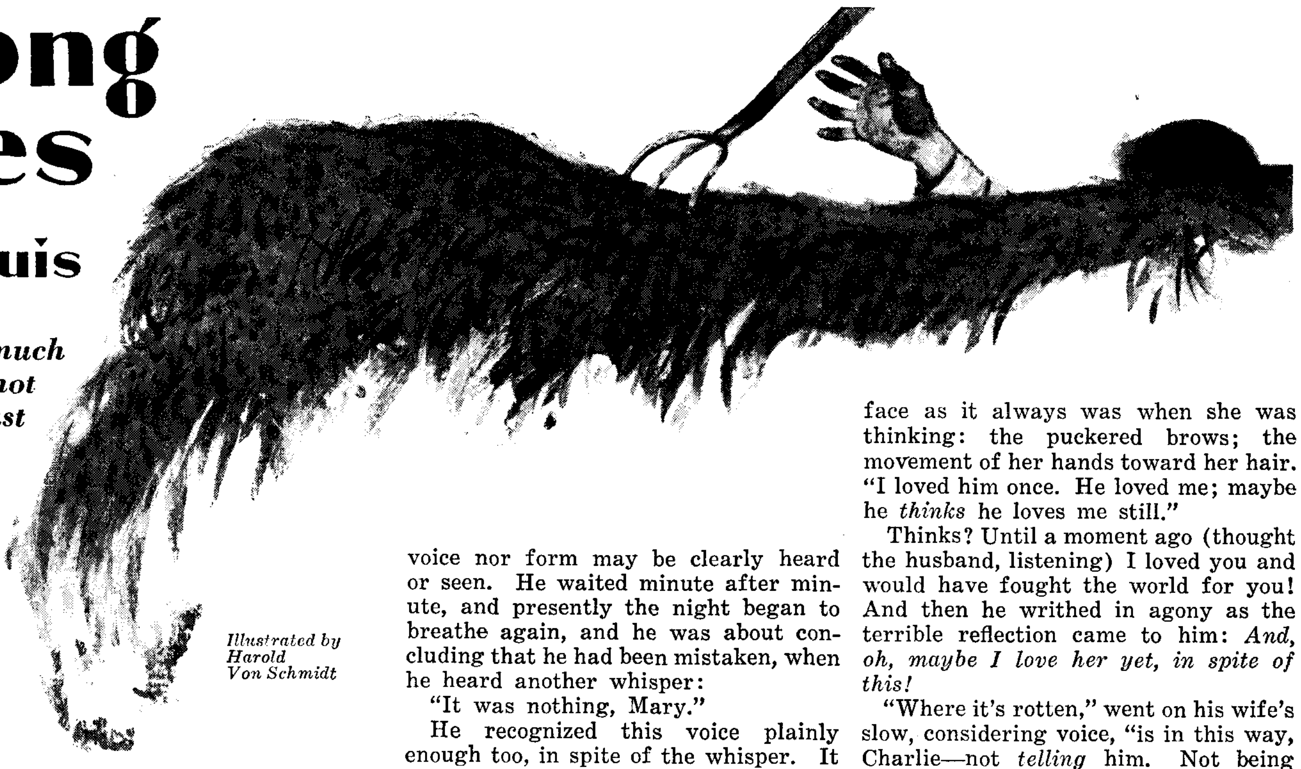
Now, having seen the softness of the referee's job and how little likely a referee is to fight for the election of Republican officials in his state, let us go to the dark little office of Referee Perry Howard, Mississippi member of the Republican National Committee.

Mr. Howard chose to have his office right in the city of Washington, where he could be in daily contact, if he wished, with the very gentlemen of the President's cabinet who had plums to give away to citizens of Mississippi.

Mr. Howard, in the first place, saw that a plum fell into his own lap. He had himself appointed an assistant to the attorney general of the United States attached to the Washington office. This gave him a desk in the imposing office of the (*Continued on page 55*)

The Strong Grasses

By Don Marquis



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Strong men do not talk much and pretty speeches are not easy. But someone must make them

SPENCE WILLETT stretched and murmured and gradually awakened. Even before he was well awake he felt the pulse of the warm wide golden night; felt it moving in his own veins and arteries as well as through the woods and fields and meadows all about him. The great low-hanging moon was too ruddy to be purely golden in color, and Spence fancied that its blood was shining through, that the same blood was in himself as deep as the marrowy channels of his bones, that it flowed through the fields of growing corn and the hay meadows, and that even the horses in the stable near by and the cattle in their pens were conscious of it and stirred by its unusual richness in the midst of their light animal slumber.

He felt life everywhere, abundant life; most of all in the deep black soil itself: tides and currents of life flowing through the earth and making the corn and wheat expand and animating the strong, quiet grasses. Some day this grass and corn would all be blood coursing through the bodies of beasts and men. Blood that would carry the strength of the soil, and the fire of wind and sun and the brooding dreams of strange ripe moons such as this one, to the nerves and brains of workers and thinkers!

Spence had always loved his farm with a peculiar, mystical passion. It had been his father's and his grandfather's before it was his, and they, like himself, had been students of agriculture as well as lovers and workers of the land. Had he chosen, he might, with his education, his means and his native ability, have made a career for himself in some large town. But he had stuck to his farm. He had never seen it as a thing isolated from the greater world; he had felt himself always a partaker in the larger movements of his species. Farms, he believed, when they did their duty, were reservoirs where humanity might dip up and drink the essential drafts of life.

HE LAY on top of a load of hay, which had been pulled up beside the big barn when he and his hired man had quit work at dusk that evening. Early in the morning they would fork the hay into the mow. Above him the window of the mow yawned wide and receptive. A shaft of moonlight thrust itself obliquely within, transmuting to a radiant opulence the hillocks and ridges of the new hay already stored there.

He could hear bats fluttering under the rafters as if in protest at the unusual brightness that had invaded their retreat; the swallows in their mud houses beneath the eaves and the pigeons on the ridgepole were uneasy; mice squeaked now and then and scurried; a foolish rooster waked and saluted the moon as if it were the sun.

There was life all about him—a great, full-moving tide of life washed over the Illinois prairies this July night, and these were its ripples he was hearing. The creek fluted and chuckled in the distance, and he could imagine the moonlight scattered on the moving water and the wary woodchuck that would be stealing clumsily down to drink. The hay under him, the strong grass cut and cured, was not dead; it was full of sun and vigor stored away that would turn to flesh of cattle. And all this life seemed, at this moment, to be the gift of the moon; but it was not; it flowed through the moon from the vital and beneficent sun.

Often, on a hot summer night, Spence stole from the house and slept out of doors on a pile of hay, and always he felt something of this kinship with the breeding magnetism of the warm electric air and the breathing fruitfulness of the liberal earth. But he had never before thought about it so consciously nor taken such pains to phrase his notions to himself.

It was as if, tonight, for some special reason, obscure but impelling, it had suddenly become necessary for him to realize himself; to realize himself consciously in his relationship to his surroundings—as if the pastoral character of his existence approached, for once, a dramatic moment, and his own land and all the broad lands of his neighbors, lying visible or imagined beneath this vibrant moon, wished deliberately to brace and armor and inspire him with their own strength and reality and essential beauty against some unguessed trial and combat in which both they and he were to be concerned.

Spence felt this, but even had a friend been there he would not have communicated his thought; good farmers do not talk much, nor good builders of any sort, nor genuine pioneers; theirs is the infinitely more difficult task of creation.

He sat erect, and the hay rustled under him, and at the same instant he was aware of a startled whisper—not the stir of an animal nor the murmur of a breeze-touched tree, but the faint utterance of a human being, unmistakable, although inarticulate.

He did not move; he sat breathless, with the bright midnight suddenly immobile and hushed about him, and waited, listening. For something in that faint whisper had made him think that his own wife had spoken; this is the reward of years of intimacy; one knows a husband or a wife by a breath or a distant flutter of a scarf when neither voice nor form may be clearly heard or seen. He waited minute after minute, and presently the night began to breathe again, and he was about concluding that he had been mistaken, when he heard another whisper:

"It was nothing, Mary."

He recognized this voice plainly enough too, in spite of the whisper. It was Charlie Henshaw, who was whispering to his wife—young Henshaw, who was helping him on the farm this summer. After another interval of silence he heard his wife say:

"I—I *always* hear him! I hear him everywhere! We're . . . we're being so rotten to him, Charlie!"

She spoke in a low tone, although no longer in a whisper, and there was a tremor and the hint of a sob in her voice. And he knew how her face must look as she was saying it; he knew the expressions which accompanied all of her emotions.

THEY must be sitting on the pile of hay that was spilled against one of the front wheels of the big wagon. In the moonlight! For a moment he felt nothing that he could put a definite name upon, but only a sense of retarded blood in his breast and brain and of breath suspended in his lungs—things came to Spence first in nervous and physical reactions, and he thought about them consciously afterward.

In this interval, before thought began or emotion declared itself definitely as anger or outrage or bewildered grief, he got, nevertheless, the picture that she must make—Mary, with the rich gold of the moonlight in the golden richness of her hair, and her lips parted, and one hand pressed to her breast, and a doubt flickering in her wide eyes. It was so she had looked ten years ago when he had first made love to her—and Spence's mental vision flew back to Mary as she had faced him in that hour before it enlarged itself to take in Charlie Henshaw.

And then, oddly, still without rage against them, he said to himself that they must be a little crazy; that was it, they were mad; they were mad with this moonlight and the odors that drenched the air and the throbbing vitality of the world. Next his heart began to race, and the withheld pang lanced through him, and he muttered: "*Mary! Young Henshaw! By God, how long has this been going on?*"

Spence quivered now, with the beginnings of a gathering anger, but he schooled himself to be quiet and to listen—until he found out everything . . . and then—

"Quit thinking of him all the time," said Charlie Henshaw lightly. "He doesn't count any more!"

"*Oh, doesn't he?*" said Spence Willett to himself, with a quick contraction of anger. "*We'll see!*"

"Yes, he *does* count," said Mary slowly; and again Spence could imagine her face as it always was when she was thinking: the puckered brows; the movement of her hands toward her hair. "I loved him once. He loved me; maybe he *thinks* he loves me still."

Thinks? Until a moment ago (thought the husband, listening) I loved you and would have fought the world for you! And then he writhed in agony as the terrible reflection came to him: *And, oh, maybe I love her yet, in spite of this!*

"Where it's rotten," went on his wife's slow, considering voice, "is in this way, Charlie—not *telling* him. Not being honest; he's honest with me."

"Forget him tonight," said Charlie Henshaw, "and kiss me. Look at that moon! Kiss me!"

There was a silence which Spence's imagination might fill in as it liked—and what it liked was nothing comfortable to him.

"This," said his wife's voice, presently, "isn't right, Charlie . . . it isn't right."

And her speech was drugged with passion. . . . "This isn't right, Charlie," she was saying.

"Well, then," said young Henshaw, "we'll tell him—and I'll *take* you! We'll go away. You belong to me." But to Spence Willett's alert ear young Henshaw's voice did not carry conviction.

"Go away!" There was a ripple of the deep contralto laughter that her husband knew so well. "Go away with you, Charlie? I'm thirty, and you're only twenty-two and not through college yet!"

Even before Charlie answered, Spence found himself, strangely enough, considering Charlie Henshaw's problem if she *should* go away with him. Henshaw was working his way through college; Spence had known the boy since Charlie's childhood. This vacation he had chosen to work outdoors for the sake of his health. He was going to be a journalist—already he had had a few things published. Spence had liked him and believed in him and admired him. And now . . . but Spence's brain was beginning to whirl; he must control himself and listen and think and, presently, act. . . .

"I CAN get a newspaper job now," said Charlie. "We'll go to Chicago—we'll go at once. I'll quit college."

"No," said Mary, "you'd *hate* me in a few years—I'm eight years older! I'd hold you back . . . you're going to . . . to know people . . . people out beyond . . . in the big cities . . . people who do the things that I . . . that I read about . . . and I'd hold you back . . . I'd spoil your chances . . . and you'd hate me after a while, Charlie. You'd hate me because I had gone with you!"

"You don't love me," complained Charlie Henshaw, with the facile touch of the young man born to play upon the taut moods of emotional women, the sure instinct of the easy lover.

"Oh, Lord, how I wish I didn't!" cried Spence's wife, with an intensity that carried conviction both to the listening husband and the waiting lover—waiting there in the warm pagan night for the woman's blood to sweep her into his arms in spite of what her brain might counsel her.

Mary Willett began to sob and to reproach herself brokenly and incoherently. "It's been my fault," she said, "more my fault than yours. . . ." How he knew it he could not tell, but Spence knew then that Henshaw had taken her into his arms. "But I didn't *want* to love you. . . . I didn't . . . it came upon me . . . if Spence knows it will kill him . . . he *believes* in me . . . but he doesn't know it's death to me out here . . . death, death, death . . . cattle and corn . . . and no one to talk to . . . and he worships, he *worships* this farm . . . and I'm starved!

"Oh, he's been good to me . . . always good to me . . . but this land, this terrible land . . . it's pulling me down and putting me into the furrows . . . it's taking my life. . . . I'm young yet and it's killing me and using me for fertilizer . . . my life is going into it all! . . ."

And she burst into a passion of weeping. And now he knew that as she wept her arms were about young Charlie Henshaw as well as his about her. Spence lay and thought of their ten years together. It was after the child had died, five years before, that she had begun to turn away from him somewhat. She had not wanted another baby, and she had cried out to him passionately one day: "Another child, for you to bring up as the slave of this dirt and these animals! . . . *No!*"

Spence had, as she had been telling young Henshaw, tried to be good to her. She had been brought up in the neighboring county seat and had lived in town until he had married her. He had never asked her to be a drudge, as some farmers expected of their wives. She had her piano and her books and her radio; she had her own car.

HE HAD bored her, no doubt, with his enthusiasms. He began to remember little instances—when he had talked to her of new silos and the latest theories about fattening hogs and the cross-breeding of cattle and improving the poultry stock. He had bored her for years, and finally her boredom had turned to hatred. Why hadn't she said so? Why hadn't she been frank? Just what was it that she had wanted?

Then he listened to the lovers once more, and he began to understand just what it was that she had wanted. Her fit of weeping had passed over, and Charlie Henshaw was talking to her.

"You're like the moon up there, Mary," he was saying. "The moon's your sister! Everything you touch turns to gold. . . ."

Romance: romance that warmed into passion; the images of it, the phrases; tribute and personal compliment. That was what she had wanted; that was what she was getting; images, phrases, pretty speeches about her hair, her eyes, her red lips. Spence had never quite known how to say such things to her; he would have felt awkward and embarrassed, even if he could have found the words. He had assumed that she had no interest in this sort of thing. But this facile, banjo-strumming boy knew better than he did, it seemed! He was playing Romeo, and she was loving it.

"You're a nightingale," she mocked him. There was suddenly a note of light happiness in her voice, a shimmer of levity across the surface of their desire. "You're moonstruck, and you think it's I you love!"

"Your nightingale, and your lunatic," said young Henshaw, "a lunatic nightingale!" And began to embroider the theme. And his speech danced with rainbow nonsense and the swift cadences of song.

That was what she had wanted; that was what she was getting now. Romance! Spence tried to feel a contempt for what he heard. These were trivial people, he told himself! Their romance! Couldn't they see where the real romance of human existence lay? Couldn't they feel the broad passion of these fecund acres open to the wooing of the strong seasons?

His talk! Her answers! The moon . . . the moon . . . their pretty words about the moon! What did *they* know about it?

IT WAS no cold, dead thing, no merely pretty thing in a pretty sky; its beauty was a living beauty intimately connected with humanity; the stars and planets were alive, and the fields about him here. Alive and making food, and food is blood, the life of man. And man? Is not man the only creature whom God has ever taken into His confidence, even a little way? Romance? What did *they* know of romance, his wife and the Henshaw boy? Here was the romance of the world! But they were cut off from it; Mary had wanted to be cut off from it.

And in the next moments his contempt and anger mounted to a blind and murderous rage. For there came to his ears the murmur of speeches broken with passion, sighs and hushed babblings, the intimation of clinging kisses, eloquent incoherencies . . . the two voices merged into one, words that mingled and mated with each other, and said nothing and told everything, a duet that was all trembling music and no idea.

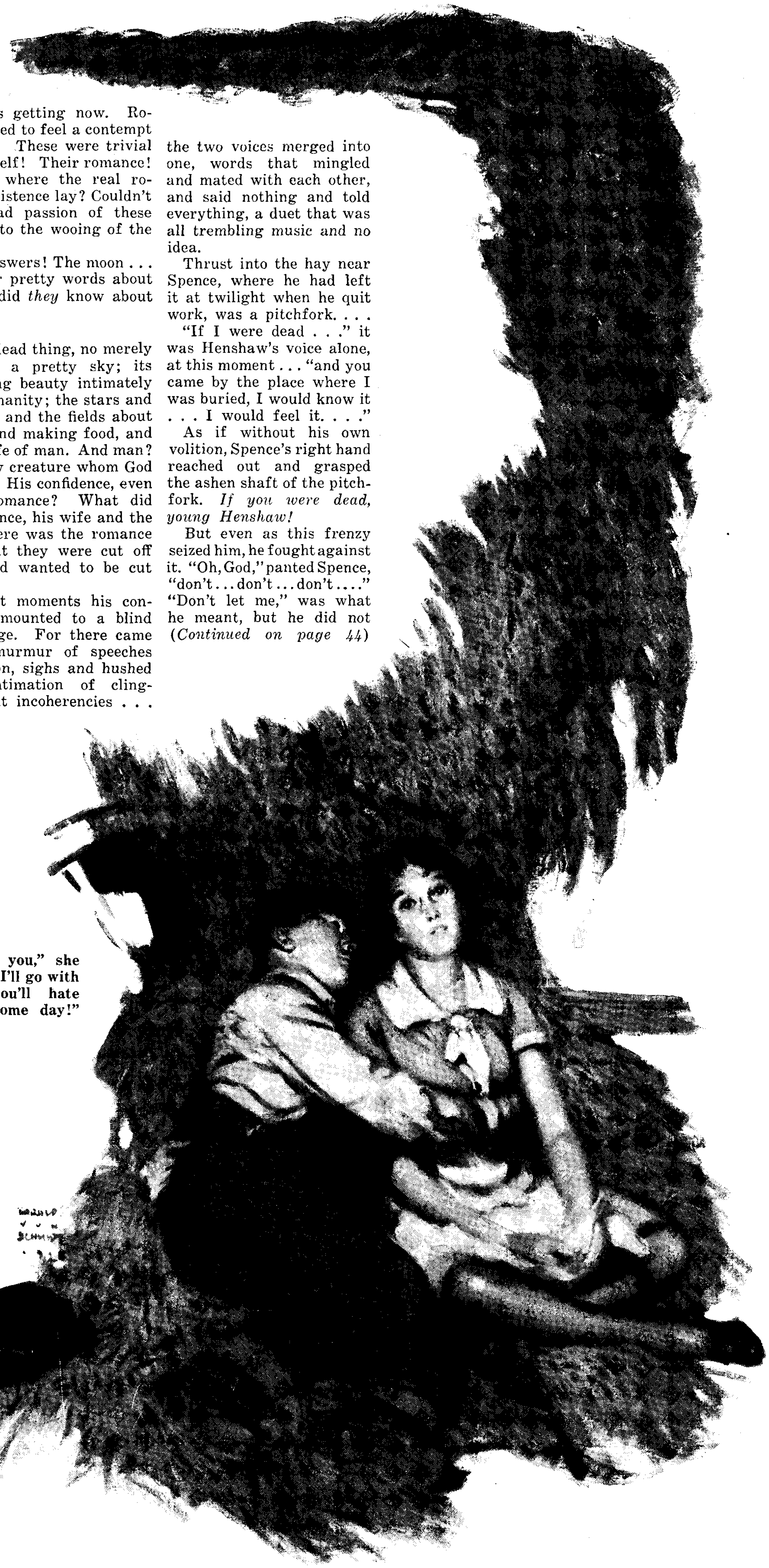
Thrust into the hay near Spence, where he had left it at twilight when he quit work, was a pitchfork. . . .

"If I were dead . . ." it was Henshaw's voice alone, at this moment . . . "and you came by the place where I was buried, I would know it . . . I would feel it. . . ."

As if without his own volition, Spence's right hand reached out and grasped the ashen shaft of the pitchfork. *If you were dead, young Henshaw!*

But even as this frenzy seized him, he fought against it. "Oh, God," panted Spence, "don't . . . don't . . . don't. . . ." "Don't let me," was what he meant, but he did not

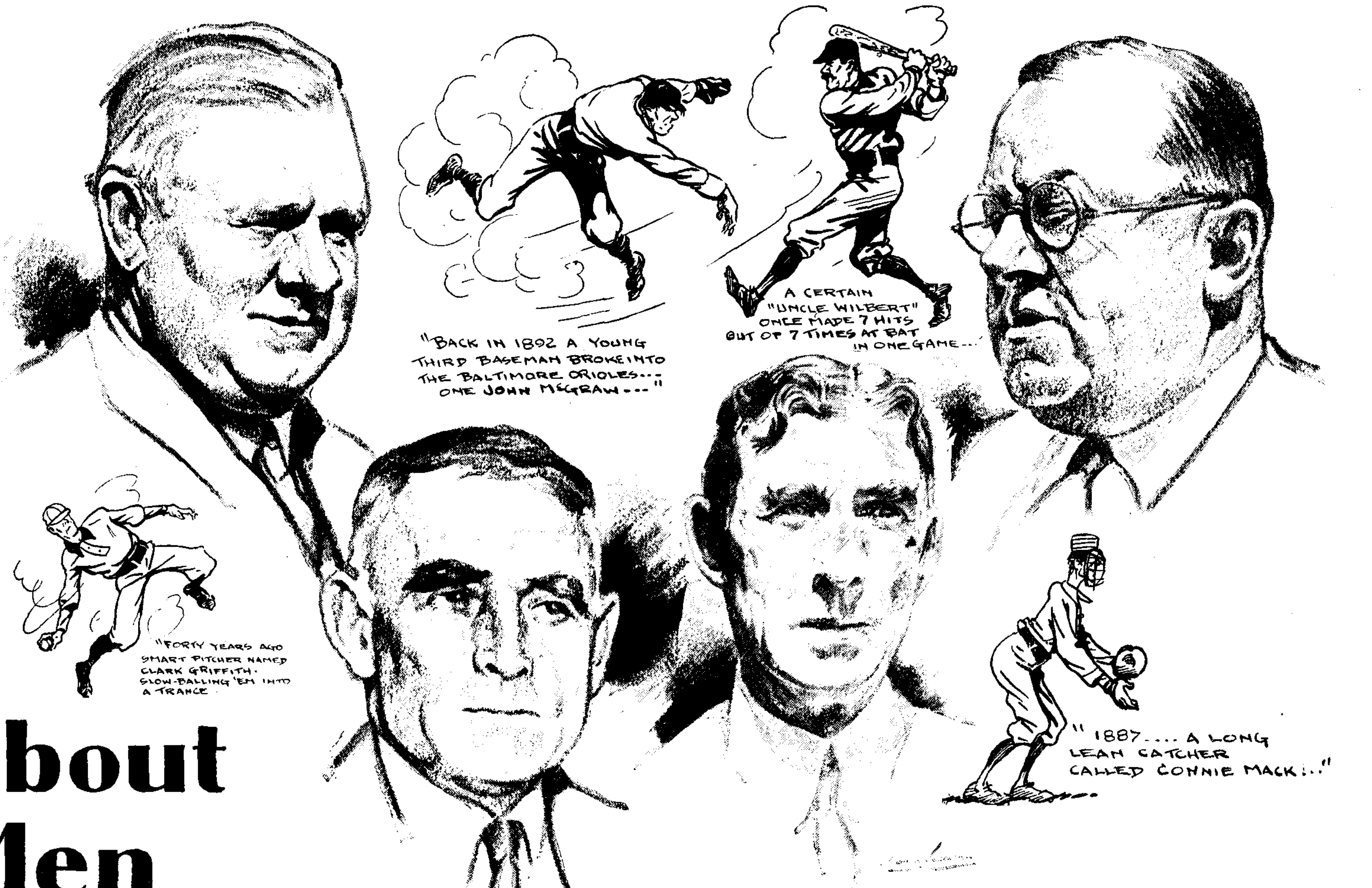
(*Continued on page 44*)



"I'll go with you," she was saying. "I'll go with you. But you'll hate me for it some day!"

By Grantland Rice

When the baseball bug bites, the real player is a victim for life. Veterans of our national pastime still thrill to the sweet smack of bat kissing ball, proving that the game has lost none of its romance


"BACK IN 1892 A YOUNG THIRD BASEMAN BROKE INTO THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES... ONE JOHN McGRAW..."
A CERTAIN "UNCLE WILBERT" ONCE MADE 7 HITS OUT OF 7 TIMES AT BAT IN ONE GAME...
"FORTY YEARS AGO SMART PITCHER NAMED CLARK GRIFFITH SLOW-BALLING 'EM INTO A TRANCE
"1887.... A LONG LEAN CATCHER CALLED CONNIE MACK..."

Talk about Iron Men

BEFORE football gets too chesty about its old-timers the intercollegiate game might take a look at the old guard of professional baseball.

Football points with considerable pride to such veterans as Alonzo Stagg, Pop Warner, Bill Roper, Dan McGugin, Gil Dobie and others who have stuck to the game for periods that range from twenty-five to forty years.

But the eternal youth of baseball travels back over a longer road leading into the past. If, for example, you ever happen to look over the roster of the Washington club of 1887 you will see listed in this line-up the name of Mack, a young catcher of that period. That happens to be forty-two years ago. He was a tall, lean youngster with a keen brain and a good arm. If you follow the career of this young Washington catcher you will find in 1894 that he was managing Pittsburgh, a team leader thirty-five years ago before Fred Clarke arrived on the scene.

The same Mack is still engaged in attempting to drive a ball club along the trail to a pennant, a ball club known as the Athletics, who for the last two or three years have been the most formidable rivals the slugging Yankees had to beat. After nearly forty-five years of professional baseball Connie Mack is just as keen about the game as he was before Ty Cobb was born.

About the same time St. Louis had a great young first baseman known as Charles Comiskey, who as far back as 1892 was manager of the team. Comiskey was the first of the first basemen to play the bag with a wider ground-covering range, setting the modern style in place of sticking to the bag like a telegraph post fixed in the ground.

Comiskey today is owner and director of the Chicago White Sox, a white-haired veteran who has survived more than his share of sickness and hard luck to keep the old flame burning as brightly as ever. Commy's love for the game that gave him his start has been fanatical. Baseball has been his life. He helped Ban Johnson start the American League and installed Clark Griffith as manager of his club in 1901.

Which recalls the fact that Clark Griffith was one of baseball's smartest pitchers nearly forty years ago. He was known as "The Fox," later "The Gray Fox," when he was slow-balling and slow-curving his opponents into a trance back in the early 90's in a Chicago uniform. Griffith won the first American League pennant with his White Sox in 1901. Later he came on to New York to handle the Yankees and in 1904 his club came within one wild pitch of winning another American League pennant when Jack Chesbro's "spitter" slipped its moorings in the decisive game of the year.

A Brilliant Young Pitcher

Today the same Clark Griffith is president, part owner and director of the Washington Club of the American League and as rabid a baseball fan as any full-throated supporter who sits in the bleachers. You might think that forty years of baseball had dulled Grif's interest just a trifle, but after talking to him about five minutes you will switch this opinion and wonder whether you have ever met a real baseball nut before.

There is another who can look back over forty years of baseball war with more storm and tempest mixed in his career than any other in the game. Back in 1892 he came to the Baltimore Orioles as a young third baseman with only two or three years' experience. He came into one of the greatest gatherings that ever made up a baseball club, the smartest organization ever gathered together for a pennant-winning job.

His name happens to be John J. McGraw. Among his mates there were Jennings, Keeler, Kelley, Brodie, Doyle and Robinson. Ten years later, back around 1902, they brought him on to help reorganize the tail-end Giants. Just two years later, with the help of a brilliant young pitcher by the name of Christy Mathewson, he sent his Giants to the front and the year after that his club was a world series champion with four shut-outs in five days.

In his twenty-seven years of Giant leadership McGraw has won ten pennants and has finished second some ten or twelve times. He has, with only one or two exceptions, always had his club in the thick of the scrap, a hustling, hard-fighting bunch to the last out. McGraw today is gray and somewhat stout. But there is the same keen flash in his gray eyes and you will find that he is the first man on hand for spring training and as keen to win as he was back with Baltimore thirty-seven years ago.

There was another old-time Baltimore star who can't be shaken loose from the game that has taken up most of his life. His name is Your Uncle Wilbert Robinson, now the rotund manager and president of the Brooklyn club. Your Uncle Wilbert once made seven hits in one game out of seven times at bat. That is one of the few ancient records that Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb and some others have never been able to reach.

Robby today, about the size of a baseball diamond, is one of the best beloved of all the game's entries and like all the other old-timers he would rather talk baseball than eat—and he can use his food. One of the best and smartest of all the old catchers, he has been a wonder at building up pitching staffs, even taking discards from rival clubs and turning them into stars.

Wilbert Robinson of Brooklyn insists upon talking over the details and the psychological breaks of each game played, and if no one else is present, Mrs. Robinson must hear the story. "And so far into the night," the narrative moves. McGraw still feels the joy of winning and the deep anguish of losing as keenly as he did back in 1892, which takes in many, many yesterdays. Here is a man, for example, who is still a vital factor in the sport of the nation and who was recognized as a star ten years before Bobby Jones was born, two years before Babe Ruth was born, four years before Jack Dempsey was born.

Yes, someone might say, but these you have mentioned are either managers or club presidents. What about the old-time ball players who still hang on? What about Jack Quinn? Quinn was a professional ball player in 1904. He is up somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five or forty-six years of age and is some years older than Ty Cobb was when he quit; older than Cy Young when he quit; older than Lajoie and Wagner when they quit.

Yet Jack Quinn was picked in his twenty-sixth year of professional baseball to open the season for Connie Mack and he held the slugging Yankees to three clean hits and a pair of scratches that were lost in the center field sun. At his next start he held the same set of mauling Yankees to six scattered hits and beat them to a pulp. Quinn's twenty-fifth year in professional baseball last season was one of his best. He opened his twenty-sixth campaign with more stuff than he had shown for years.

I recall sixteen years ago when the Yankees decided that Quinn was about through and they soon cut him adrift. He was then slipping into the veteran class. But here he is today bending them over nine years longer than Mathewson could last; six years longer than Walter Johnson's cannonading arm could stand the strain. To judge by the way he opened the new season Quinn may be working in the big leagues when he is up around fifty, and that would be something to shoot at for a carload of generations.

Veterans in the Vanguard

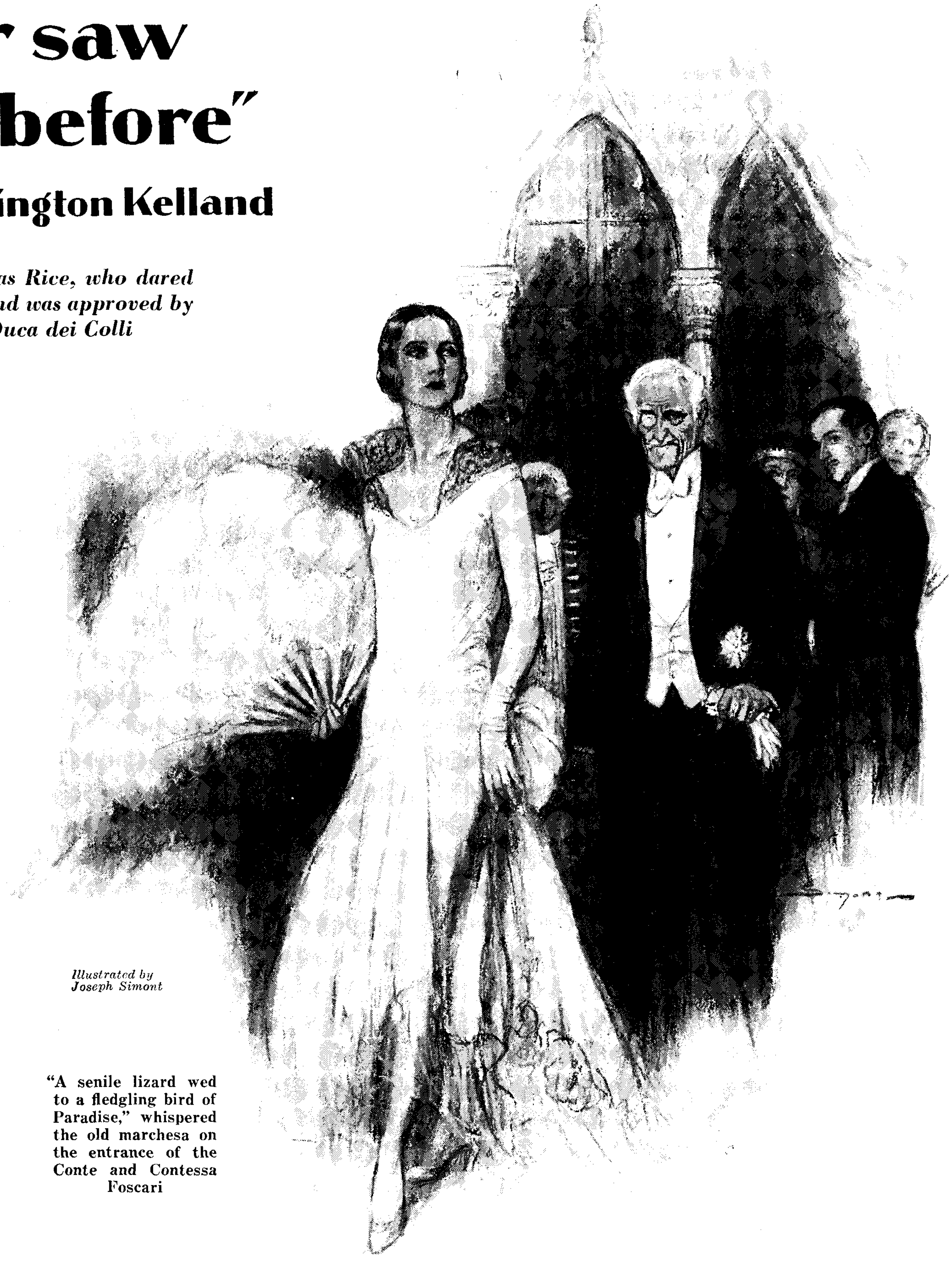
With all its trials and tribulations, the hard riding of the fans, the fickleness of the crowd, the chances for injury and accident, baseball keeps them young as long as they follow its trail. Except in the count of years there is nothing old today about John McGraw or Connie Mack or Clark Griffith or your uncle Wilbert Robinson.

For those we have mentioned are not merely struggling to hold on. They are directing or leading the pack, or at least are up around the front of the parade. And many of them have been around in the midst of wars for periods ranging from forty to forty-five years.

"I never saw a Duke before"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

The romance of Thomas Rice, who dared to love a noble lady—and was approved by Heaven and the Duca dei Colli


Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"A senile lizard wed to a fledgling bird of Paradise," whispered the old marchesa on the entrance of the Conte and Contessa Foscari

IN THOSE good days before the war when kings were kings, not more than two monarchs were privileged to address the Duca dei Colli by his first or given name. No woman, other than his mother and his old nurse, ever had enjoyed that familiarity. Nor was this because the duke disliked women. Indeed, the fact was quite contrary to that, for he adored them as he adored music and beautiful paintings and sunsets over the Tuscan hills—and exquisite cooking. But it was not his habit to fall in love.

This was a vexatious matter to Signore Canneregio, whose duty and delight it was to husband and administer the duke's vast estates, for, the signore reasoned astutely, no love—no marriage; no marriage—no heir. And then what would become of the ancient name and the magnificence of the dei Colli?

Therefore, in season and out of season, that legal gentleman, who, doubtless, slept in his silk hat, urged upon his patron the necessity for an alliance with one of the remaining great houses of Europe for the purely utilitarian purpose of providing another generation. So, to escape these friendly importunities, the Duca dei Colli abandoned Rome somewhat surreptitiously and made his way hastily to his palazzio in Venice, where he fancied he might rest without distractions, possibly write an ode which he had in mind, and profit by the experiments of his chef, who had discovered recently a revolutionary manner in which to prepare filet of sole.

THE duke, as everyone who pretends to any knowledge whatever knows, was of middle age, slender, remarkably handsome, and almost miraculously affable toward cab drivers and gondoliers. Their conversation, he contended, abounded in good sense, sparkled with wit and was enriched with aphorisms which he delighted to collect and to repeat.

"After all," said he, "the purpose of conversation is entertainment. I much prefer being amused by a charwoman to being bored by a count."

Upon his arrival in Venice he proceeded at once by a common conveyance to his palazzio, which adjoins that of the Foscari, and upon the way he inquired as to the gossip of the city from his gondolier, an old acquaintance by name Bartolomeo, and tid-bits of information flowed over him from that well-stocked source.

"The day following tomorrow," said Bartolomeo, "is Carnival. The youthful Signore Grimani carries on an affair of the heart with the Contessa di Miracoli. One of modesty and discretion does not approach the Lido save with averted eyes, for women grow more beautiful as the garments in which they bathe diminish themselves. A wedding has been arranged between the Austrian Prince Culmbach and the Principessa Maria Pisano, but it is understood he does not discard La Tilpolo, the dancer, who boasts of it openly in the cafés. And it is rumored that the so-lovely Contessa Foscari has at last taken a lover, but his name is not known to any.

THE Duca dei Colli frowned. "The last item," he said severely, "were best omitted from the budget."

"The conte is upwards of seventy years," said Bartolomeo with a grimace.

"True."

"The contessa has not enjoyed her twentieth fête."

"Also true."

"Is it tolerable to nature that a wife of a year should remain a maid?" asked Bartolomeo with a smirk, as he swept his narrow craft to the water-lapped steps of the palazzio and assisted the duke to disembark.

"Go with God," said the duke, "but set a guard over your tongue, Bartolomeo. I have known old women to clack less noisily."

The duke passed through the open door, troubled greatly because of this rumor of the canals which he had heard, for he had seen the Contessa Foscari in her cradle, had brought her comfits and dolls when she was a maid, and had spoken freely his thoughts when she was given in marriage to her aged suitor.

Perhaps she had been jostled by youth into some indiscretion which might mingle the ashes of bitterness with the shining bronze of her hair.

Now, in Venice, there is one spot where one may reflect, and this is that stone-flagged space hard by the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo in the midst of which rears the bronze mass of that greatest of equestrian statues, Verrocchio's masterpiece of Bartolomeo Colleoni. There is something about that rugged man upon his great horse which wipes inessentials from the mind; which causes the currents of reason to flow gently and freely, and which reduces all things to a proper perspective.

More than once, in hours of stress, the duke had availed himself of this atmosphere, so now he rang for hat and stick and descended again to the canal where his own gondola swung ready for his coming. He settled himself against the cushions, gave directions to his gondolier, and the little craft swept graciously up the reach of the Grand Canal, then turned this and that way through narrower waterways until it came to rest at the foot of the steps at the top of which Colleoni rode silently on into immortality.

AT THE foot of the statue, with his back touching the marble pedestal designed by the crafty hands of Leopardi, sat a young man with his head in his hands, immobile as death, in a posture of dejection. The face was invisible, but youth spoke from the shoulders and the strong cords of the neck—and the duke always was interested in the griefs of youth.

He approached the young man and addressed him with that musical voice which before now had won him the confidence of strangers.

"There can be," he said, "but three causes for such dejection: the loss of money, the death of a dear one, or misadventure in love."

The young man lifted a tortured face and regarded the duke; then, without replying he lowered his head once again on his palms and drew deeply a breath.

"I see it is love," said the duke. "May I compliment you, young sir, upon having chosen the one spot in all Venice where one may best enjoy the delights of such agony. How came you to make the discovery?"

At this direct question the young man raised his eyes again. "I come here every day," he said.

"You are American," said the duke. "An Englishman would not have replied so courteously. I am the Duca dei Colli."

The boy lifted his head and regarded the older man curiously. "I never saw a duke before," he said ingenuously, "but you look like one. I am Thomas Rice, and I wish I never had traveled to Italy."

"Is the fault with my country," asked the duke, "or with yourself?"

"There is no fault," said Thomas Rice, "but a heap of rotten luck."

"One never knows," said the duke, "until the final curtain falls."

"The trouble," said Thomas, "is that I thought it was her father."

"Ah," said the duke, preparing for confidences. "Ah."

"Nobody," said Thomas, "would have guessed that old man to be her husband. Why, sir, she's no more than twenty, and he—he looks as if he were eighty. It's terrible. It's monstrous, I tell you, to marry a child to a doddering octogenarian with wicked eyes."

"Why," said the duke, "there's much to be said for that view of the matter. But there may be circumstances."

"WHAT circumstances, sir, could justify a father in giving a daughter to a ruin like that? It's not so much his age, sir, but his wickedness. He reeks with evil."

"Does she seem unhappy?" asked the duke.

"She seems very grave and very still —as if she were dead but walked the streets."

"May one ask how you made her acquaintance?"

"I can't say that I have made it," said Thomas, "but I have spoken with her and I have looked into her eyes and I have heard her voice. That was a week ago."

"I am interested," said dei Colli.

"My gondola," said Thomas simply, "swung sharply around the corner of one of the narrower canals. It collided with another coming from the opposite direction. The second boat was thrust against the walls with force and careened so that water poured over its side. She sat under the little shelter." Thomas paused while his imagination drew again the picture of the incident for him. "She was startled and the water threatened her dress. So I asked if I might not carry her to her destination in my gondola. There was nothing else to do. So, for five minutes we conversed."

"Much may happen in five minutes," said the duke.

"It did," said Thomas succinctly. "From that moment it became my sole occupation to watch for her."

"I guess the rest," said the duke. "Your gondola followed hers discreetly. Having discovered her house your boatman paddled up and down before its door as if you were a sentry. You scrutinized the face of her palazzio as if it were a jewel casket. If she went to church you worshipped close at hand. If she entered a shop you waited behind a pillar."

"You must have followed my movements," said the boy.

"No," said the duke, "but I have followed life. And has nothing more passed between you?"

"Only glances," said Thomas.

"Quite sufficient to the needs of the situation," the duke said dryly. "Are you apt at reading glances?"

"Hers were not—unfriendly," said Thomas. "But yesterday I seemed to read fear in them."

"Ah," said the duke. "For you or for herself?"

AT THIS Thomas bent his brows. That aspect of the matter had not presented itself. The duke did not press the question.

"If it is not an impertinence," he said presently, "what is your position in life?"

"I am not a duke," said Thomas, with the trace of a smile. "I am merely a young man who, upon finishing his education, travels a year in Europe."

"Then you cannot be lacking in the comforts of life."

"I have," said Thomas, "a great deal of money. But I would pay every penny of it to change things as they are."

"May I ask," the duke inquired, "if her hair is the color of gold which has lain in a casket for hundreds of years?"

"You know her!" exclaimed Thomas. His eyes widened. "You do not come from her? This encounter—"

"Was not of her devising," said the duke. "Where, in Venice, do you reside?"

"At the Royal Danielli," said Thomas.

"May I," asked the duke, "give myself the gratification of calling upon you—to further this fortunate acquaintance?"

"I shall prove poor company, sir," said Thomas.

"I cannot conceive of it," said the duke courteously. "Now, however, I must bid you good day, for matters of importance call me."

The matters of importance called the duke to the palazzio of the Conte Foscari, where he asked the servitor at the door if the contessa were at home. The man beamed a welcome with that curious freedom—which is not forwardness—of Italian servants, and led the way to a drawing-room whose iron-barred windows looked down upon the canal. Presently the contessa entered.

"My friend," she said simply.

"Something," said the duke, "drew me to Venice."

"If I had been wiser," she said, "I should have prayed for your coming."

"Are things, then, so evil?" he asked.

"I thank the saints," she said somberly, "for him who first invented locks."

"Ah," said the duke, and his brows drew together.

"I can tell you, my friend, that he has grown to hate me."

"An understandable thing," said dei Colli, softly. "One may grow to hate the unattainable."

"He struck me with his stick no later than yesterday. It was the first time."

"Ah," said the duke again, but very, very softly. "In a better century he might not have lived to remember that blow— But has there been no slight trickle of happiness through the prison walls?"

"How did you know?" she asked, eyes big with astonishment.

"Knowledge comes to me as the pigeons light in San Marco's," he said. "Also the city speaks of it."

The contessa drew a sibilant breath. "What does the city say?" she asked.

"That you have taken a lover," he replied, and smiled.

"THE city lies," she answered gravely. Then her lips bent softly. "He looked at me as if I were the Madonna," she said, "and words lost themselves in his throat."

"He is an American," said dei Colli.

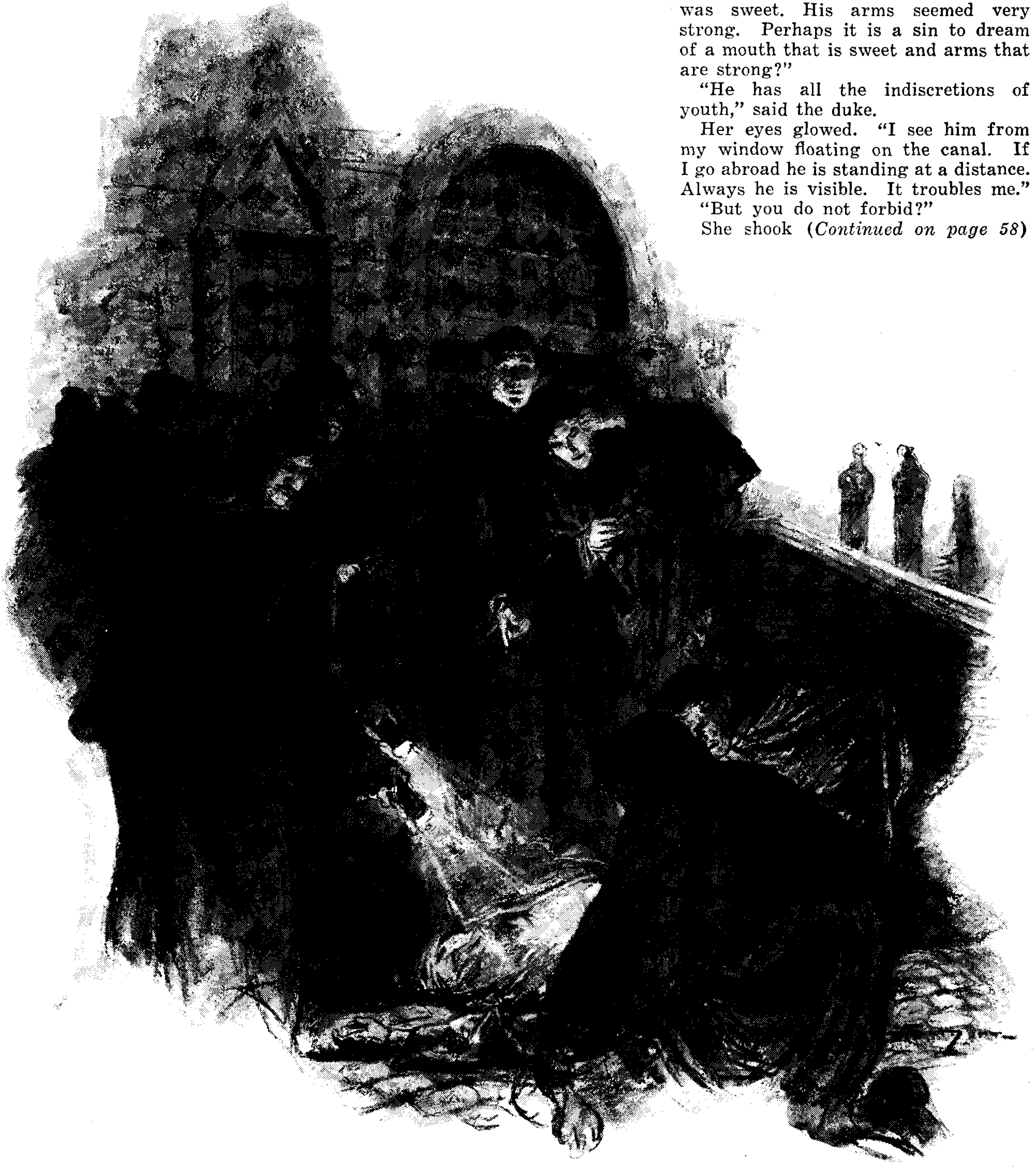
"His eyes were honest and his mouth was sweet. His arms seemed very strong. Perhaps it is a sin to dream of a mouth that is sweet and arms that are strong?"

"He has all the indiscretions of youth," said the duke.

Her eyes glowed. "I see him from my window floating on the canal. If I go abroad he is standing at a distance. Always he is visible. It troubles me."

"But you do not forbid?"

She shook (*Continued on page 58*)

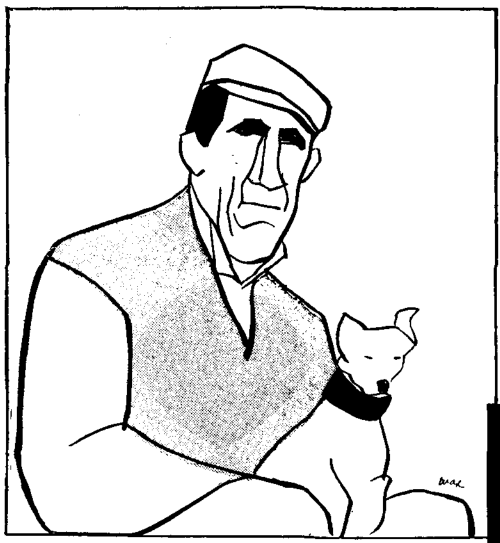


The black figure of a man sprawled upon its face. "See," said the boy, "he has a white band on his arm"

Ringside Seat

By Ring Lardner

An astonishing, one might well say incredible, analysis of the life of Jim Corbett, perfumer, author, caterer and knight of the sock (heh! heh!) and buskin. Or to put it almost too neatly: Gentleman Jim, by Gentleman Ring



MR. CORBETT tells you in his quaint patois that he is sixty years of age. The record books back him up. But when you see him, which you can hardly help doing, as he butts in everywhere, you say to yourself, "Why, he hardly looks old enough to be Zelma O'Neal's daughter-in-law. He simply can't be sixty!" Then a bystander, reading your thoughts, points out that he must be, because he had just attained his majority in 1891, when he had that sixty-one-round workout with Peter Jackson, the Eskimo, and was only a year older when he won the championship from John L.

Well, the thing is mystifying till you learn the truth, which is that way back yonder there was a federal law preventing a pugilist from performing in public before he was twenty, and to circumvent this Jim had to lie about his age. He was actually seven when he fought Jackson and eight when he knocked Sullivan for a row of empty pints.

Four years ago Jim published his autobiography and a short time after it came out we all took part in one of Gene Buck's benefits at Great Neck, Long Island. Whenever Gene isn't rehearsing a show or drilling a squad of pallbearers, he is staging a benefit for somebody, usually a stranger. At this benefit, which was for a wealthy lunch-wagon proprietor, I followed Jim in a series of brief speeches by people nobody wanted to hear, and naturally I made a reference to his book, The Roar of the Crowd.

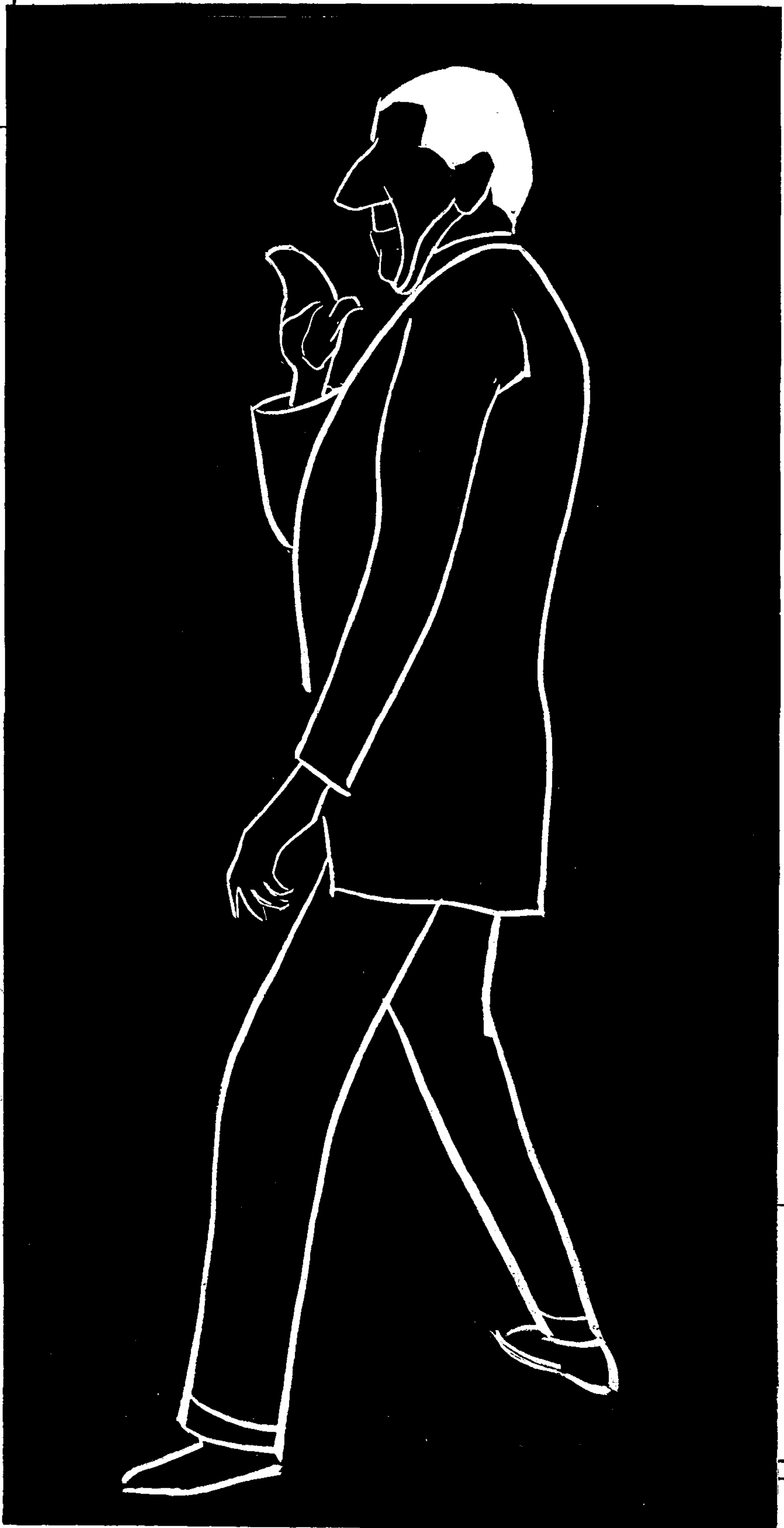
What I said was that the book had derived its title from people who had paid $2.00 for it. The audience was dumb with merriment over this mot.

Too Eager to Rest

But what I want to say now is that I didn't mean it. I had read the book and liked it so much that I suspected a ghost writer, perhaps Gertrude Atherton. It is one of the best-written and most entertaining volumes of its kind and is still selling up in the dozens.

I think my favorite chapter in the book is the one dealing with the Mitchell fight in Jacksonville, Florida. Jim got his man, and confesses that he had trained on champagne. There is an athlete after my own heart and I believe if the Sharkeys, Striblings and Maloneys of today would do their preliminary work in Guinan's Gymnasium, they might be mad enough to fight when the time came, especially if they were obliged to pay the checks.

The bout ended in Round Three with Mitchell eating resin sandwiches, but the second round lasted four minutes because they forgot the intermission. You wouldn't catch fighters of today doing that; it's the only part of the fight they enjoy. Jim, it seems, heard the gong and started unwillingly for his corner. The Britisher ran after him and cracked him viciously behind the ear. Jim, realizing that the blow was too hard to have come from the referee, Honest John Kelly, turned around and retaliated with a stiff punch to Charley's jaw and they kept going at full speed, with no objection from the crowd or Honest John, through the full minute usually set aside for meditation and prayer.



Gentleman Jim recites all of Eddie Guest's poems while he shadow boxes

The gong sounded again, making it legal. Mitchell's unconventional disregard of recess had not left him in robust health and in another minute he was lying face down on the canvas with absolutely no idea of repeating the surprise attack during the next truce.

Parts of Jim's book read as if he had copied them from the collected works of Supergentleman Gene, but on page 208 we find a sentence he couldn't have plagiarized from the recently retired champion because it was written before Tooney took the nuptial veil:

"I owe all my success and happiness to her." Meaning Mrs. Jim.

Well, that is a nice sentiment and I have no reason to doubt the "happiness" part, but the late Mr. Sullivan told a few of us in strict confidence that the person who hit him in the jaw was not Mrs. Corbett.

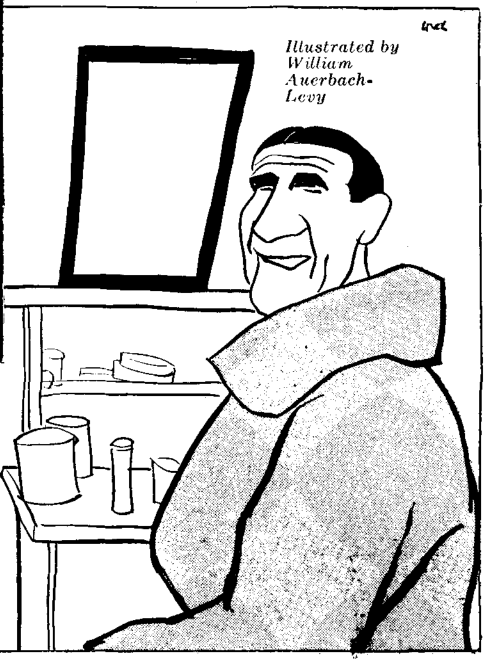
Jim says a great many of the ring tactics in usage today were originated by him. If I were he, I would keep that to myself, though it can't hurt his reputation very much, because you can go to Madison Square Garden, Ebbets Field or the Stadium seven nights a week and never see a tactic. What you do see is a fiery display of lethargy from a ringful of 200-pound Irishmen, Lithuanians, Georgians and Swedes, praying to God that they won't get as good as a draw.

A Fatal Preference

But Jim was original in his treatment of the bandages which are worn under a boxer's gloves, ostensibly to protect his hands. Most boxers used to have a trick of soaking the bandages in plaster of paris, thus softening them to the texture of a brickbat and removing all doubt from the opponent's mind as to whether he had been hit or not. Mr. Corbett ascertained through his scouts what was the favorite perfume of the wife or sweetie, or both, of the man he was going to fight; then he would buy a gallon of it and smear his bandages so liberally that the other fellow could never get his mind on his work.

Unfortunately for Jim, his operatives fell down on their assignment prior to the champion's first bout with Tom Sharkey; they didn't discover until too late that Tom's gal's favorite scent was Plymouth gin and, as a result, Tom earned, or at least was given, a draw. It was different, but just as unfortunate, in the fatal Fitzsimmons encounter. The information was correct; Mrs. Fitz preferred Nuit de Noël. Jim inquired the price per gallon and decided to fight fair.

The Mitchell brawl was followed by a trip abroad, Jim taking his old folks back to their native Norway. Returning to this country, he toured it with a theatrical troupe, winding up in his home town, San Francisco, where he kept in shape (*Continued on page 53*)

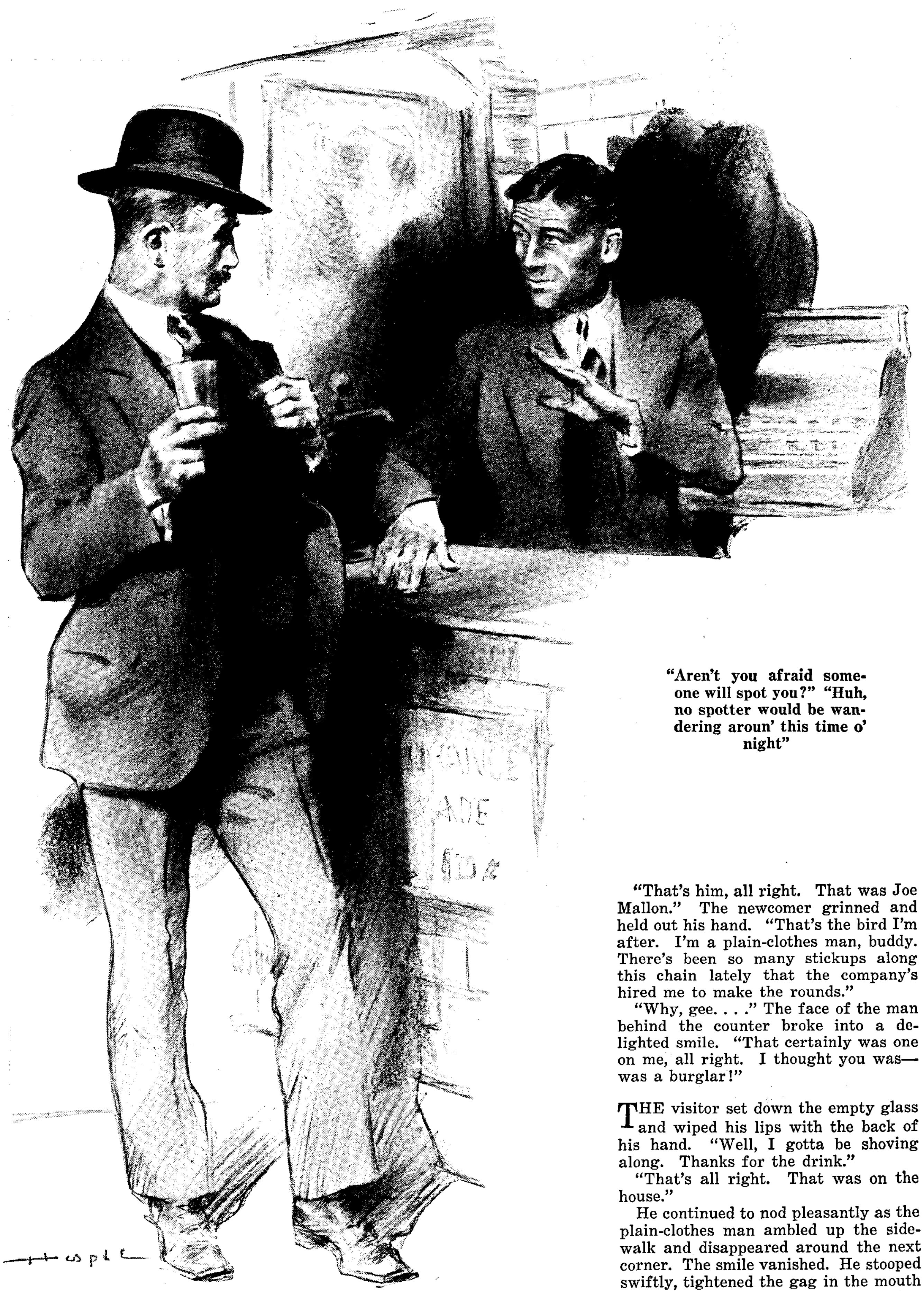


Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

One on the House

A Short Short Story complete on this page by Corey Ford

Illustrated by William Hoople



"Aren't you afraid someone will spot you?" "Huh, no spotter would be wandering aroun' this time o' night"

"GIVE us a drink of orangeade." The man behind the counter slammed the drawer of the cash register shut and whirled in surprise: "Huh?"

"One orangeade," repeated the newcomer calmly, sliding a dime across the damp counter.

"Oh. Sure." His hand slowly left his hip-pocket, and the color flooded back into his face. He flung open the metal cover, and emptied a scoopful of orange liquid into a tall tumbler. "Wait'll I put in a seed to show it's real."

"Thanks. Your clock right, there?"

"Yep. Just five A. M."

"Broadway an' Forty-fourth is a pretty empty corner this time of the morning," mused the stranger, sipping his drink slowly. "Just before dawn."

"Yep, when they turn all the street-lamps out." His eyes still searched the face of the newcomer across the counter. "By the way . . . have I see you aroun' here before?"

"I dunno, have you?"

"I mean, I wondered if you came by here very often."

"NOT very." He prodded the dime with his forefinger. "Here y'are."

"No. Keep it. That drink was on the house."

"Aren't you afraid someone will spot you? For all you know *I* might be a spotter."

"Huh! No spotter would be wandering aroun' *this* time o' night. It's early in the evening, and later when the theater crowd is out that they keep an eye on you. This time o' night nobody ever comes aroun'. I know."

"Tough hours, haven't you?" twisting the tumbler between his fingers.

"I'll say. From eight P. M. to eight A. M. Boy! and does that sun look good in the morning! And does the evening build up on you! Work like a fool all during the theater rush, and then again at intermissions, and when the shows are out. Then about twelve o'clock the crowd starts thinning out, and after that all you get is once in a while a drunk or a chorus man or a grifter of some sort. Then when you're all tired out, you got to spend the rest of the night with nothing to do, and believe me! each hour seems about four hours long. Lonely?—"

"I should think there'd be a good chance of someone sticking you up."

"Huh?" darting a quick look at the other's face.

"I say, you ever been in a holdup?"

"Only once," shaking his head. "But that was enough. Some guy comes in and starts talking, same as you're talking to me now. He buys a drink and we chins along. I wasn't noticing him particularly. He slides me a dime across the counter, and I turn to open the drawer of the cash register, well—all of a sudden he yanks out a rod and tells me to throw 'em up."

"Yeah? What did you do?"

"What did *I* do? Say! It wasn't *my* money! I just stuck both mitts as high in the air as I could reach, and told him to take the store away if he wanted to. So he grabbed the roll out of the open drawer, stuck a gag in my mouth, tied me up and left me under the counter. Neatest thing you ever—"

"You wouldn't know this guy again if you saw him?"

"I don't know. He was about my height, I guess, an' he had dark hair something like me. O' course I was pretty scared to notice—"

"That's him, all right. That was Joe Mallon." The newcomer grinned and held out his hand. "That's the bird I'm after. I'm a plain-clothes man, buddy. There's been so many stickups along this chain lately that the company's hired me to make the rounds."

"Why, gee. . . ." The face of the man behind the counter broke into a delighted smile. "That certainly was one on me, all right. I thought you was—was a burglar!"

THE visitor set down the empty glass and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "Well, I gotta be shoving along. Thanks for the drink."

"That's all right. That was on the house."

He continued to nod pleasantly as the plain-clothes man ambled up the sidewalk and disappeared around the next corner. The smile vanished. He stooped swiftly, tightened the gag in the mouth of a roped and bound figure that lay helpless under the counter, then rose again and glanced cautiously up and down the street.

"Yep." He vaulted the counter silently. "One on the house," he murmured.

Coopers

REG.U S OFF.

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Knit Underwear Hosiery Pajamas Woven Underwear

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, live Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig; his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl.

Ronnie, with the aid of Beach, the butler, steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital which he needs to marry Sue. P. Frobisher Pilbeam, detective, is summoned to find the Empress.

Due to a misunderstanding in which Pilbeam is involved *Ronnie breaks his engagement* with Sue. She comes to Blandings to see him, masquerading as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whom Ronnie's mother had invited to Blandings and wires the real Miss Schoonmaker in Lady Constance's name not to come because of an epidemic.

Hugo and Millicent discover the Empress and hide her in a more secure place, planning to return her to gain Lord Emsworth's good will. The Efficient Baxter, Lady Constance's guest at Blandings, tells Lord Emsworth that he saw Beach feeding the Empress in the cottage, but Beach denies it and they fail to find her there. Pilbeam tells Hugo he saw him hiding the Empress.

Galahad puts in the Reminiscences he plans to publish soon a story about Sir Gregory Parsloe, who offers Pilbeam £500 to steal the manuscript and invites the family to dinner to give him a clear field.

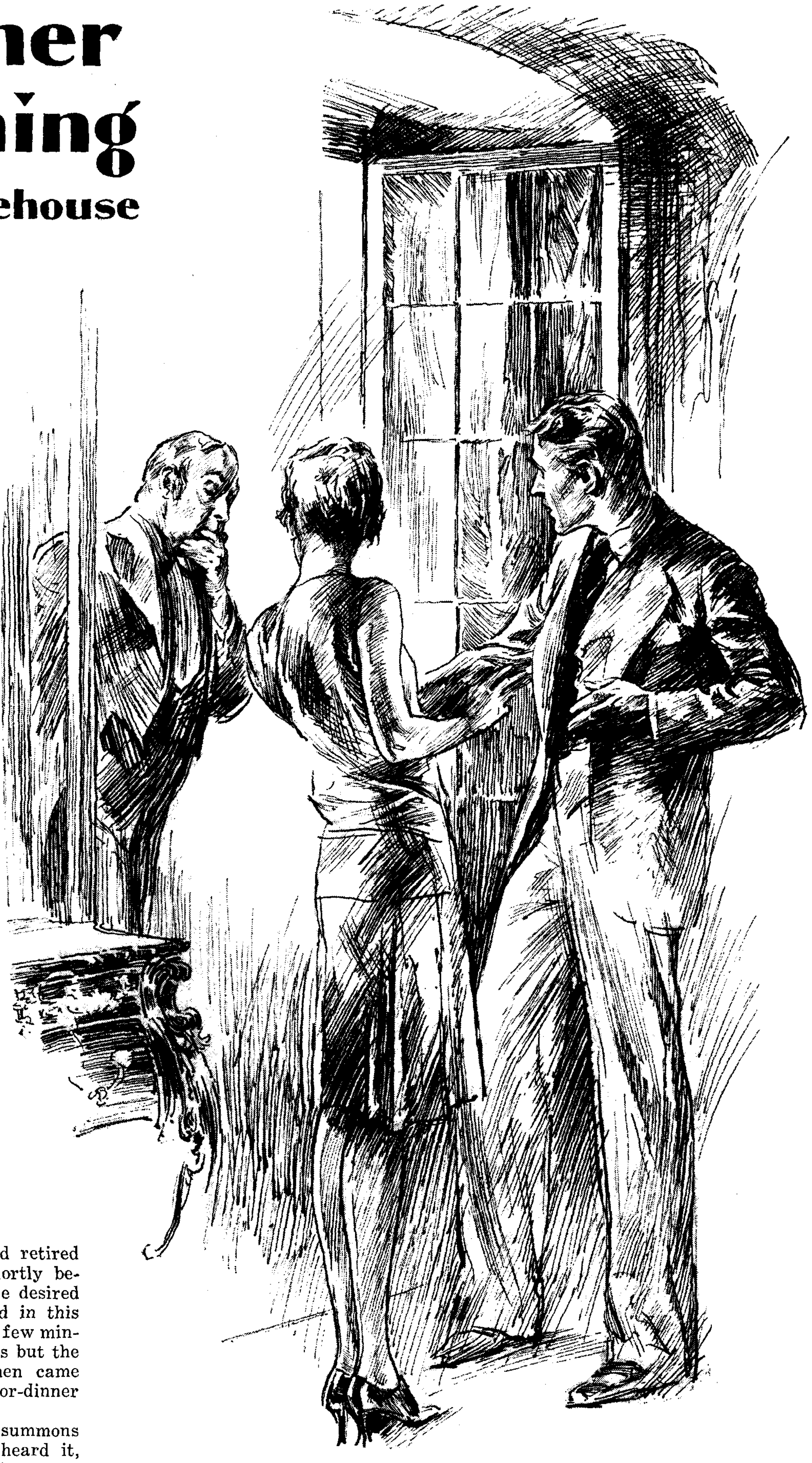
XI

THE Efficient Baxter had retired to the smoking-room shortly before half-past seven. He desired silence and solitude, and in this cozy haven he got both. For a few minutes nothing broke the stillness but the slow ticking of a clock. Then came a new sound: the dressing-for-dinner gong.

Baxter did not stir. The summons left him unmoved. He had heard it, of course. Beach was a man who swung a pretty gong-stick. He had that quick fore-arm flick and wristy follow-through which stamp the master. If you were anywhere within a quarter of a mile or so, you could not help hearing him. But the sound had no appeal for Baxter. He did not propose to go in to dinner. He wanted to be alone with his thoughts.

They were not the sort of thoughts with which most men would have wished to be left alone, being both dark and bitter. That expedition to the game-keeper's cottage in the west wood had not proved a pleasure-trip for Rupert Baxter. Reviewing it in his mind, he burned with baffled rage.

And yet everybody had been very nice to him—very nice and tactful. True, at the moment of the discovery that the cottage contained no pig and appeared to have been pigless from its foundation, there had been perhaps just the slightest suspicion of constraint. Lord Emsworth had grasped his ivory-knobbed stick a little more tightly and had edged behind Beach in a rather noticeable way, his manner saying more plainly than was agreeable, "If he springs, be ready!" And there had come into the butler's face a look, hard to bear, which was a blend of censure and pity. But after that both of them had been charming.



Ronnie became calmer. "Beach, how much do you know?" he asked

LORD EMSWORTH had talked soothingly about light and shade effects. He had said—and Beach had agreed with him—that in the darkness anybody might have been deceived into supposing that he had seen a butler feeding a pig in the game-keeper's cottage. It was probably, said Lord Emsworth—and Beach thought so, too—a bit of wood sticking out of the wall or *something*. He went on to tell a longish story of how he himself, when a boy, had fancied he had seen a cat with flaming eyes. He had concluded by advising Baxter—and Beach said the suggestion was a good one—to hurry home and have a nice cup of hot tea and go to bed.

His attitude, in short, could not have been pleasanter or more considerate. Yet Baxter, as he sat in the smoking-room, burned, as stated, with baffled rage.

The door handle turned. Beach stood on the threshold.

"If you have changed your mind, sir, about taking dinner, the meal is quite ready."

He spoke as friend to friend. There was *nothing* in his manner to suggest that the man he addressed had ever accused him of stealing pigs. As far as Beach was concerned, all was forgotten and forgiven.

But the milk of human kindness, of which the butler was so full, had not yet been delivered on Baxter's doorstep. The hostility in his eye, as he fixed it on his visitor, was so marked that a lesser man than Beach might have been disconcerted.

"I don't want any dinner."

"Very good, sir."

"Bring me that whisky-and-soda quick."

"Yes, sir."

THE door closed as softly as it had opened, but not before a pang like a red-hot needle had pierced the ex-secretary's bosom. It was caused by the fact that he had distinctly heard the butler, as he withdrew, utter a pitying sigh.

It was the sort of sigh which a kind-hearted man would have given on peeping into a padded cell in which some old friend was confined, and Baxter resented it with all the force of an imperious nature. He had not ceased to wonder what, if anything, could be done about it when the refreshments arrived, carried by James the footman. James placed them gently on the table, shot a swift glance of respectful commiseration at the patient, and went out.

The sigh had cut Baxter like a knife. The look stabbed him like a dagger. For a *moment* he thought of calling the man back and asking him what the devil he meant by staring at him like that, but wiser counsels prevailed. He contented himself with draining a glass of whisky-and-soda and swallowing two sandwiches.

This done, he felt a little—not much, but a little—better. Before, he would gladly have murdered Beach and James and danced on their graves. Now, he would have been satisfied with straight murder.

However, he was alone at last. That was some slight consolation. Beach had come and gone. Footman James had come and gone. Everybody else must by now be either at Matchingham Hall or assembled in the dining-room. On the solitude which he so greatly desired there could be no further intrusion. He resumed his meditations.

FOR a time these dealt exclusively with the recent past, and were, in consequence, of a morbid character. Then, as the grateful glow of the whisky began to make itself felt, a softer mood came to Rupert Baxter. His mind turned to thoughts of Sue.

Men as efficient as Rupert Baxter do not fall in love in the generally accepted sense of the term. Their attitude toward the tender passion is more restrained than that of the ordinary feckless young man who loses his heart at first sight with a whoop and a shiver. Baxter approved of Sue. We cannot say more. But this approval, added to the fact that he had been informed by Lady Constance that the girl was the only daughter of a man who possessed sixty million dollars, had been enough to cause him to earmark her in his mind as the future Mrs. Baxter. In that capacity he had docketed her and filed her away at the first moment of their meeting.

Naturally, therefore, the remarks which Lord Emsworth had let fall in her hearing had caused him grave concern. It hampers a man in his wooing if the girl he has selected starts with the idea that he is as mad as a coot. He congratulated himself on the promptitude with which he had handled the situation.

(*Continued on page 20*)

Critical buyers pronounce this tooth paste a bargain *in results—in price*

SELDOM has a dental cream succeeded so tremendously as Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

It is being bought by people to whom merit is the first consideration and price secondary. It is supplanting costlier dentifrices which accomplish no more.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste, try it at once. Compare it with any paste at any price. We are willing that you judge by results alone.

Note how little brushing is necessary. Note how clean and gleaming it leaves your teeth. No deposits. Not a trace of discoloration. Note, too, that wonderful feeling of mouth exhilaration which you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

In this modern dentifrice at a sensible price we offer you a product in every way worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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Dentifrices in the 50¢ class cost you about $6 per year on the basis of using a tube per month. Note what wonderful results you get when you change to Listerine Tooth Paste—which sells for 25¢ the large tube. A clear saving of $3. Spend it as you please.

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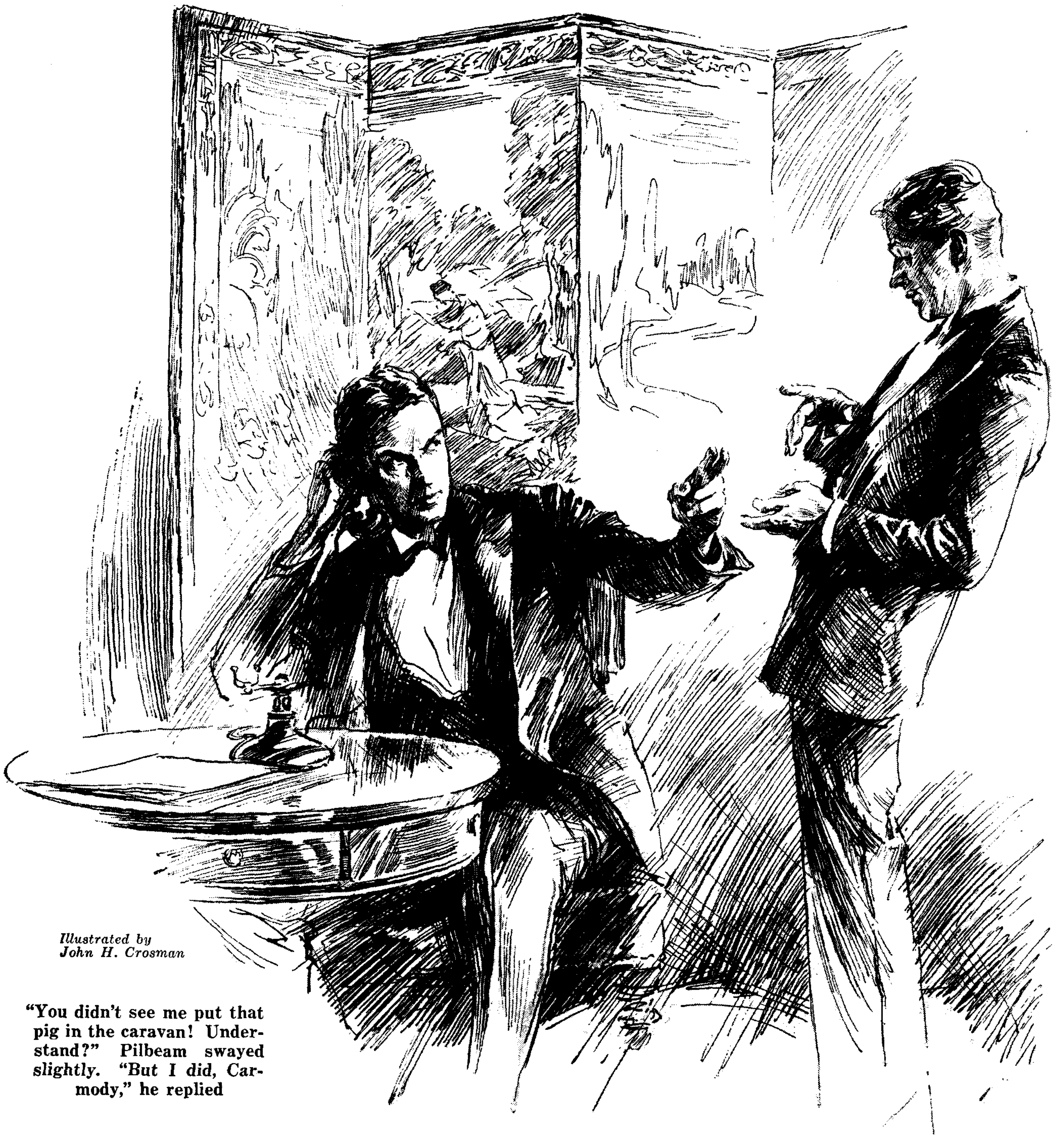
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"You didn't see me put that pig in the caravan! Understand?" Pilbeam swayed *slightly*. "But I *did*, Carmody," he replied

That letter which he had written her could not fail to put him right in her eyes.

Rupert Baxter was a man in whose lexicon there was no such word as failure. An heiress like this Miss Schoonmaker would not, he was aware, lack for suitors: but he did not fear them. If only she were making a reasonably long stay at the castle, he felt that he could rely on his force of character to win the day. In fact, it seemed to him that he could almost hear the wedding-bells ringing. Then, coming out of his dreams, he realized that it was the telephone.

He reached for the instrument with a frown, annoyed at the interruption, and spoke with an irritated sharpness.

"Hullo?"

A ghostly voice replied. The storm seemed to have affected the wires.

"Speak up!" barked Baxter.

He banged the telephone violently on the table. The treatment, as is so often the case, proved effective.

"Blandings Castle?" said the voice, no longer ghostly.

"Yes."

"Post Office, Market Blandings, speaking. Telegram for Lady Constance Keeble."

"I will take it."

The voice became faint again. Baxter went through the movements as before.

"Lady Constance Keeble, Blandings Castle, Market Blandings, Shropshire, England," said the voice, recovering strength, as if it had shaken off a wasting sickness. "Handed in at Paris."

"Where?"

"Paris, France."

"Oh? Well?"

The voice gathered volume.

" 'Terribly sorry hear news. . . .' "

"What?"

" 'News.' "

"Yes?"

" 'Terribly sorry hear news stop Quite understand stop So disappointed shall be unable come to you later as going back America at end of month stop Do hope we shall be able arrange something when I return next year stop Regards stop!' "

"Yes?"

"Signed 'Myra Schoonmaker.' "

"Signed—*what?*"

" 'Myra Schoonmaker.' "

BAXTER'S mouth had fallen open. The forehead above the spectacles was wrinkled, the eyes behind them staring blankly and with a growing horror.

"Shall I repeat?"

"What?"

"Do you wish the message repeated?"

"No," said Baxter in a choking voice.

He hung up the receiver. There seemed to be something crawling down his back. His brain was numbed.

Myra Schoonmaker! Telegraphing from Paris!

Then who was this girl who was at the castle calling herself by that preposterous name? An impostor, an adventuress. She must be, thought Baxter.

And if he made a move to expose her she would revenge herself by showing Lord Emsworth that letter of his.

In the agitation of the moment he had risen to his feet. He now sat down heavily.

That letter. . . !

He must recover it. He must recover it at once. As long as it remained in the girl's possession, it was a pistol pointed at his head. Once let Lord Emsworth become acquainted with those very frank criticisms of himself which it contained, and not even his ally, Lady Constance, would be able to restore him to his lost secretaryship. The ninth Earl was a mild man, accustomed to bowing to his sister's decrees, but there were limits beyond which he could not be pushed.

And Baxter yearned to be back at Blandings Castle in the position he had once enjoyed. Blandings was his spiritual home. He had held other secretaryships—he held one now, at a salary far higher than that which Lord Emsworth had paid him—but never had he succeeded in recapturing that fascinating sense of power, of importance, of being the man who directed the destinies of one of the largest houses in England.

At all costs he must recover that letter. And the present moment, he perceived, was ideal for the venture. The girl must have the thing in her room somewhere, and for the next hour at least she would be in the dining-room. He would have ample opportunity for a search.

He did not delay. Thirty seconds later he was mounting the stairs, his face set, his spectacles gleaming grimly. A minute later he reached his destination. No good angel, aware of what the future held, stood on the threshold to bar his entry. The door was ajar. He pushed it open and went in.

BLANDINGS CASTLE, like most places of its size and importance, contained bedrooms so magnificent that they were never used. With their four-poster beds and their superb but rather oppressive tapestries, they had remained untenanted since the time when Queen Elizabeth, dodging from country-house to country-house in that restless, snipe-like way of hers, had last slept in them. Of the guest-rooms still in commission, the most luxurious was that which had been given to Sue.

At the moment when Baxter stole cautiously in, it was looking its best in the gentle evening light. But Baxter was not in sight-seeing mood. He ignored the carved bedstead, the cozy armchairs, the pictures, the decorations, and the soft carpet into which his feet sank. The beauty of the sky through the French windows that gave on to the balcony drew but a single brief glance from him. Without delay, he made for the writing-desk which stood against the wall near the bed. It seemed to him a good point of departure for his search.

There were several pigeon-holes in the desk. They contained single sheets of notepaper, double sheets of notepaper, postcards, envelopes, telegraph-forms, and even a little pad on which the room's occupant was presumably expected to jot down any stray thoughts and reflections on Life which might occur to him or her before turning in for the night. But not one of them contained the fatal letter.

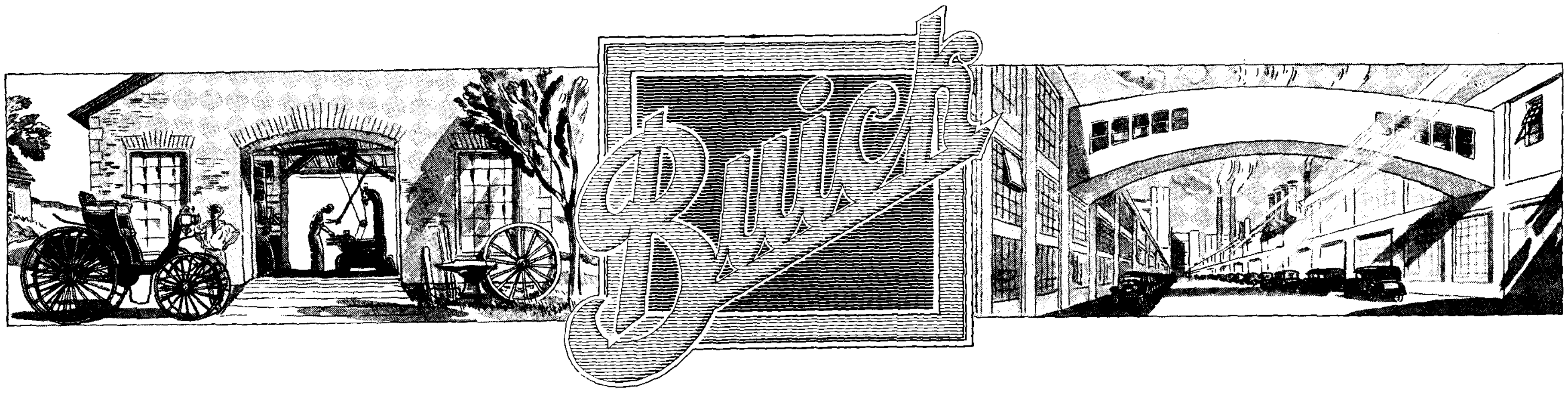
He straightened himself and looked about the room. The drawer of the dressing-table now suggested itself as a possibility. He left the desk and made his way toward it.

The primary requisite of dressing-tables being a good supply of light, they are usually placed in a position to get as much of it as possible. This one was no exception. It stood so near to the open windows that the breeze was ruffling the tassels on its lamp-shades: and Baxter, arriving in front of it, was enabled for the first time to see the balcony in its entirety.

And, as he saw it, his heart seemed to side-slip. Leaning upon the parapet and looking out over the sea of gravel that swept up to the front door from the rhododendron-fringed drive, stood a girl. And not even the fact that her back was turned could prevent Baxter from identifying her.

FOR an instant he remained frozen. Even the greatest men congeal beneath the chill breath of the totally unexpected. He had assumed as a matter of course that Sue was down in the dining-room, and it took him several seconds to adjust his mind to the unpleasing fact that she was up on her balcony. When he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to draw noiselessly away from the line of vision, his first emotion was one of irritation. This chopping and changing, this eleventh-hour alteration of plans, these sudden decisions to remain upstairs when they ought to be downstairs, were what made women as a sex so unsatisfactory.

To irritation succeeded a sense of defeat. There was nothing for it, he realized, but to give up his quest and go. He started to tip-toe silently to the door, agreeably (*Continued on page 46*)



CRADLE OF THE INDUSTRY IN THE BEGINNING.. ....STANDARD OF THE INDUSTRY TODAY

The past quarter-century, 1904-1929, has witnessed many changes in the motor world. Names have appeared—lived—and died. But the years—and the friends of those years—have brought steadily increasing prestige to Buick and its products.

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It is equally true that every motor car manufacturer honors two automotive institutions: his own and—*Buick!*

There exists in the motor world a respect for Buick and the new Marquette which transcends all bonds of partisanship, and extends to owners and non-owners and contemporary makers alike.

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Year after year, Buick has given to the world a greater automobile. Year after year, the world has given to Buick still higher favor.

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Buick craftsmen—Buick plants and equipment—Buick standards of engineering and manufacturing—inspire universal admiration. And Buick products, by virtue of quality and value leadership, command enthusiastic public preference in their respective fields.

It is only natural that the builders of Buick and Marquette should appreciate and cherish this worldwide good will. And that they should seek to repay it by keeping Buick and Marquette motor cars always the standard of comparison.

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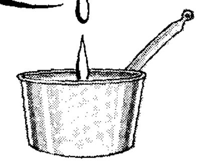
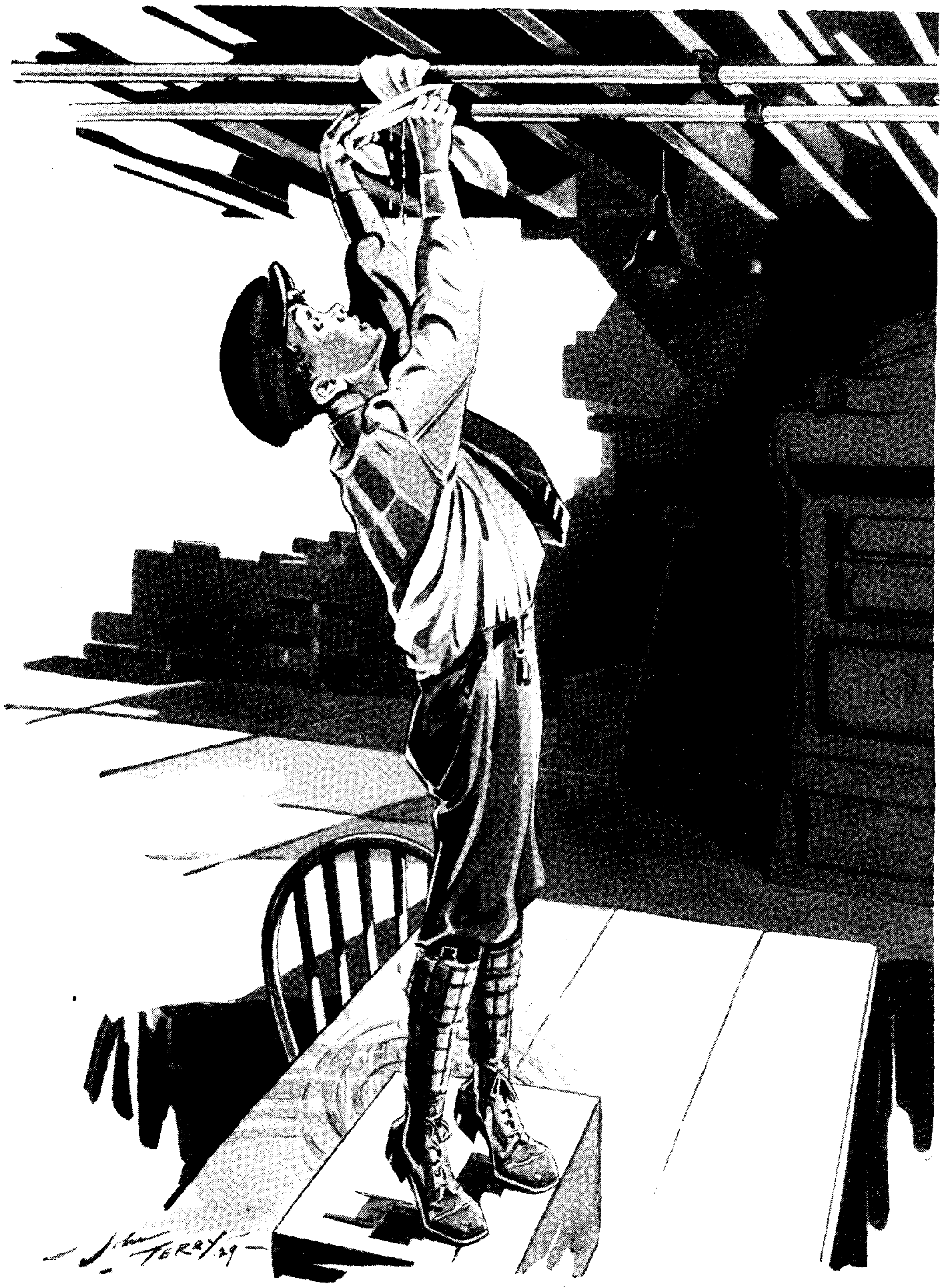
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Leaks
Leaks
Leaks





So expensive . . . .
yet so easy to avoid

WATER pipe leaks are not particularly serious when the pipes are exposed, and easy to get at. Most anyone can temporarily correct the difficulty and prevent serious damage until the plumber can come and install new pipe. But leaks often occur behind the walls of the living room or the bedroom, or behind the tiling in the bath room . . . .

That *is* serious—and costly—for walls must be ripped out to get at the leak.

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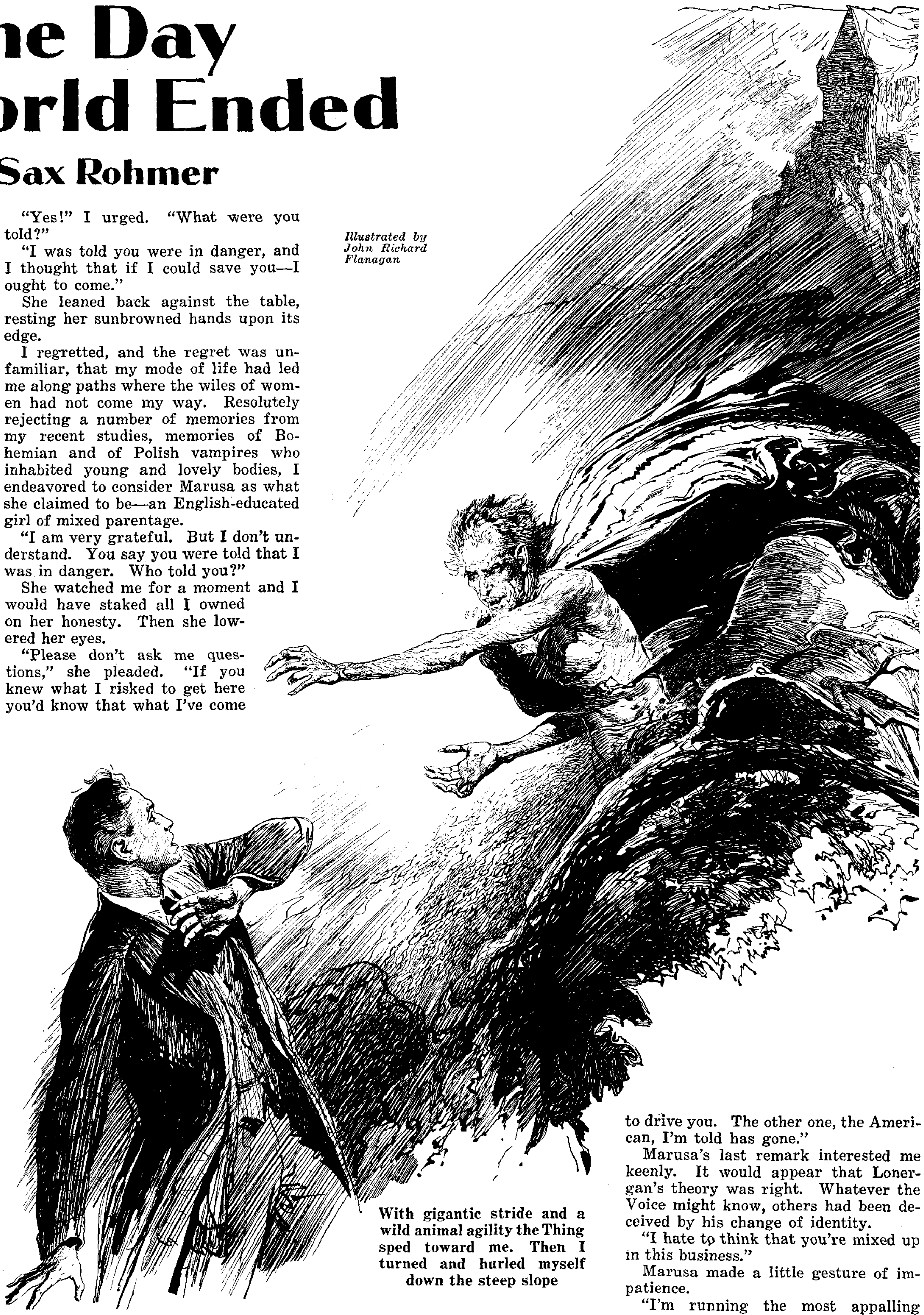
The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

With gigantic stride and a wild animal agility the Thing sped toward me. Then I turned and hurled myself down the steep slope

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, a British explorer, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate the report that giant bats, thought to be vampires, have been seen in the Black Forest. A bodiless voice warns him to leave within three days. He sees a gigantic bat near the Felsenweir mausoleum and, later, observes monstrous figures in armor patroling the battlements of Castle Felsenweir.

Woodville joins forces with John Lonergan of the United States Secret Service and Gaston Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are shadowing a Madame Yburg—Lonergan, because she was connected with a mysterious silencing of radio communication in America; Max, because she was present when a wave of destruction wiped out the entire population of the village of Bagnères. The Voice calls each of the three men by name and pronounces the Last Warning: "You have until tomorrow midnight."

Next morning Lonergan has disappeared. At a fancy-dress ball in the evening Woodville speaks to a charming girl whom he has previously admired. Mystery surrounds her, but he learns that her name is Marusa and watches her drive off with an older woman. Attempting to follow them, he is stopped by Lonergan in the disguise of a clergyman. Together they rush to the cemetery where they meet Max who tells them he has seen the two women disappear near the Felsenweir tomb. A moment later two huge bats issue from the vault. The three men speed to Castle Felsenweir. At a secret entrance Max is left to guard the car. Woodville and Lonergan enter the grounds only to find themselves trapped between two invisible death zones. They gain freedom by capturing a servant of the castle. Upon their return they find the servant mysteriously dead. The Voice speaks: "Gaston Max, you shall survive for a thousand years. John Lonergan, your reward shall be oblivion. Brian Woodville, upon you the decision shall rest."

Woodville leaves Lonergan alone in his room. Upon his return he hears the words: "Wake and forget." Lonergan appears dazed. He is alone, but the window is open. He gives a plausible account of the incident.

Later, Woodville is aroused by a tapping at his window. He raises the shutter and sees—Marusa!

VII

I RECLOSED the shutters and glanced at my disordered bed and then at Marusa who was standing by the writing table watching me. Her fur wrap in which she had been muffled she had cast upon a chair, and I saw that she still wore her Arab costume, except that the veil was discarded. I thought of the gleaming figure with outstretched wings which had arisen from the Felsenweir tomb. Dark medieval memories from works consulted prior to my visit to the Black Forest gave up ghostly reflections.

But looking into those frank blue eyes, the past was forgotten. I leapt back into an eager present. My heart sang.

Whatever she was, whoever she was, Marusa in some part returned my interest. She was not indifferent. She had found it worth while to seek me out in the small hours of the night and to come to my room.

A sense of possession at once delicious and dangerous claimed me; then:

"I can't possibly stay long," she began, and her English schoolgirl accent added another note to the chord, the insoluble chord, struck by her unexpected arrival. "I wouldn't have come—I wouldn't have dared . . . but—" she hesitated—"I was told tonight . . ."

She ceased, bit her lip in agitation and glanced aside.

"Yes!" I urged. "What were you told?"

"I was told you were in danger, and I thought that if I could save you—I ought to come."

She leaned back against the table, resting her sunbrowned hands upon its edge.

I regretted, and the regret was unfamiliar, that my mode of life had led me along paths where the wiles of women had not come my way. Resolutely rejecting a number of memories from my recent studies, memories of Bohemian and of Polish vampires who inhabited young and lovely bodies, I endeavored to consider Marusa as what she claimed to be—an English-educated girl of mixed parentage.

"I am very grateful. But I don't understand. You say you were told that I was in danger. Who told you?"

She watched me for a moment and I would have staked all I owned on her honesty. Then she lowered her eyes.

"Please don't ask me questions," she pleaded. "If you knew what I risked to get here you'd know that what I've come to tell you is serious. I mean . . ." she laughed in embarrassment . . . "it's obvious, without the risk I spoke about."

"I won't ask any questions. Please sit down in the armchair until I get my dressing gown. If you'd like a cigarette there are some on the table."

"Thanks!"

As I made myself rather more respectable, I saw her take a cigarette from the box and light it with a composure which I admired. I knew myself to be no psychologist but her behavior definitely set my course.

"Do you mind if I smoke a pipe?" I asked.

"No, of course not. But really, I must hurry."

She watched me filling my pipe, and:

"The truth about what's happening here," she went on, "must seem as incredible to you as it seems to me, and I'm taking frightful chances by talking to you about it at all. But there's only one thing that really matters. You must leave Baden-Baden at once! I don't mean by train in the morning—I mean *now*. . . ."

"WHAT!" I paused in the act of lighting a match.

"Truly it is so! You can easily have your things sent along later; but really . . ." she stood up and faced me . . . "I mean what I say. Your French friend has a car. He would be wise to drive you. The other one, the American, I'm told has gone."

Marusa's last remark interested me keenly. It would appear that Lonergan's theory was right. Whatever the Voice might know, others had been deceived by his change of identity.

"I hate to think that you're mixed up in this business."

Marusa made a little gesture of impatience.

"I'm running the most appalling risks"—she laughed unnaturally—"in telling you even as much as I've told you already. Oh! It's wildly absurd. How absurd, I haven't time to explain. But I want you to make me a promise, before I say any more. . . ."

I walked across and grasped her slender strong hands.

"What is it you want me to promise?" I asked.

"That you will never tell anyone I came here tonight and never use anything I tell you except to save yourself."

"I promise."

Our glances met and my grip on the sun-browned fingers tightened.

"Please!" Marusa whispered. "I like you awfully, but, it wouldn't be fair, would it? Let (*Continued on page 26*)

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

THE INSPIRATION OF AN INDUSTRY

There is hardly a car of worth today that does not reflect, in some way, the influence of Walter P. Chrysler's inspiration—that "disciplined daring" which has made itself felt throughout the automotive industry.

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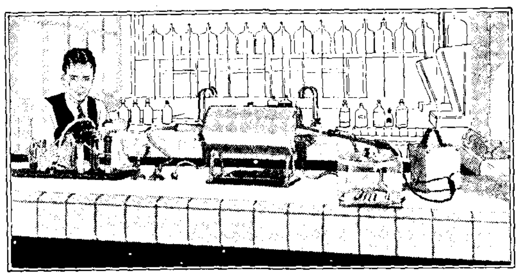

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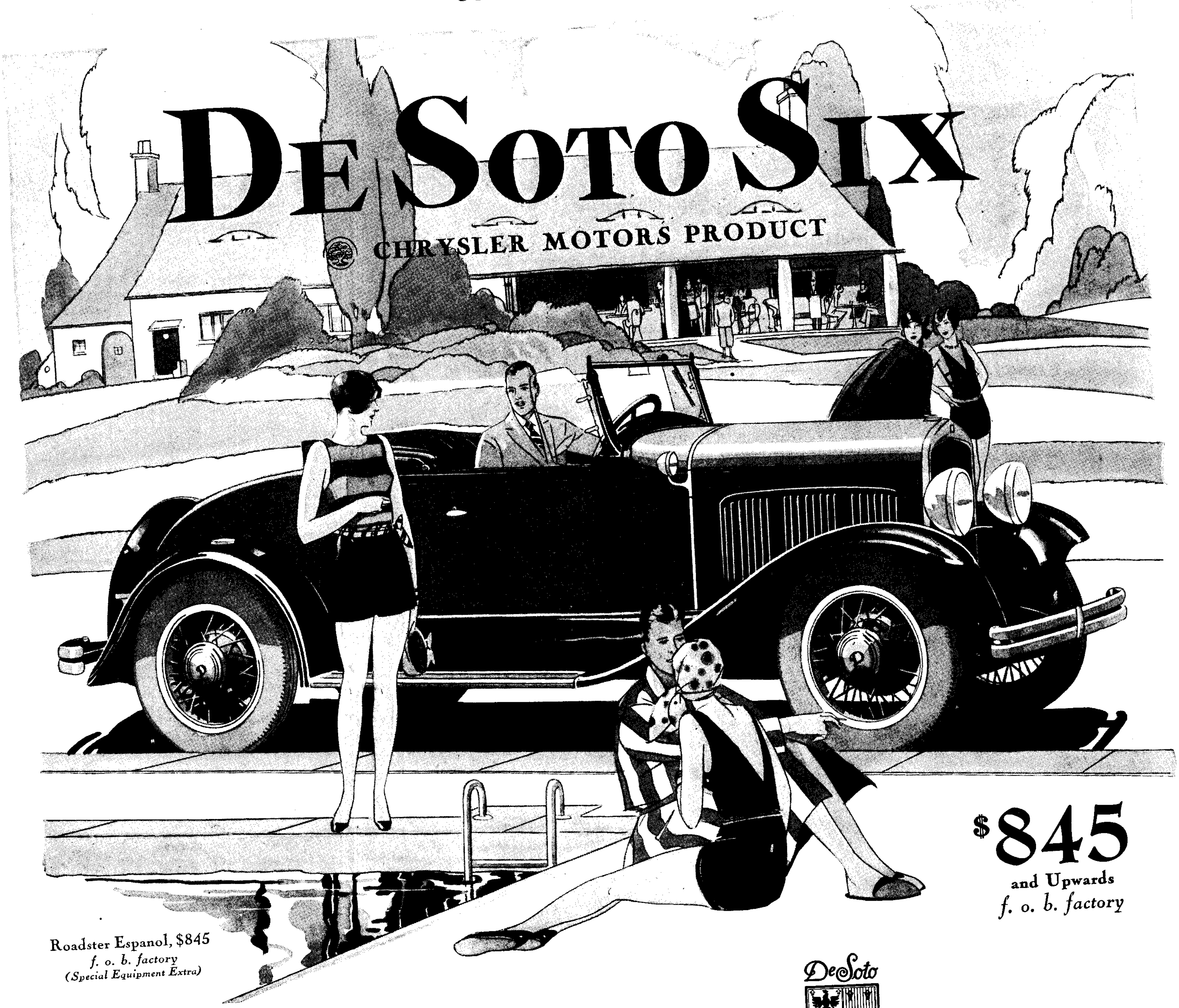

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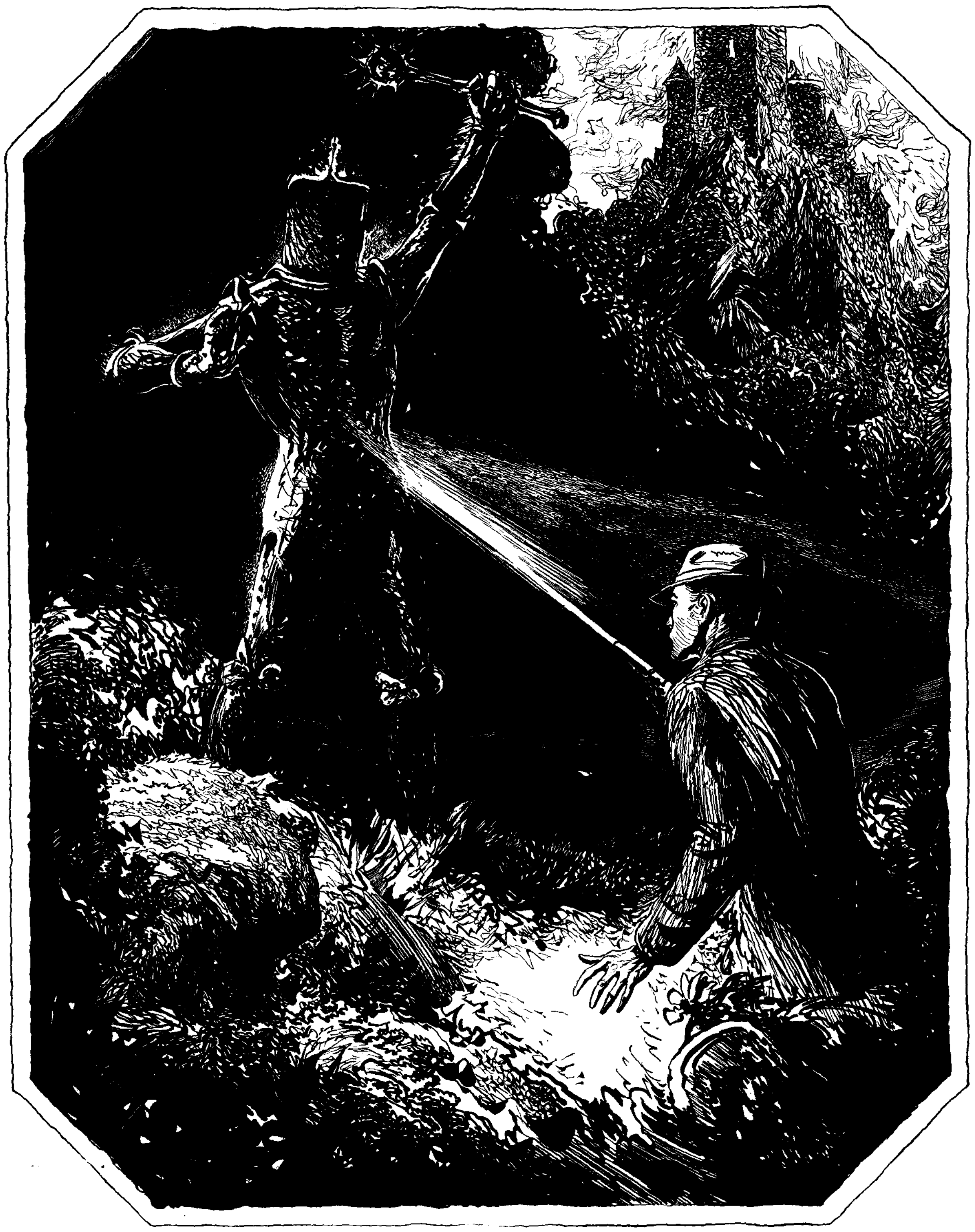


I fired again and again, wildly, at that advancing horror, but it bore down on me like a black Fate

me say what I came to say—then, I must go. I had to come, but I wouldn't have come if I hadn't known I could trust you."

I STOOD by the open window listening to Marusa's footsteps on a gravel path. When silence fell with no sound of a challenge I returned to my apartment.

Where had she come from? I strongly suspected, from Felsenweir. How would she return? I had no idea. One thing I knew however; and despite the barriers between us it was good to know—that she cared enough to risk everything.

I was in love. My respect of Marusa's wishes, the reverence which checked my impulse to claim the right which her blue eyes admitted, told me that I not only desired but really loved.

Sitting down at my writing table, I began to make notes.

We were opposed, it would appear, to a creature who concealed his identity under the extraordinary pseudonym of Anubis. He was the chief of a secret cult or religion—Marusa was not particularly clear on the point. Their creed apparently included a belief in a great catastrophe shortly to end the world. This in itself was not new. There are many such cults.

None but subjects of Anubis would outlive the cataclysm destined to destroy humanity. Those admitted to the secrets of the Order who betrayed them, died.

I might have been disposed to doubt the truth of the latter statement had I not personally witnessed an example of the power of the dread being referred to by Marusa as The Master.

ANUBIS, I was told, had power over both hemispheres. My questions regarding the Voice and the giant bats she had declined to answer. Nor would she speak of Madame Yburg.

Over and over again I questioned the ethics of my behavior. Marusa had trusted me. That was the keystone of the interview.

Nevertheless, I realized to the full what Lonergan and Gaston Max would have said. Admittedly she was a member of the organization against which we were pitted and plainly my duty was to have detained her.

This organization, according to Max's theory, was already responsible for many deaths in the Pyrénées. I had therefore compromised with an enemy whose hands were red with innocent blood. Yet what could I do?

Now, every sound was a menace.

My watch, lying close beside the blotting pad on the table, I was frankly afraid to touch. If, as Gaston Max believed, it was the medium through which the Voice spoke—might it not be a medium through which the Voice struck?

Death might be stalking me, now! The silence became terrible. I thrust the notes in a drawer and stood up.

I determined to call Max's room. Sleep was out of the question—solitude insupportable. I crossed to the telephone. I had almost reached it—in fact my hand was outstretched to the receiver . . . when for the second time that night came a loud rap on my window shutters!

I turned, my heart thumping madly. *Rap! rap!*

"Woodville! Woodville! Are you awake?"

It was Gaston Max!

I rushed across.

"Quiet as possible! But, open quickly!"

I opened.

Max leaped into the room. He wore a dark overcoat, muffler and a soft black hat. Obviously he had dressed in haste, and his expression was rather wild.

"Quick! Get some clothes on! Anything!"

His manner drove me. I began to dress. His next remark was in the nature of a bombshell.

"Lonergan has disappeared!"

"What!"

"I fell asleep, you see, and it would appear, so did he. Something awakened me five minutes ago."

"What was it?"

"Unless I dreamed, it was a voice calling me by name."

"*The* Voice?"

"I don't think so. This is not my recollection. I sat up with a start and put on the lamp. Naturally, first I looked in the direction of the other bed. . . . It was empty! Lonergan had vanished! But the window opening on to the balcony was ajar. I ran out and looked. Nothing! I ran back and tried the room door. It was locked. I returned again to the balcony—from which, as my presence here shows, it is not difficult to climb down. By means of my pocket torch I searched about—and presently I found this!"

FROM his pocket he took a slip of paper and laid it on the writing table. He snapped up the lamp.

"Are you familiar with Lonergan's writing?"

I stared down at the message. It was dreadfully simple:

> Felsenweir. Follow—for God's sake.

"Yes! This was written by Lonergan! . . . If he could write, why not speak—cry out—wake you?"

Max met my glance with one no doubt as blank as my own.

"I simply have not one idea on this subject! I did not wish to arouse the night porter and so I climbed down from my window to the garden. It was, I think, the route taken by our friend."

"You propose,"—fastening my shoes and grabbing a hat—"to make for Felsenweir? What we can do unless we overtake him on the road isn't clear to me."

"Nor to me!"

"But if you don't intend to arouse the hotel, how are we going to get there?"

"Name of a very small dog! I am always prepared for sudden emergencies! My car is not in the hotel. No. No! I use a private garage. I have the key."

I nodded. A sort of apathy was beginning to claim me. Wonders were wonders no longer. Resembling an athlete in training—I wore flannel trousers and a pull-over—I extinguished all lights and followed Max out on to the balcony. We lowered the shutter as far as possible. Quietly we descended the steps.

"WE ARE two fools, I think," Max declared as, seated in his car, we headed for the hills. "Helpless as insects. Felsenweir we cannot, we *dare* not penetrate. Our only chance is to overtake him on the road—if he is on the road. I have serious doubts, my friend."

"I share them! But we can't ignore his appeal. We can do no less than try to overtake him."

After this, we proceeded in silence. We traveled rapidly, always climbing nearer to those haunted woods.

At last came the hairpin bend which I remembered. Max checked to negotiate it, and:

"Not a sign, so far!" he said. "And here is Felsenweir."

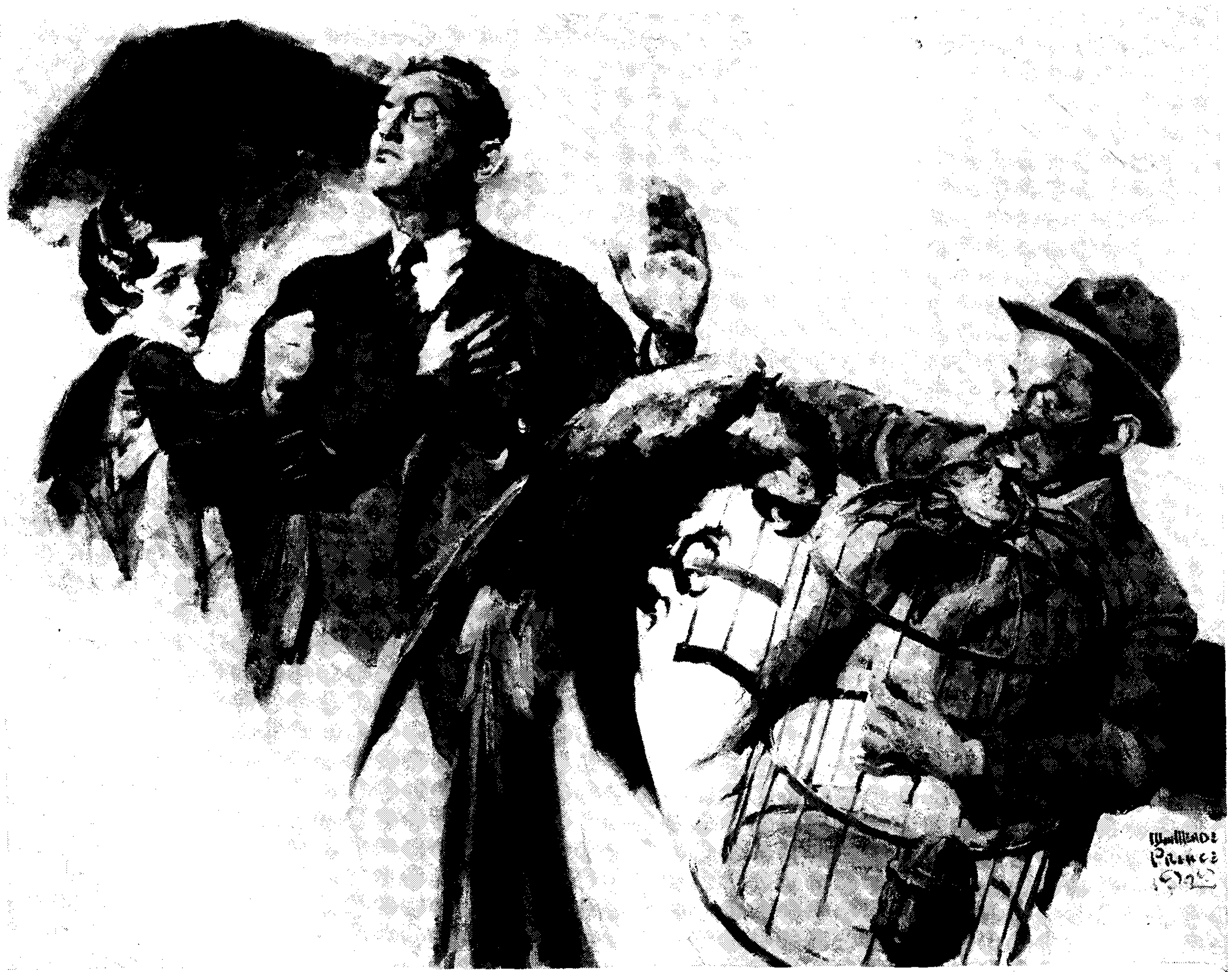
We had reached the base of that frowning peak upon which the castle stood. We stopped. Max cut off the lights.

"I fear we risk our lives in vain," he said sadly. "But we must reconnoiter. It would be craven to return, yet."

(*Continued on page 62*)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Exit Captain Kidd

Modern developments in the fight of medical science against asthma

"Pieces of eight," screeched Captain Kidd, of Los Angeles, California.

"Send that parrot away, Mr. Stevens," the family physician had ordered.

So out went the Captain—and with him went Mr. Stevens' stubborn, puzzling case of asthma. Within two days the sharp attacks had entirely ceased.

Modern medical science, which has reached forward so amazingly these last few years, must often look to strange corners for the solution of our ailments. A Los Angeles physician had traced his patient's trouble to tiny dust-like particles from the parrot's feathers. Each time Captain Kidd preened himself, this "dust" mingled with the air—and his master wheezed distressfully.

When medical science turns detective

Mr. Stevens had merely taken a fairly common, though mysterious malady from a highly original source. Many individuals are affected similarly by the proteins of certain foods, of plant pollens and of bacteria, as well as by the hair and skin emanations of pets such as dogs, birds, and horses.

Whatever the irritating substance may be, the process by which it causes trouble is always the same. Thus asthma and hay fever, though widely different in many respects, are really only different forms of the same disturbance—so-called "protein sensitization."

Physicians are able to determine what the irritant is in any individual case by making a series of skin tests with minute quantities of protein extracts. If the offending protein is one that can be easily avoided, the obvious thing to do is to keep away from it.

In cases, however, in which the trouble-maker cannot be avoided, a simple "desensitization" treatment may be given. Though not invariably successful this preventive treatment has brought relief to thousands of sufferers.

* * *

Life is rarely at stake in cases of asthma, and probably never in hay fever; yet momentous research problems were gladly encountered and brilliantly solved to ease the distress of those who are afflicted.

For medical research workers—devoted men and women in our own as well as other laboratories—are actuated by *two* high purposes: first, *to save life*, of course; and the second, not less compelling than the first, *to alleviate pain and suffering.*

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis quality in Milk of Magnesia

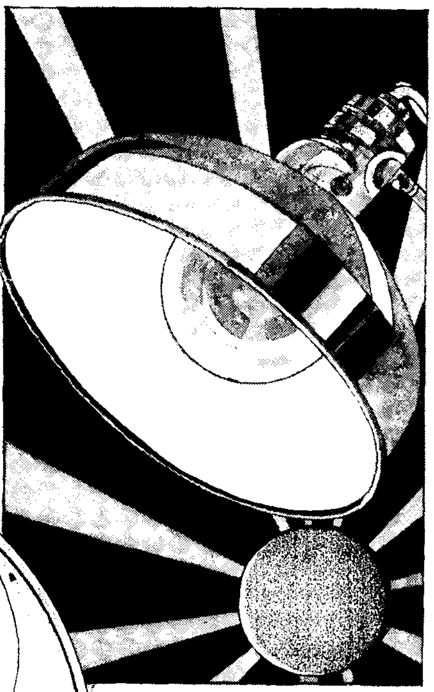
Every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose, conforms to the same high standard of excellence. You will find that Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia, for example, is exceptionally pure and keeps remarkably well. That is why you can always depend upon its uniformity and medicinal activity. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

The Prodigal Sun

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

You can get a vacation tan without leaving the house these days simply by turning on a lamp. O. Henry could have done a lot with that fact in a literary way. Dr. Wadsworth warns that you can do too much with it in a medical way. It can cure rickets and what not; but you've got to know your rays. So let your doctor tell you how and when to use sun lamps



The lamp which duplicates the beneficial sun-rays can be very helpful if you don't expect too much from it

Illustrated by Loren Stout

MANY of us resemble, temperamentally, the man who was told by a friend that rhubarb and soda would help indigestion.

"It can't hurt you," said the friend. "You can buy it without a prescription, or order it at any soda fountain."

One dose of the remedy proving comforting, our hero decided that if a little was good, more would be better, and drank the whole four ounces in the bottle. After several days of rest and recuperation at home, he returned to the office to give his friend a piece of his mind.

"Well," remarked the benefactor, "I told you that it was good, but I didn't expect you to lose your head about it."

In recent years we have discovered that the sun does more for us in this life than supply heat and light; we have found that certain of the rays of the sun which are invisible to the eye penetrate animal tissues and cause certain beneficent effects on metabolism. Moreover, we have learned to imitate the light and invisible rays of the sun with lamps, and to generate even more of the beneficent rays than does the sun at its best.

So far we have only a sketchy knowledge of the behavior of these rays, and yet like the man with the indigestion we are losing our heads about them. The powerful lamps, which are, to be sure, a great boon in the hands of experts for the treatment of some conditions, are being purchased by families with little medical knowledge, and used on everyone, from the baby to the cook, for the treatment of all ailments from eczema to housemaid's knee. At best such conduct is a waste of time and money; but recently we have been suspecting that it is *dangerous* as well.

Suppose we review briefly the few facts which ordinary mortals who are neither astronomers nor physicists can understand about the sun's rays.

That radiant body—a seething, boiling mass of metals and elements so hot that they are in a state of vaporization—which we call the sun, gives off a constant radiation of heat and light rays. The light from the sun we have analyzed by means of the spectroscope, which breaks up the white light—which is a mixture of rays of different lengths—into its component rays, which, when sorted out according to length, become colored rays and give us the spectrum of the sun.

The spectrum is made up of the primary colors, ranging from red, orange, yellow to green, blue, indigo and violet. The red end of the spectrum has the longest, hottest, and least penetrative rays; and the violet end the shortest, coolest, and most penetrative rays.

In addition to the rays which cause the colors of the spectrum, the sun gives off other rays which do not register color on the human eye; there are longer, hotter rays than the red rays, which we call the infra-red rays, and shorter, more penetrative rays than the violet, which we call ultra-violet. These rays are registered and measured by elaborate chemical and physical processes which we cannot go into here.

Health and Growth

We now know that the infra-red rays of the sun are responsible for much of its life-supporting heat, and we know that the ultra-violet rays have a bearing on the health and growth of animals and plants. At seasons of the year when the sun shines directly on our portion of the earth's surface, rather than at an angle to it, plants grow fast and our general health is better, and our children flourish. And this is because more of the invisible rays reach us at this season than at other seasons.

The strength of the ultra-violet rays at different altitudes of the sun has been measured very accurately, and the season when these rays are weakest has been found to coincide with the season when certain human diseases are most prevalent, notably rickets, and other deficiency diseases of the growing infant.

LOREN STOUT

The sun lamp gives baby his sun bath without exposing him to cold

The physician finds the ultra-violet ray lamp useful in a number of conditions. It is used extensively for treatment of tuberculosis of the lungs, both in the doctor's office, in sanitoria, and at the bedside. For bedside use a lamp smaller than that used in the doctor's office can be rented or bought, on the doctor's recommendation.

Rickets in the infant is treated with ultra-violet rays in hospitals, and sometimes in the doctor's office; and simple malnutrition in older children is often treated with the lamps.

Known and Unknown Virtues

The so-called secondary anemias, which are not caused by other serious organic conditions, now respond to treatment with ultra-violet rays, the doctor in charge supplementing the treatment with diet and drugs as he sees fit.

A great many lesser complaints also respond to ultra-violet lamp treatment, but most conservative doctors will not say that it is the ultra-violet rays alone which are responsible for the benefit. Neither will they say whether the results obtained from the use of the lamps are caused by a destruction of germs by the rays, or by a stimulation of the body's own powers.

Recent researches in the irradiation of foods have shown that the effect of ultra-violet rays is to produce vitamins by action on the chemical constituents of the food, which is a discovery full of interest for the future, and one which leads us to speculation as to what the rays do in our own bodies. May they not convert the food material in our blood and tissues into the health-giving vitamins which we have not absorbed from our food?

So much for the known virtues of the invisible rays of the sun. The dangers of such rays we are only beginning to understand. When X-ray was first produced, and

(Continued on page 61)

TENDER SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TENDER SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TENDER SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

Name your beard, gentlemen

BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

TRADE Gillette MARK

★ **Gillette** ★

We're All Afraid of Something

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

Fear is our common heritage. It can make us miserable—can wreck health and homes. Faith is the only cure, but it always works

I HAVE just had a long talk with James—at least we shall call him James. This lad is twenty-three years of age and has always taken life more or less seriously—he has a tendency toward introspection.

Two or three years ago he noticed that soon after his meals he would begin to bring up what he thought was gas. In reality he was merely raising the air swallowed with his food. Unfortunately, he had acquired the habit of swallowing as much air as he raised each time—or even more. In this way he would pump the air in and out of his stomach, all the while believing that he was *the victim of serious indigestion.* He consulted many doctors and read all sorts of books on dietetics.

A Self-Made Dyspeptic

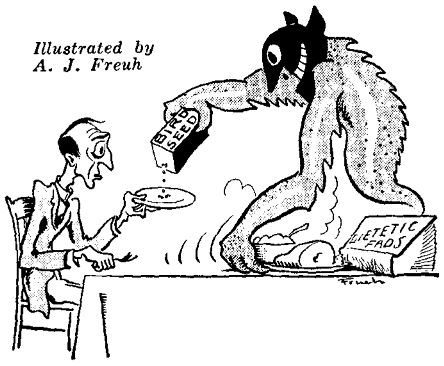
In about six months James was a confirmed dyspeptic, all but a chronic invalid. This state of affairs went on for five years. He put one food after another on the taboo list until there was nothing left for him to eat but some thin vegetable soup made without milk. He had *turned against milk; decided it was* real poison to his system.

You may be sure it was no easy task to convince this lad that his stomach was perfectly normal, aside from the nervous element and this deep-seated, long-standing FEAR that existed in his mind.

I am telling about James to introduce the subject of FAITH and FEAR. I want to point out how some fool notion or other can gain control of the human mind to the extent that it becomes a veritable tyrant, ruining the health and wrecking the happiness of its victims—and how faith can cure all ills and miseries caused by fear.

Many of our fears have their origin in our dream life. We may wake up in the morning, after having had a dream of a frightful nature. By the time we are fully awake we entirely forget the dream. But it may have left a lasting fear impression upon some part of the mind. Again there are hysterically inclined persons who get to day dreaming and drift off in their consciousness to the point where they have "nightmares" while wide-awake.

Illustrated by A. J. Freuh



A perfectly normal man made himself a dyspeptic in the short space of six months

While fear is instinctive, not all our early fears are inherited. Young infants are frightened by but two things — the fear of falling, and the hearing of *sudden loud and* shrill noises. Practically ALL OTHER FEARS ARE ACQUIRED by suggestion and association. Young children, for instance, are not at first afraid of snakes and hairy animals.

In regard to a child's fear of noises, attention should be called to the fact that it is the thunder that frightens it, not the *lightning.* When certain individuals bury their heads under bedclothes during a storm they are but exhibiting that inherent instinct for concealment which all animals show subsequent to fleeing from danger.

Fear is not the result of any process of intelligent reason or judgment. We should not get fear confused with the so-called inferiority complex.

You'll Get an Even Break

Many people who are tortured by fears are not cursed with such a complex. I have in mind just now a middle-aged man, who goes along from month to month, from year to year, suffering from the fear that he is going to lose his position.

There is some foundation, of course, for his fear. During his early life he did fail two or three times at his undertakings, largely because he suffered chronically from psychasthenia—that is, constant fatigue. Although he has *since learned to get along with himself* as he is, and is succeeding in the world as he finds it, nevertheless the memory of his early setbacks serves to keep him constantly in hot water lest he again fall victim to his nerves.

This chap is typical of thousands of others who live in constant fear of failure.

I find it very helpful in dealing with this type of men or women to encourage them to "averagize" themselves; to try to recognize that they have at least an average chance of success, and that the average man or woman, in their situation, would probably succeed. By helping these victims of fear to realize that they are entitled to at least the average "break" in the everyday affairs of life, we divert their minds from overconcentration on the likelihood of failure.

Fear is sometimes the direct result of nervous exhaustion. It came to possess us as the consequence of too much work and too little play.

Fear sometimes masquerades as superstition, and it is truly amazing how many people are victims of one or another of these superstitious hang-overs from the Dark Ages.

For centuries, nostrums, fakes and deceptions cured disease, and many gained great reputations, but as soon as the real truth became known they lost their power to cure. They were *simply mind cures; people had* FAITH in them.

I could recite scores of experiences—how sugar pills and bread pellets have cured patients; how pain and insomnia have been relieved by hypodermic injections of distilled water. Remember, these were not actual physical pains. It was all imaginary suffering, an increase of the nervous sensibility.

Mary was a senior in a southern high school, going along nicely in her studies and enjoying good health, when one *morning a classmate looked* at her and said, "Why, Mary, you're getting fat."

Whereupon Mary became possessed of a mighty fear complex. She shuddered with horror as she contemplated obesity and an unsightly figure.

Self-Imposed Invalidism

Mary started to diet. Her weight at the time she was seized with this dread of obesity was normal for her age and height. She not only reduced herself to *the point where she was twenty-five* pounds underweight, but she also developed a food phobia. She was afraid to eat; she became morbid, sick and unhappy. She was unable to pursue her studies at school. She became in reality a semi-invalid.

It required a solid year of training on the part of a special nurse before Mary was restored to health.

Fear is one of the ten or twelve basic human emotions. By basic I mean emotions which we share more or less *with the animal world. Fear is the* common heritage of all thinking creatures, and I want to make it very clear that when you have once become a victim of fear in any domain of your life, faith is the only known remedy. Common sense, reason and good judgment all enter into it, but the real, the definite and positive cure, the one which does the business, is the EXERCISE OF FAITH.

Among primitive peoples fear had a real protective mission. In the primeval forest it was a good thing to be a bit afraid of the surroundings. We are here today just because our ancestors did have this inherent sort of fear. Modern civilization has largely eliminated the dangers which beset our ancestors, but it has not terminated this inherent fear tendency. Today, not having the dangers of our ancestors to fear and avoid, we are prone to dig up sensations and feelings in our own bodies to accommodate our imaginary fears.

It is never too early to begin to train children away from all fears. They should be encouraged to speak in public, to meet strangers, to adapt themselves to new situations, to take things calmly and not to be overserious about anything after they have done their best to be prepared. It is worry of this sort that leads to so many breakdowns; it is not overwork, as a rule.

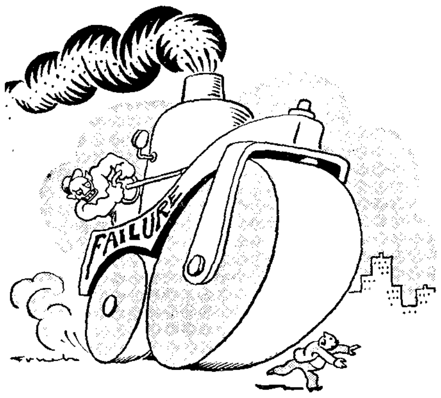
One Root of the Evil

What a crime to suggest fears carelessly to young children! Scaring children with the threat of the "Bogeyman," "The policeman will cut off your ears," and so on all serve to render the susceptible child mind subject to the lifelong tyranny of fear and superstition. Later in life these fears will become hooked up to the subject of health; and sooner or later these unfortunate souls will find themselves suffering from the miseries of purely imaginative diseases.

Just a few days ago I examined one of these grown-up boys (now thirty-five years of age) who has a heart complex. Many years ago, as the result of gas pressure from the colon, he became alarmed over his rapidly palpitating heart. He was afraid he was going to die.

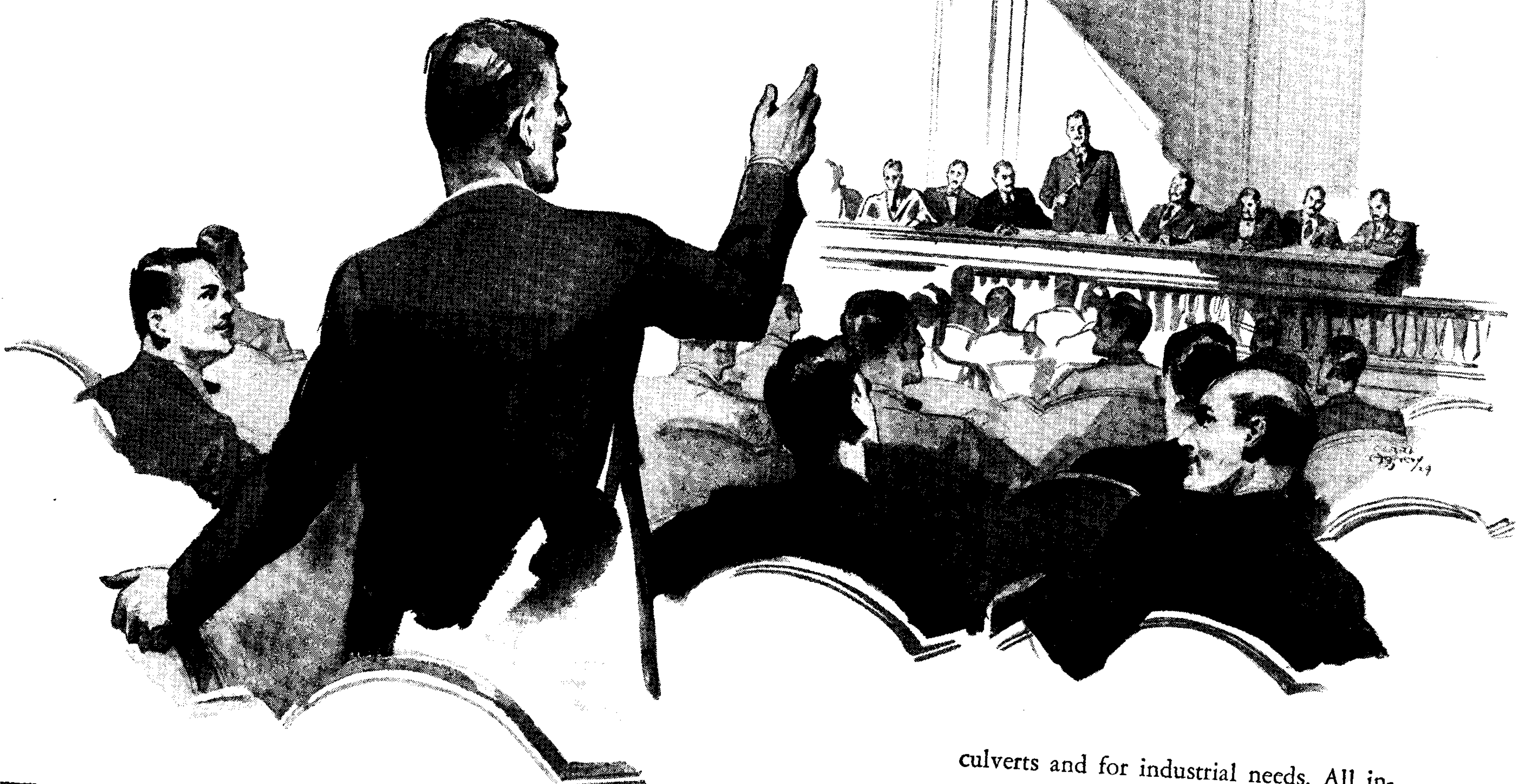
A neighborhood physician was hastily summoned. This doctor must have been puzzled by the misbehaving heart. He unfortunately suggested to the patient that "something seems to be wrong with the heart."

Ever since, (*Continued on page 38*)



Reverses in early undertakings have caused thousands to live in constant fear of failure

Jones at the Council Meeting



JONES: "May I ask two questions? I understand that the street in front of my property is going to be torn up for the purpose of laying water and gas mains. I have heard that cast iron pipe lasts for centuries. Is that statement true? If so, does the city intend to lay cast iron mains—or some kind which won't last as long? I hope that street will never have to be torn up again in *my* lifetime."

City Engineer: "Fair questions both, which every far-sighted citizen should ask. Our new pavements are expensive. We expect them to last. And we have specified pipe that will last—cast iron pipe. Every engineer knows that cast iron pipe *does* last—for centuries. There is cast iron pipe in use which was laid more than 250 years ago. In fact, cast iron is recognized as the longest-lived material for underground mains."

Jones is representative of a growing number of public-spirited property owners who are realizing that the matter of choosing the right kind of pipe for gas or water mains has a vital bearing on civic welfare. These citizens also realize that the wrong choice of pipe may have an unpleasant effect on the property owner's pocketbook. They want to make sure that their assessments are not going to buy anything but pipe of proved long life. And there is *no* doubt about the long life of cast iron pipe.

* * *

Cast Iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed at right. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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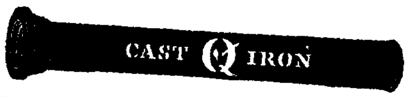


CAST IRON PIPE

Upstairs and Down

By Samuel Taylor Moore

To the average man-in-the-Western-front-mud those valiant young sky jumpers were just another form of the old-time country-fair entertainers back home. But to the German High Command the Observation Balloon Service of the United States Army was the most efficient and effective arm among all the troops that made up the American Expeditionary Force

VISIBILITY was poor at 2,400 feet altitude. A curtain of mist rose perpendicularly between my observation balloon and the German lines, making it impossible to pick out any detail in the blur of movement along the Kriemhild-Stellung from north of Montfaucon to Gesnes.

By telephone I ordered the maneuvering officer, the ground commander of an observation sausage, to send me up to 3,000 feet, hoping to rise above the curtain where I might focus my glasses on some enemy activity which a few well-directed artillery salvos would interrupt.

I might pick up the tiny flicker of flame that would tell me where a German battery was concealed. Or a movement of troops on the roads in the rear. Should I spy smoke rising from the chimneys of a village far to the rear, it would inform me that troops were billeted there, very likely a reserve division.

From the grandstand seat of a sausage a balloon observer viewed a constant panorama of war in miniature from sunrise to sunset. Through a switchboard in a truck, called a chartroom, he could communicate instantly by telephone with artillery batteries or with the intelligence section of division headquarters. Within the radius of glass-aided human vision ours were all-seeing eyes.

The Enemy Goes into Action

Before I had reached the higher altitude, I saw a most unwelcome sight. Apparently unseen by our anti-aircraft artillery, a German pursuit plane had crossed our lines three or four miles distant and was heading straight to attack me, rising from perhaps 600 feet. I gazed fascinated, probably scared into a hypnotic trance, unable to report his approach.

The next second the darting flight toward me was halted. The tiny wasp suddenly became transformed into a ball of flame and hurtled downward.

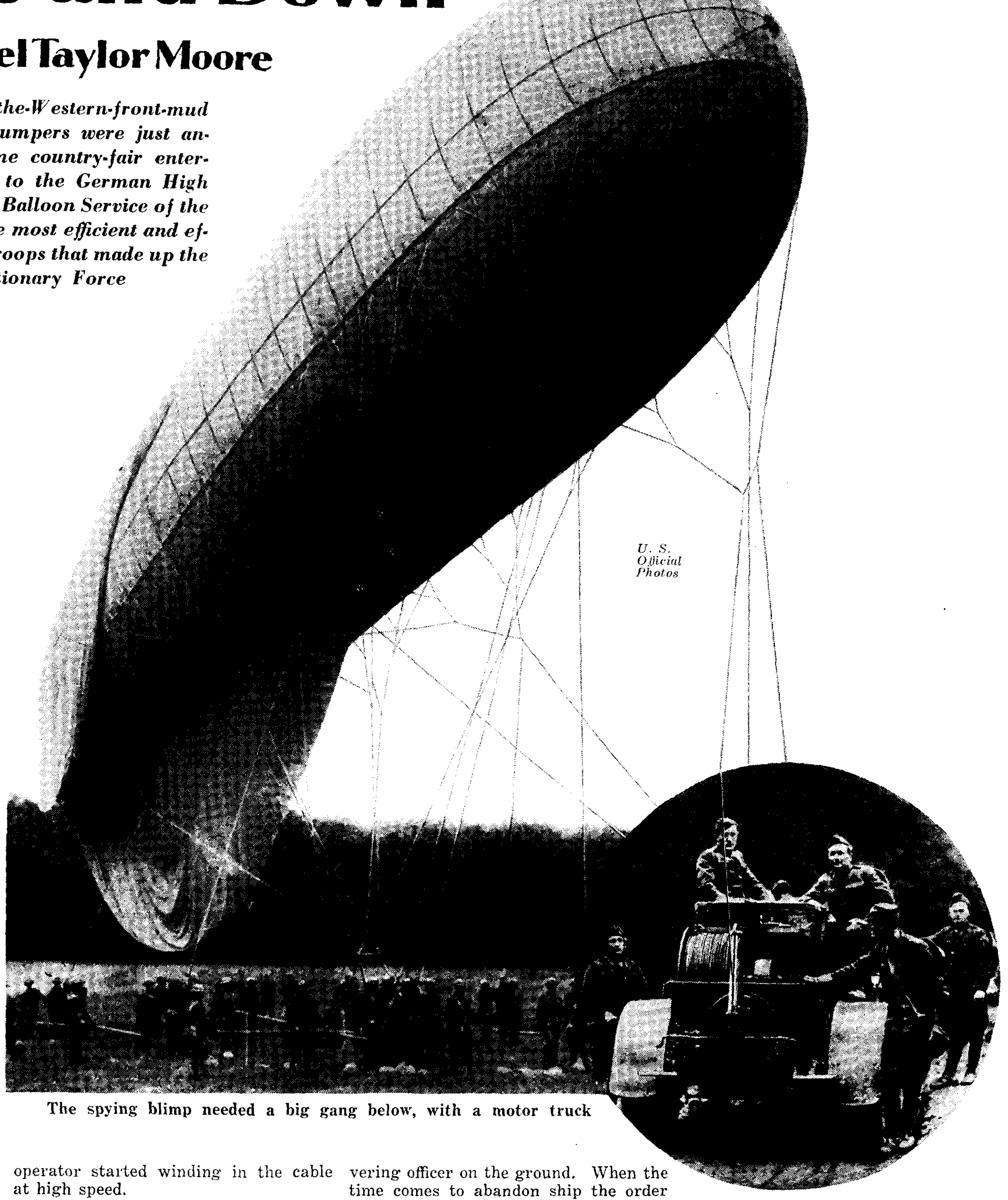
Nowhere did I note another plane or the burst of anti-aircraft shells. Either the plane had been hit in some vital spot by a bullet from the ground or it had caught fire through a mechanical accident.

A voice came to me in my telephone headset, Sergeant John Gizzie speaking from the chartroom below:

"Can the lieutenant see an enemy plane going down to the northwest?"

The lookout, a detail which scanned the skies from the ground constantly with every balloon unit, had already reported the falling plane.

I watched the tiny meteor hit, located the spot on my map, and reported it. Then I cut off my phone connection and gave myself up to a minute of lusty cheers. It was silly. I was all alone in the basket, more than half a mile from anyone who might hear me. Just the same I felt that way. But before my outburst had subsided the basket took a sudden dip as the winch operator started winding in the cable at high speed.



U. S. Official Photos

The spying blimp needed a big gang below, with a motor truck

Unwinding telephone wire near Verdun to join ears below with eyes aloft

"Formation of enemy planes approaching," the telephone voice reported.

I could feel the vibration of the cable singing around the drum on the winch. The next instant things were popping.

From 15,000 feet the enemy aviators had cut their motors and dropped to attack me. Like a swarm of hornets they buzzed and circled on all sides, spitting lead, the white phosphorus trail of incendiary tracer bullets visible to the naked eye.

Within a 100-foot circle the protective barrage crackled, high explosive 75's with time fuses detonating with deafening noise. Fragmentation from those shells screamed through the rigging and past my head. The roar and rattle of a score of our own machine guns on the ground, puny .30-caliber toys, added to the din and confusion without seeming to bother the enemy.

From where the basket is suspended an observer can see only the belly of his balloon. I wondered whether mine had caught fire on top or along the side.

An observer must never jump until he receives the order from the maneuvering officer on the ground. When the time comes to abandon ship the order is relayed through an enlisted man sitting by the winch with a field telephone set, constantly listening in on all that passes between observer and chartroom. When the command is given the telephone orderly is supposed to transmit it quickly, "Jump! ! !" He is supposed to put those three exclamation points into his tone.

No Time for Courtesy

But on this October day a novice was at the telephone, the veteran being down with flu. And it so happened that the substitute was a model of military courtesy. He perhaps reflected that to convey such a momentous order without citing his authority would bring a reprimand. Thus, instead of yelling the command with verve and enthusiasm, he stated with respectful hesitancy, "Lieutenant Moore, sir, Lieutenant Axtater says for you to jump."

The seconds required for that neat model of military speech were nerve-racking ones for me. With a jerk I tore loose the plugs connecting my telephone headset and dived expertly over the side of the basket. At such times it never occurs to debate the remote likelihood of the parachute's failing to function. To leave the unhealthy vicinity of the balloon basket is the only thing of importance.

My parachute, of a French type, opened too quickly to suit me. It must have snapped open after a drop of 100 feet. And despite the space required to describe all that happened, I am sure I had not been hauled down more than 400 feet. So my 'chute was open at 2,500 feet above the ground.

Until a parachute passenger is within a very short distance of the ground he is not conscious of his descent, which is at the rate of sixteen feet a second. He feels suspended in mid-air. Thus it seemed as though I hung over the Ravin de laie Fuon for hours. I stole a glance upward at the planes still circling the balloon. Then I (*Continued on page 36*)

"Meet me at the soda fountain"

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MUCH depends upon a good start. That's why women meet so often at a cool and cheerful soda fountain to begin shopping and marketing—to pause to join friends and be refreshed with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pause that refreshes puts all on good terms with themselves and with the world. ▼ ▼ ▼ There's a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

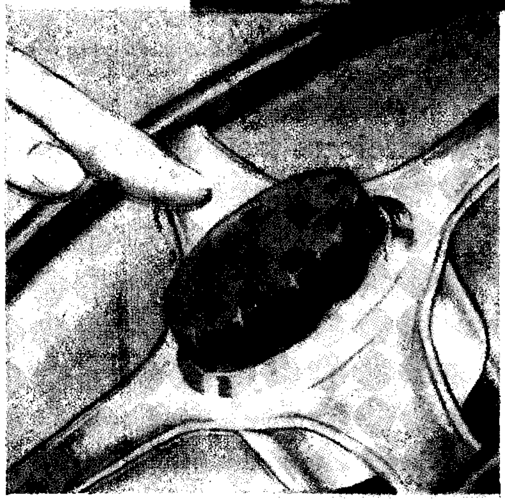
THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS



"Finger-Tip Control"—One button, in the center of the steering wheel, controls the starter, lights and horn. Simple design, easy operation; no wires in steering post. You can keep your foot on the brake when starting or re-starting on a hill.

NEW STYLE **WILLYS-KNIGHT** MOTOR CARS

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

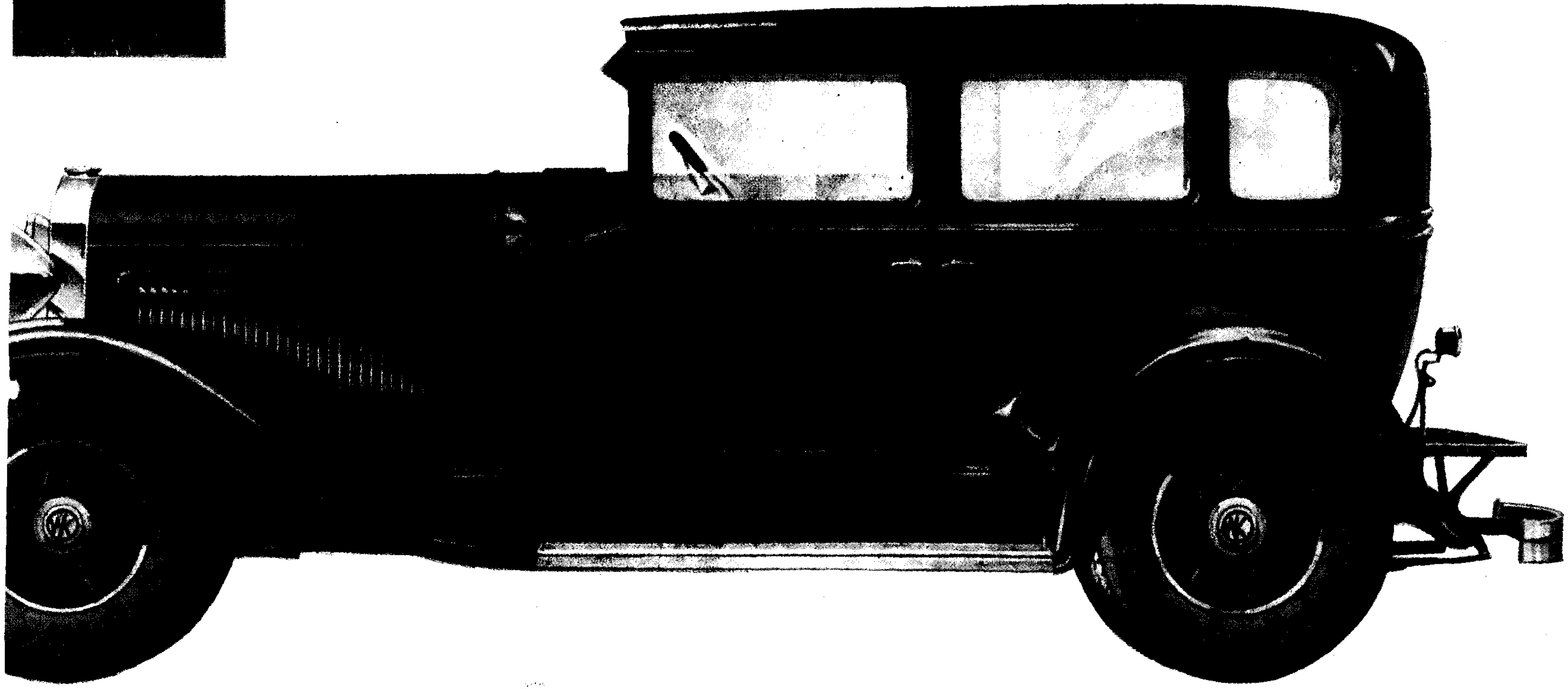
WILLYS-KNIGHT "70-B" FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN **$1145**

Coach $1045; Coupe $1045; Roadster $1045; Touring $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE "70-B" IS THE MOST POWERFUL WILLYS-KNIGHT EVER
OFFERED AT SO LITTLE COST

BEAUTY AND Size BEYOND ITS PRICE

The new style Willys-Knight "70-B" is winning merited success as history's finest Willys-Knight value—the largest, most beautiful and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low price. Its grace of line and luxury of finish distinguish the new "70-B" as the outstanding creation of modern style specialists. Its big motor is the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine, so notable for smoothness, silence, economy and increasing efficiency. A heavy seven-bearing crankshaft reduces vibration to a minimum, while the improved frame construction gives extra rigidity and enhanced riding comfort. Only quantity production and volume sales make possible the low price on so artistically designed and scientifically engineered a car as the new style Willys-Knight "70-B."



began searching the ground for a probable landing place.

The wind was moderate and slightly to the east. I saw the machine gunners on the ground working valiantly, pygmies in a semicircle around the winch. I also noted some commotion in a French artillery échelon in the rear of our position.

Momentarily I was expecting the blazing gas bag to go plunging past me with fiery breath. I hoped it wouldn't touch me.

At short intervals a burst of steel-jacketed lead would sing past my head, so shrill and vibrant that it seemed to scorch my ears. That made me mad. I thought the salute came from one of our own machine guns and I decided that the first thing I would do upon landing would be to teach those gunners to keep their missiles away from descending observers!

Then the ground came rushing up to meet me, and I landed within 300 feet of the winch and hard enough to knock me from my feet. A ground breeze caught the parachute and started to drag me through some rusty German barbed wire, scratching my legs a bit. Sergeant Burke, appearing out of nowhere, stepped on the billowing silk cover, deflating it. Two French officers from the artillery échelon were the first to greet me.

"You're not hurt?" they demanded, apparently unbelieving, as I got to my feet with my mind still on those machine gunners.

But before I got started I learned what had happened. Of the eight planes in the attacking formation one had followed me down, firing at me as I hung suspended beneath the 'chute. I was unscathed, but an innocent American artilleryman on a road half a mile distant had been killed and several horses in the French échelon had been wounded by stray bullets.

A Truly Efficient Service

Such was an attack on an observation balloon. I detail it chiefly to give the reactions of the principal actors in what to a million American doughboys was only a country-fair thrill in the late war. Many other observers underwent more nerve-racking experiences, not once but many times. Three jumps were fairly common. A few made the high dive four or five times.

Years before the first member qualified for that exclusive organization of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Mail Service—the Caterpillar Club—American balloon observers in France were daily jumping for their lives. I haven't exact statistics on the total number of parachute jumps made by A. E. F. observers—entirely eliminating the hundreds of practice jumps made in the training camps in the States—but I can count twenty-one jumps by observers in my own company, the 7th, during four months of uninterrupted service on the front. I can also count five Distinguished Service Crosses and at least two citations for distinguished and exceptional gallantry, signed by General Pershing, awarded to my observers.

Yet in the scores of attacks made to drive us from the skies we lost only seven balloons—four sent down in flames by German incendiary bullets and three deflated by shell fire.

The late Lieutenant Colonel Harold Geiger, Air Corps, U. S. A., assistant air attaché at the American Embassy in Germany in the first years after the Armistice, was repeatedly told by former officers in the German High Command that among all branches of American troops in the A. E. F., the observation-balloon service was regarded as the most efficient and effective.

To the Balloon Section also went the honor of being the first American air unit on the front, the 2d Company having reported for duty with the 1st Division on February 26, 1918.

Perhaps the most remarkable record of all is that among the hundreds of observers in the thirty-six balloon companies that reached France from America, most of which saw battle service, but one air fatality was recorded. We suffered plenty of ground casualties among officers and men, chiefly from gas and shell fire, as our movements and battle positions corresponded generally to those of light artillery. Twenty-six officers and men gave their lives: three times that number were casualties.

Just a Moment too Late

First Lieutenant Cleo J. Ross of Malone, N. Y., in whose honor and memory Ross Field, the Army Air Corps lighter-than-air station at Arcadia, Cal., is named, was the one balloon observer to meet death in the air.

Ross was a fair-complexioned, soft-spoken boy with an easy chuckle and ready smile, well loved by all who knew him.

Twice, before he met his death so suddenly and bravely, he had come safely through vicious air attacks. A few weeks after he arrived at the front with the 8th Company, in a position near Royaumeix, on August 4th, a German plane had scored twenty-two hits on his balloon without burning it. Ross and Lieutenant John P. Temple both refused to jump. Eleven days later Ross and Lieutenant H. H. Holland escaped by parachute jumps when a German plane riddled the sausage in eighty-five places, to which was added a huge rent by a shell fragment from the protective barrage.

Late in the afternoon of September 26th, the opening day of the Argonne drive, Ross ascended to 3,600 feet to adjust artillery on a German troop movement along the Montfaucon-Romagne highway. With him in the basket was an inexperienced observer, Second Lieutenant H. B. Hudnut, detached from the artillery and now living in Pittsburgh, Pa. Their balloon was the first of three gas bags in a row to be sent down in flames by a determined German pilot flying a Fokker D-7.

Hudnut, being on his maiden flight at the front, hesitated for a moment before jumping. Ross gallantly delayed his own departure to make sure that the novice was clear before he dived over the side himself.

The gas bag was in flames as Ross leaped. His parachute opened, but no sooner had it blossomed than a piece of the burning balloon fabric touched the silken expanse. There was a flash of flame as the flimsy parasol vanished like a cobweb before a plumber's torch. From 3,000 feet in the air his body dropped like a plummet.

In justice to all balloon observers it should be recorded that Ross met his death in following an unwritten code of the service adapted from the sea—the captain or senior officer shall be last to leave a doomed ship.

A lighter touch of war coincidence attended that tragic event. Hudnut originally was attached to the same artillery battery as Grantland Rice, and both were equally popular with brother officers. About the time Hudnut was detached for training as a balloon observer, Rice was sent to headquarters of the First Army for duty, from where, incidentally, he went A. W. O. L. to rejoin his battery in the Argonne.

During a lull in the firing on that afternoon of September 26th a battery officer expressed to other officers a casual wonder where Hudnut had gone to; they had not heard from him in weeks.

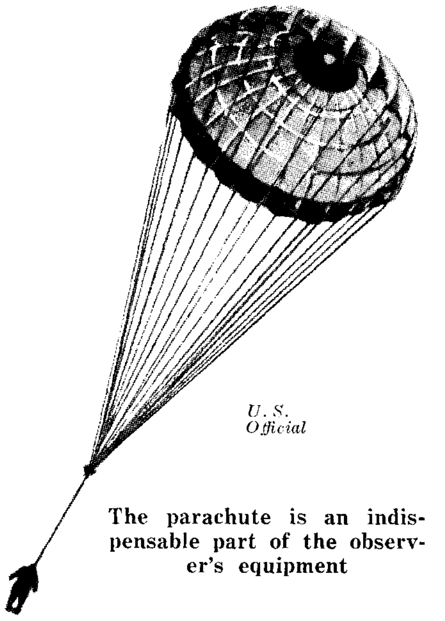
"I'd like to see the old kid again. He'd certainly be enjoying this show!"

Hardly had the words left his mouth than the three balloons on a line with the battery position went crashing earthward in flames. One observer came drifting down in his 'chute toward the battery position. The entire personnel of the battery raced to the spot where he would land.

When the youth from the clouds gained his feet the artillery men stood gaping. It was Hudnut!

One August day when we occupied a position between Gricourt and Jezainville an artillery captain insisted upon going up personally to regulate a battery of cannon, relics of the war of 1870, which the French had magnanimously given him. Lieutenant James A. Higgs, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., accompanied the artilleryman as pilot.

An enemy avion dropped from the clouds and opened fire. The suddenness of the attack and its (to him) unusual character left the artilleryman paralyzed. Under a rain of bullets Lieutenant Higgs remained to assure the captain's departure before jumping himself. When the artilleryman disentangled himself from his parachute after landing, he was still speechless. In silence he strode to where his horse was tethered, and rode off. And that was the last we ever saw or heard of him.



The parachute is an indispensable part of the observer's equipment

Three Jumps in Two Hours

Sergeant (First Class) Harold O. Nichols of Los Angeles, a member of my company—and, incidentally, the only enlisted man in the Balloon Section to win a Distinguished Service Cross—also remained in his basket beneath a blazing gas bag to assure the safe departure of a novice before jumping himself.

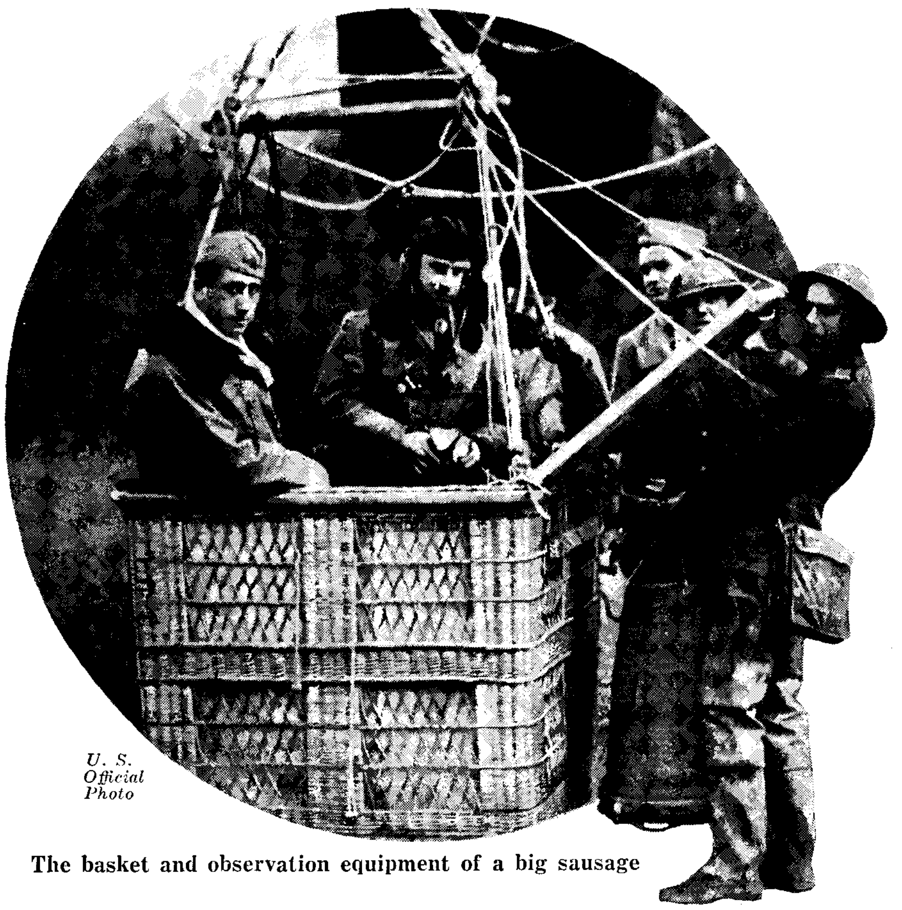
The officer he aided was Lieutenant Dache M. Reeves, now of the Army Air Corps. Reeves, I think, deserved the title of the "most-picked-on-man" in the Balloon Section. On his maiden flight at the front he had been in the air only twenty minutes when he was forced to jump for his life.

Reeves was in the air on the front only about two hours, yet in that time he was forced three times to "go over." On the second and third occasions his parachute partner was Lieutenant George E. Quisenberry of New York City. They were shot down both times within the compass of one morning's operations.

The number of parachute jumps an observer made did not necessarily bear any relation to the number of hours he spent in the air. Lieutenant Junius A. Smith, now of the Army Air Corps, piled up 150 hours in the air on the front and never came back to earth except at the end of the cable. Lieutenant Maurice Bérard of the French Army, who was attached to American balloon headquarters, spent 1,453 hours in the air and only once in that time was he forced to jump in his parachute.

Generally when an observer had been shot down three times he was kept on ground duty for a period long enough to relieve his memory of those nerve-racking experiences. The reason was simply efficiency. It was noted that a veteran of several attacks reported fewer observations than an observer whose nervous system had been less tried. The veteran parachute jumper could not keep

(*Continued on page 51*)



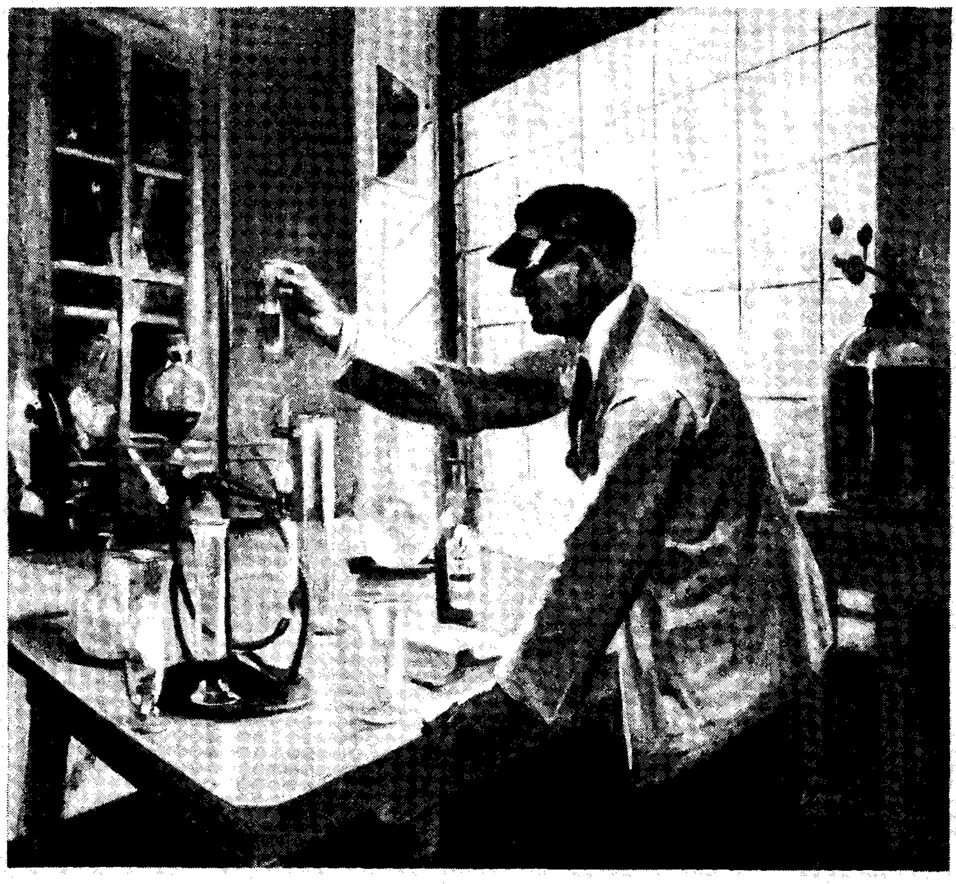
The basket and observation equipment of a big sausage

"—An Exclusive, Natural Process that Develops Mellow Flavor"

Says Dr. Frank C. Gephart, *Formerly Consulting Scientific Expert, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture*

"As a result of my two years' study of the ageing of Clicquot Club Ginger Ales—during which I have made extensive practical and scientific experiments—I find it to be an exclusive, natural ageing process that develops the delicate, mellow flavor. The chemistry of Nature achieves this result."

Frank C. Gephart



DR. Frank C. Gephart is an internationally known authority on the chemistry of foods. He has brought the microscope and test tube of science to bear upon the ageing of Clicquot Club Ginger Ales—a process which has aroused the interest of many distinguished food authorities. "I have made," says Dr. Gephart, "flavor quality comparisons of these beverages at various intermediate stages of their manufacture. I have, as well, studied this flavor development by exhaustive technical experiments in my laboratory in New York."

An Exclusive, Natural Process

As a result, Dr. Gephart finds Clicquot's method of developing superior flavor to be an exclusive, natural process. He has observed and approved the *two steps* involved . . . *first*, the ageing of the flavor-base to develop mellowness in the blend . . . and *second*, the ageing of the finished, bottled product to achieve final perfection of flavor. He has approved, too, the Clicquot bottling practice in which *only brand-new* bottles are used.

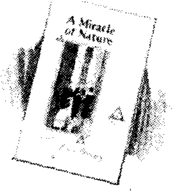
A Simple Taste Test

Every visitor to the plant at Millis, Mass., is asked to make a simple test. It is merely the comparison of the "new" Clicquot with the aged Clicquot as it is ready for shipment. The result of Nature's chemistry is at once apparent in the rich, mellow flavor—to be found only in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

So when you pour this sparkling beverage, you may be sure that it is rich, ripe and digestible because it is aged 6 months.

AGED 6 MONTHS

Why not send for this interesting booklet, "A Miracle of Nature"? It includes some excellent recipes for desserts and salads as well as delightful warm-weather menus. It is free. Write the Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass.



Clicquot Club

GINGER ALES

The Clicquot Club Eskimos—Every Tuesday evening at 9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF, New York, and 40 associated radio stations.

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

We're All Afraid of Something

Continued from page 30

this man has been running around to doctors, trying to find one who would discover something wrong with that heart. I have examined his heart off and on for about six years and have repeatedly assured him that it is all right. I hope some day to have this heart complex rooted out of his soul. I really believe we shall succeed ultimately in convincing him that he is not suffering from some grave heart disorder which will bring about sudden death.

One of the most distressing fear complexes is the fear of disease germs—microbiophobia. I know a splendid fellow whose neighbor died not long ago of pneumonia, and he became seized with the fear that he, too, was going to die of pneumonia. Unless we succeed in getting him out of this foolish notion, I am not sure but that he will, because he has developed a fear of drafts, fresh air and even outdoor life. He is afraid of cold, and it was all we could do, with the approach of cold weather last fall, to keep him from running off to Bermuda or Southern California. He was sure he could not survive a winter in the northern climes. It was only by showing him statistics proving that pneumonia was as prevalent in southern climates as in northern that he was kept on the job.

It is only common sense to avoid infection and contagion in every way possible, within the bounds of reason and good judgment, but it is a source of unnecessary fear and anxiety to live in constant dread of disease microbes when they are not present or when there is no danger of their attacking us.

Then there are the hypochondriacs, who have been cleverly defined as a "peculiar class of people who enjoy themselves best when they are most miserable."

Marie, for example. Marie is twenty years old. For three or four years we had a running fight with her nerves. She is one of those people who are born with wabbly nerves.

This was Marie's trouble: If she were going anywhere, she would fuss and fume over it until she would be sick in bed when the time came to go. If she had a party for Saturday night, and knew it a week ahead, by Wednesday she would be sick, so ill she could not even go to school.

Finally everyone realized that something drastic must be done. Marie was taken away from home for six months. She lived with a companion who paid no attention to these whims. If she wanted to get sick she could go ahead and do it, but the regular program went on. As the months went by Marie began to find herself. Before long she resolved to be a woman.

How Fear Materializes

Some of the most common fears we have to contend with are: fear of being in close places, fear of smothering, fear of crowded elevators, fear of sitting in a crowded theater.

It is the *fear* of these nervous upheavals that enables them to inflict such severe punishment upon us. When we know the truth about them, they are robbed of nine tenths of their power to terrorize.

I want to call your attention to the way in which fear affects the physical functions of the body. Acute fear, a sudden fright of any kind, accentuates most of our physical functions. But long-entertained fear or worry slows down most of our body activities.

When fear has influenced the heart up to a certain danger point, either by stimulating it or by unduly depressing it, the automatic heart-controlling centers of the lower part of the brain and of the sympathetic nervous system step right in and put an end to this control of mind over body.

So it is with other vital functions—the mind can tremendously influence them, but not to the extent of causing death. Even the circulation is enormously concerned with the mental state. I don't mean that some of you nervous folk who were born with a tendency to cold hands and feet can wholly cure this tendency by mental influences. But in certain cases the blood pressure is greatly influenced by the state of the mind.

Someone has said that we are more likely to catch cold in the winter time when attending a funeral than if we participated in a baptismal service in an icy river. There may be something in it. The depression and sorrow of funerals undoubtedly exert an unfavorable influence on the defensive reaction of the body against disease. This thing we call vitality is greatly HELPED BY FAITH and tremendously DEPRESSED BY FEAR.

We know that the mental state has a great influence on the rate at which we burn up our food and liberate energy in the body.

The same is true in taking blood pressure tests in the case of certain nervous individuals. We take the pressure when they first come in the office, and it will be unexpectedly high. We talk to them a while, get them quieted down, and then after fifteen or twenty minutes take the pressure again, and it is down ten or fifteen per cent.

Fear is simply incompatible with happiness. Many a home has been wrecked through the indulgence of fear and its offspring, suspicion, because a happy home is dependent on mutual trust.

Another manifestation of fear to consider is FEAR-THOUGHT, which often deceives us by posing as forethought.

When you get run down physically and allow yourself to indulge in a lot of loose and uncontrolled thinking, when you begin to lose your grip as regards both physical health and mental stamina, it is only a question of time until some sort of fear is going to crystallize in your mind, literally take root, and act just as if it meant to grow there the rest of your life. When such a condition is allowed to come about and when you indulge it for months or even years, you must make up your mind that you have a real job on your hands to get your liberty back.

Not long ago I saw a woman about thirty years of age who had begun to worry about herself. She complained of not feeling well, and finally the trouble took focus in her throat. She felt there was a lump in her throat—not the proverbial lump people feel at times when they are emotional, but a lump that just stuck right there all the time. Dozens of times her throat was examined, X-rayed, treated, and otherwise investigated, but still the lump persisted, and it led to an incessant clearing of her throat. She became possessed of the fear that some malignant growth might be under way, and she really wanted something done. Finally a consultation was held. Four or five doctors participated in this conference. Two or three were the best throat specialists procurable. At the end of the séance she was emphatically and positively assured that there was nothing wrong with her throat. She looked rather blank for a few minutes, said "All right," got up and walked out.

That was three years ago, and we have never heard anything more about the lump in her throat. She has no throat trouble; since then she has gained ten or fifteen pounds in weight, and is one of the most happy, cheerful souls you ever met.

An Heroic Act of Daring

I remember, several years ago, the case of an engineer who developed the notion that he had a very delicate stomach. Everything he ate seemed to disagree with him. He was particularly afraid of eating pancakes. As a part of this fellow's general overhauling, these fears were discovered. I tried to steer him back into normal ways of living. I had him bring to me all his library dealing with dietetic fads, etc. He had read and studied over sixty books on the subject.

It was not hard to persuade him to part with these books for, as he said, "No two of them agree. I'm all balled up, anyway. What would you advise me to do to really get over this trouble?"

"Why," I said, "I would advise you the first time you feel really tip-top to go out and treat yourself to eight or ten pancakes with plenty of butter and sirup."

He turned pale at the suggestion, but he hit the desk with his fist, and said: "I am feeling fine today. Me for the pancakes." I have never heard of him having any serious digestive trouble since.

Of course, when there is a real physical ailment present, a real remedy may be demanded. But when your diseases and miseries are caused by fear, then you can go the limit; attacking your problems with fearless abandon, with the absolute confidence that faith will bring about a complete cure.

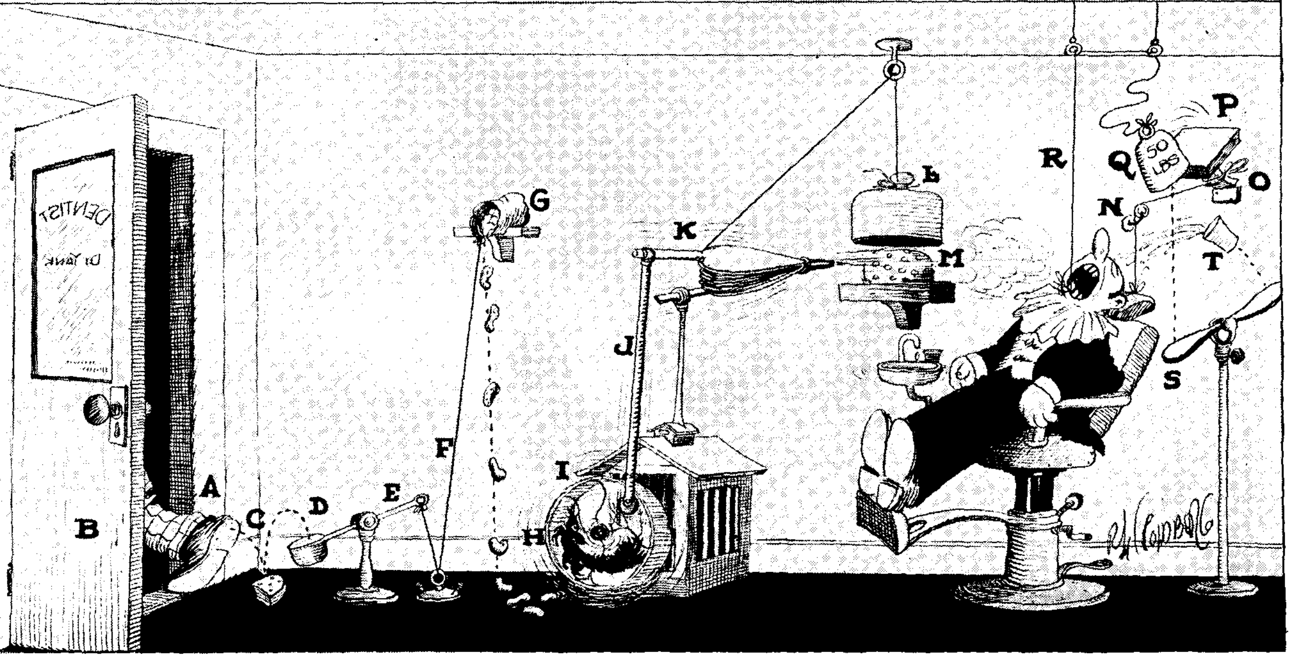
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

PROFESSOR BUTTS EVOLVES HIS LATEST PAINLESS TOOTH-EXTRACTOR IN A STATE OF SCIENTIFIC DELIRIUM.

DENTIST (A) RUSHES OUT OF DOOR (B) INTO STOCK BROKER'S OFFICE NEXT DOOR TO SEE WHAT CONSOLIDATED BOLONEY IS DOING. IN HIS HASTE HE LOSES RUBBER HEEL (C) WHICH BOUNCES INTO CUP (D), TIPPING LEVER (E) WHICH PULLS STRING (F) UPSETTING BAG OF PEANUTS (G). SQUIRREL (H) REVOLVES CAGE (I) IN MAD ATTEMPT TO GRAB PEANUTS AND CAUSES PISTON (J) TO WORK BELLOWS (K) MOTION OF BELLOWS LIFTS COVER (L) AND AT THE SAME TIME BLOWS FUMES OF LIMBURGER CHEESE (M) IN FACE OF PATIENT, KNOCKING HIM COLD. VIBRATIONS OF HIS HEAD WHILE SNORING CAUSE STRING (N) TO PULL DELICATE PROP (O) FROM UNDER SHELF (P) AND SUDDEN DROP OF WEIGHT (Q) RESULTS IN WIRE (R) PULLING TOOTH. FALLING WEIGHT ALSO CAUSES PADDLE (S) TO TOSS GLASS OF WATER (T) INTO PATIENT'S FACE TO REVIVE HIM.

IF HE HAS NOT REVIVED WHEN THE DENTIST COMES BACK THREE DAYS LATER, THE GRAND JURY WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHO IS TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER, THE DENTIST OR THE MAN WHO SOLD HIM THE LIMBURGER CHEESE.



• SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO •

ATWATER KENT RADIO

You can have an

Atwater Kent in a cabinet

just like your neighbor's . . . or so different!

JUST as you suit your own tastes in the house you live in, the car you drive, the clothes you wear, the furnishings of your home—so now you can harmonize your radio with your own individuality.

Do you like simplicity, compactness? Have it! Do you prefer a bit of elaboration in a period design? Have it! Do you want your radio to blend with the appointments of your living room—or dining room—or a bedroom, perhaps? Suit yourself—at an Atwater Kent dealer's.

YOUR CHOICE OF FAMOUS CABINET MAKERS' DESIGNS

Great news. The best of American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the world-wide demand for Atwater Kent Radio in the finest wood cabinets. You have the choice among the creations of not just one or two cabinet specialists, but of many.

On the front of every Atwater Kent in a furniture cabinet you will find a name-plate showing that the radio was made by Atwater Kent. On the back you will find a name-plate showing that the cabinet was made by a famous furniture manufacturer expressly for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio.

The price depends upon the cabinet you choose. Whatever you pay, you may be sure you are getting the biggest value for your dollar that you can find in the whole world of radio.

And remember—The radio within the cabinet is the new Screen-Grid Atwater Kent, whose marvelous performance you can appreciate only by trying it in your own home. See it at the nearest Atwater Kent dealer's—*today*—hear it—have it!

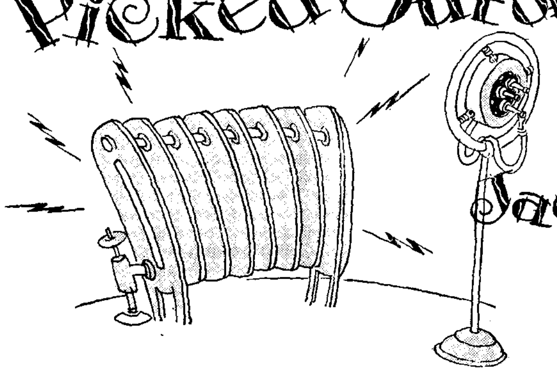
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4752 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SCREEN-GRID RADIO

• SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO •

Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns



How About Radiator?

IN AN item that appeared in this department a short time ago, I pointed out that the terms "actor" and "actress" do not adequately portray the ability of those performers who appear before broadcast microphones and convey to our ears the action of a play.

Since then I have received a number of letters that are practically unanimous in the suggestions they contain for additions to our nomenclature to remedy the present lack of adequate terminology. The first two letters I received fully illustrate the public choice. One, sent me by C. H. from a New York hotel, has a penciled notation on the original item as follows: "Coin 'em, m' boy. It's permissible. Raditor and Raditress."

The other, from Merle Manley of Wood River, Illinois, asks: "How does Radiotor and Radiotress appeal to you for word coinage in place of actor and actress?"

The only question seems to be whether the central "o" should be used or not. Some of the radiotors and radiotresses sound so cold that apartment-house dwellers might be inclined to call them by the term at the head of this piece.

Stop Me if You Know It!

"From traveling salesman to radio announcer is the experience of Martin Zolle, who has recently been added to KFI's staff. In fifteen years of traveling in every state, Zolle claims to have picked up experiences that offer interesting material for broadcasting."

So reads a little item that comes to me from Los Angeles.

I presume Martin is a good announcer, but just think what an entertainer he will make if he dares let himself loose before the microphone with some of the stories picked up during fifteen years spent in and out of Pullman smokers!

A Costly Battle

The victory won by station WGY against the Federal Radio Commission in the United States courts is a very costly one. It destroys much of the commission's potential authority and does not help WGY in any way. As the situation stands WGY can operate with its full power on the same wave length as its sister station KGO at Oakland, Cal. Even if these two stations were not owned by the same company it is practically certain they would not both operate together with their full power. A terrific howl from the public would soon stop any such course, or else each station would lose its audience entirely.

It is perfectly logical for both WGY and KGO to use their full power during daylight—when Nature prevents them from interfering with one another—and cut down their power during darkness when they cause interference with each other because of simultaneous operation. There is no reason why they could not have obtained permission from the radio commission to do this without going to court.

Now we are faced with the practical condition that no station can be shut down completely in view of its property rights. In addition none can be curtailed in its activities without the burden resting on the commission to show that its restraining order is both reasonable and in the public interest. The burden should be on the station to show that it is operating in the public interest and necessity.

This particular lawsuit was a mistake. It will greatly retard any improvement in the broadcast situation. The old radio commission was timid enough in its actions. The new commission will not have a chance to show any vigor in face of that court decision.

Coals of Fire

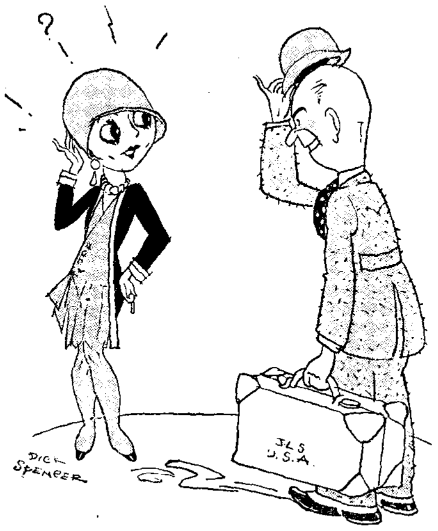
Sir Thomas Beecham, one of the world's most ardent devotees of music and a naturally great conductor, has always been opposed to radio broadcasting. He has submitted to it in this country and more recently in England, somewhat reluctantly but nevertheless good-naturedly. Yet he has never relented in his feeling or attitude. Recently he conducted in London, and in the course of his program, which was picked up and broadcast by the British stations, he included works of the blind composer Frederick Delius, who resides in France.

Before Sir Thomas could leave his stand at the conclusion of the program he was handed a telegram that came from Fontainebleau. It read: "Heard perfectly your beautiful interpretation of my work. Am writing you. DELIUS."

Lafayette, Here They Come!

Bill Schudt, the town crier of WABC, announces: "Lessons in French for the tourist contemplating a trip abroad this summer are being broadcast over WABC every Wednesday evening at six o'clock by Dr. Thatcher Clark."

With all due respect to the eminent doctor of languages, I cannot help pitying the poor natives of France this year.



An Eagle Flies

Continued from page 7

bent forward and hands clasped together between his open knees.

"I don't quite get what you mean, Mr. Bartlett. I got the idea from Frank that his father was . . . dead."

"I—I—been—as good as dead, I s'pose. Might as well be called that."

The wind rose and fell. It drove stray newspapers along the beach, caught up the sand in queer little blobs, whipped at the awnings. The breakers came in heavier. The booming rain drew nearer. . . .

"You mean you've—?"

"I ain't had much to do with his mother f'r nigh on twenty years. You see, we had some trouble. Both of us was young then. Lots more spirit an' that sort o' thing. Well, I—I come away. I—I been away—all along."

"WHERE?" I managed to ask at length.

He made a despairing gesture with his bony little hands.

"Places. All over. You know how a feller can wander when he ain't got much to hold him. Well—I've wandered. Up an' down. Up an' down. Stella, she raised the boy, so o' course he's sort o' her'n. All th' same—time like this—I—I—well, there's some things you can't ever forget, no matter how much you try."

He lifted his downcast face quickly. Out on the brine the rain was coming in.

We sought other chairs in the shelter of the awning. The beach promenade was totally deserted. Just the two of us down there at the back of the clubhouse—and the vast sea before us where the black tempest heightened.

"Don't think I ain't paid over an' over—a thousan' times—f'r goin' away an' leavin' Stella." The little man seemed overly anxious to unburden his heart, apologize to someone, alibi his heartbreak. "But those things happen—yes, they happen. Stella had lots o' character. I was sort o' easy-like. She rode me pretty hard 'cause I didn't make much money—didn't seem t' get ahead—"

"And you haven't seen her for twenty years? But you must have seen Frank."

"I've seen him. Ain't I seen him? Twice I've had jobs in west-coast hangars, but I had to quit 'em. Somethin' might give me away."

"You mean you've never let on to him that you were his dad?"

"I—I—couldn't. How can you explain to a boy, even if he's grown, trouble you had with his mother—even though, to you at th' time, it was big enough t' twist the two o' you like haywire? I just watched him—was happy t' see him comin' along. An' now—now—" The little man sprang up and crossed to a pole that held the awning over us. He caught it tightly and his voice cracked wildly, "—now my Frankie—my own son—my Frankie—he's off out there over the ocean somewhere—alone!—fighting!—battling this storm!—Oh God! *Oh God!*"

No voice could ever hold such agony and not belong to that birdman's father. But until that outburst when the storm crashed upon us, I had not been aware the man was so distraught.

"Don't let it get you that way, Mr. Bartlett. Frank's long since flown out of it."

"Supposin' he hasn't? Supposin' he's caught in th' heart o' it—?"

"Come back and sit down," I begged, going to him. And he suffered me to help him back to his seat. The rain commenced to fall, hissing on the breakers. But the moisture on old Bartlett's face had not been made by rain.

"Don't think I'm weak, sir. But it's punishment, now. Thought I'd buried it all in th' past, I did—wife, home, baby son. But when I heard about him makin' this flight, it all come unburied. Yes it did, yes it did. All come up to tear out my heart. An' now—now—listen to th' wind!—look at them combers!—an' my boy, my little, little son, is off out there somewhere, miles an' miles fr'm anyone, in th' cold an' th' dark, hell lashin' all around him, tryin' t' get *through!*"

"Your son is a man grown, now, Mr. Bartlett. You may think of him as a baby once. But he's come into his strength, taken his place in the world, found his niche and his task. And the thing he's doing out there in the cold and the dark is no less than every man's son must do for himself sooner or later to prove his manhood. Of course, not every lad makes his battle in a roaring airplane hurtling above a black void of ocean. But depend upon it, every lad makes it."

"He's *alone*," protested the father unheeding. "That's what makes my heart icy. Don't you get it? He's alone—*alone!* Oh, if I could only be there with him—or someone be near him! Yet there's no one out there, nothing but—but—"

"But *God!*" I said softly.

I don't know why I said it. It simply came to me to say it. And I had to say something to assuage this man's torment. He was sobbing openly now—as men weep—paroxysms of grief that wrack the diaphragm—sobs with thin tears.

"Yes, there's a God," Bartlett said brokenly. "I see it now. A just God. And it's only his justice that I'm sittin' here, thinkin' o' my Frankie, lost out there in the heart o' the ocean night an' me not able t' lift a finger t' help him."

The storm *was* perturbing, no doubt about it. It arrived in squally shrieks, once a huge breaker cast spume on our shoes.

"And don't forget," I added, made mellow myself by the awesomeness of night and predicament, "if Holy Writ is to be relied on, God too has been a father—seen *His* Son make a battle alone."

I DIDN'T mean to be mawkish. If the truth were known, perhaps I was comforting old Bartlett to comfort myself. And it quieted him somewhat. At least, he started in to tell me, as best he was able under the circumstances, his side of his domestic troubles, what he had said, and she had said, how the decision had come that life possibly couldn't be worth such misunderstanding.

The moments grew into quarter-hours. The storm flayed the ocean in uncontrolled fury. And always when old Bartlett started up at a particular smash of the gale on the deep, he came back to that tragic premise—his little, little son was flying out there *alone!*

"No, Mr. Bartlett," I was finally goaded to tell him, "your boy Frank is not out there flying alone."

"Not out there alone? God, you mean?"

"God is out there, I hope. But regardless of God, Frank's not flying alone.

"Whatta you mean?"

"He's anything but alone, Mr. Bartlett."

(*Continued on page 42*)

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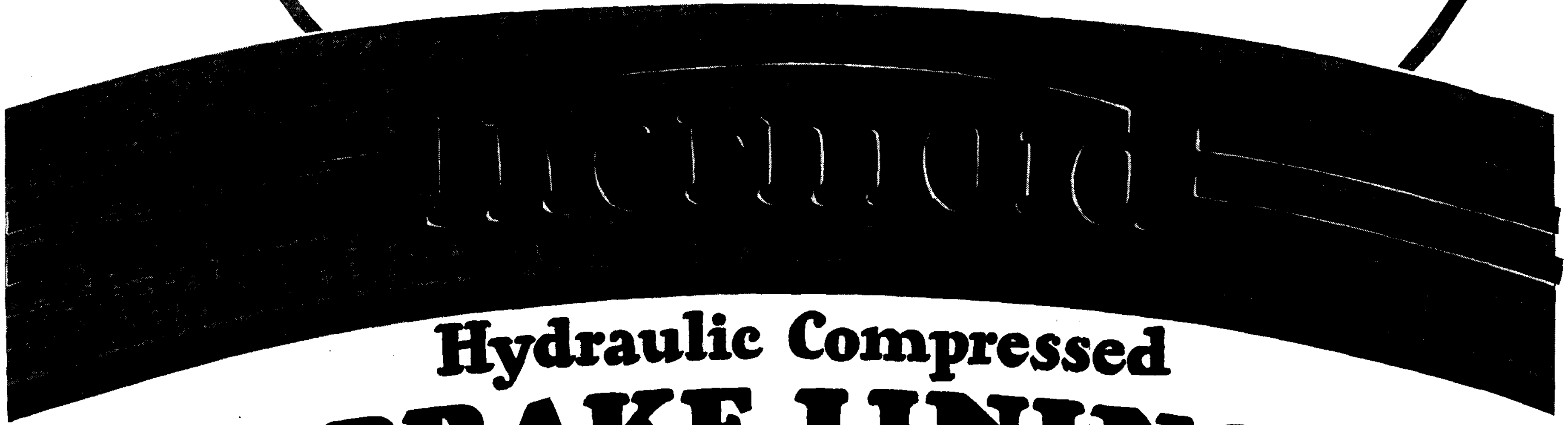

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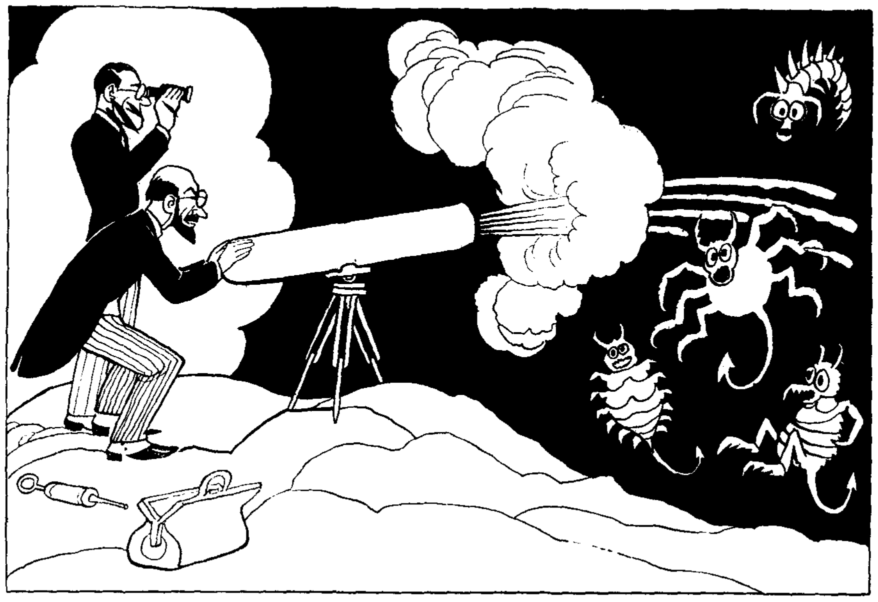


Routing the Little Red Bug

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THE fortunes of the war against disease are unaccountable. Now, for instance, we have organized campaigns of scientific research and popular propaganda against two of the most dreaded plagues of humanity, cancer and tuberculosis. Both have enlisted the energies of devoted investigators and both are fairly well financed. But cancer is increasing at an inexplicable rate and tuberculosis is decreasing at an inexplicable rate.

The fall in fatalities from the latter disease is most amazing. Taking five-year periods, the death rates from tuberculosis in the United States were:

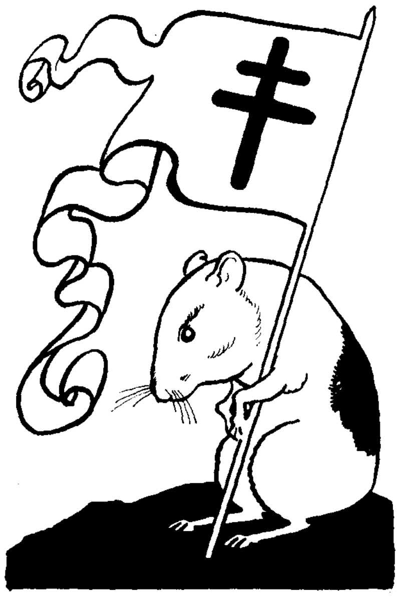
1901 to 1905	194 per 100,000
1911 to 1915	147 per 100,000
1921 to 1925	91 per 100,000

And the death rate for 1928 is the lowest of all, about 70 per 100,000. This means, as Dr. L. I. Dublin puts it, that about 140,000 persons are today alive and well who would have died from tuberculosis had the rate of 1900 still prevailed.

This is greater progress in the conquest of the disease than the most sanguine of the anti-tuberculosis campaigners hoped for at the start, thirty years ago, and they do not honestly feel that they are entitled to all the credit for this unprecedented gain. Their efforts have undoubtedly contributed largely to the success by awakening the public to the need of early diagnosis, avoidance of infection and importance of suitable diet and open-air treatment; but there has been also a similar, though a lesser fall in the death rate in countries, localities and classes which have been little affected by the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Various reasons are advanced for this. One theory is that the bacillus is gradually weakening or that human resistance is gradually strengthening. Others hold that the general gain is due to the increase in wealth and the resultant better living conditions.

RECENTLY the microbe fighters in America have joined forces for a new kind of campaign, a combined attack of chemists, physicians and biologists on the problem of the nature of the germ. Under the leadership of the U. S. Public Health Service and the National Tuberculosis Association, many universities and institutions are making a systematic study of the composition of the bacillus. Starting with a sample taken from a tuberculosis patient at Saranac a few years ago, many pounds of its progeny are being grown every year in flasks containing chemicals of known composition. Then the dead and dried germs are distributed to chemists for analysis. Already many remarkable things have been found out. The reason the microbe is not attackable by drugs is that it lives within a single cell of the body, and in order to reach it the cell itself must be destroyed. It is encased in a coating of fats and waxes. From one of these fats has been isolated an unsaturated acid, hitherto unknown to chemistry, which has the peculiar power of starting the characteristic tubercules even when no living microbe is present.

In France the foe is being attacked from a different angle. Dr. Calmette of the Pasteur Institute has developed a vaccine by transplanting the germ through 230 guinea pigs in succession until, he claims, it became so attenuated that it could be used on infants without danger, given either by mouth or by inoculation. Since 1924, he has vaccinated 115,000 new-born babies in France, Asia and Africa, many of them from tubercular parents and living in contaminated homes. Under such circumstances, the French scientist states, mortality among new-born babies runs as high as 25 per cent, and the average is 15.9 per cent, but of the vaccinated babies the mortality was only 3.4 per cent. Professor Calmette's claims are disputed by Professor Lignieres of Buenos Aires, and there are still skeptics the world over who are waiting to be shown before they venture on the new treatment for human beings.



An Eagle Flies

Continued from page 40

"You mean someone went with him—that I didn't notice—that no one knew 'bout?"

"Someone went with him that few stopped to think of. Yet it comes to me now. No, your son's *not* flying alone, Mr. Bartlett. And more than that, there's not *one* with him—there are millions."

"Millions!" gasped the father.

"Millions!" I emphasized. "Everywhere in this nation, wherever newspapers enter a home, wherever anyone has heard of this attempted flight across the Pacific, wherever there are parents who love their sons, or wives that love their husbands—a million sympathetic hearts are riding with your son Frank this night, flying with him in spirit, sending him their courage to hold out until the morning."

OLD Bartlett was quiet. I leaned over close, both my hands on his knees.

"That's not one half," I repeated, thickly swallowing. "More than those compassionate spirits are with your Frank in his cockpit this moment. All the accumulated forces that have made for civilization—all the inventors and seers and builders and prophets that have ever been—all those whose concentrated efforts have finally evolved airplanes and shown men how to work them—*they're flying with him*, too, Mr. Bartlett. Stop and think of it—think of it thoroughly. And it goes for lots more than an air-flight to Tokio. Up and down the world—in dank cellars, icy garrets, on desert wastes of sand or ice—wherever the sons of men are striving to grapple with fate, wrench victory from defeat, turn crowns of thorns into laurel wreaths, achieve, scale the heights of despair to the tablelands of triumph . . . they're never alone though no persons appear with them. All the members of the race that have ever been since the dawn of time, who have ever suffered and hoped and struggled and dared—epitomized in their situation that accords each new man a Chance, *they're* with the toiler in the cold and the dark."

"But—but—Frankie—I hoped there was someone—even a stowaway—"

"Frank doesn't need his cockpit crowded this moment with the physical bodies of other men and women. They'd only be a handicap in the battle he's waging—assuming that he is. He wants room to operate—opportunity to concentrate—plenty of space to give his movements free exercise. That's the way it shapes up to me. Men who go out to do conflict single-handed with Kismet, Mr. Bartlett, *are not afraid to be alone!* It's a glorious thought—not to be afraid to be alone."

It seemed hours and hours we sat after that, watching the storm as it expended its fury.

"How I wisht he'd carried a wireless outfit," the father finally groaned. "At least we'd know—if he—"

"He wouldn't. He said if he got through, we'd know it anyhow. And if he didn't, what did it matter? That's the sort of man your son was. No whimper would come back if he failed to make his goal!"

Well, you've read the newspapers. You remember how we waited—waited—all that long night—the next day—the next night—questioning—questioning—

And no answer came back.

Blanched faces gathered in Jack's offices that second night. Jack sat with receivers over his ears, listening for any reports that might come from the Hawaiian aviators searching their waters. Around him were twenty men—*and one woman.* Of course, Mrs. Bartlett.

She appeared the next noontime after Frank's take-off. Nothing had been heard, she was told, and went out. But she came back at seven, with the Eagle three hours overdue.

Seven o'clock — eight — nine — ten — midnight! Whizz was down, of course—or else had missed the islands.

And then, between twelve and one o'clock, the door opened timidly.

Old Bartlett came in.

And of course he saw his wife.

One of life's big dramatic moments!

"Hello . . . Stella," he greeted her. And gulped.

"Why . . . Richard!" she answered. "Richard . . . *Dick!*"

Twenty feet apart they stood. The rest of us watched glassily. . . .

Then abruptly the Spartan mother was a Spartan no longer. She leaned forward and addressed the shabby, tubby prodigal.

"Dick!—they're afraid—that Frankie's had an accident."

"Yeah," said the father. "That's what I heard."

No more than that. No asking how each had gotten there. It seemed to be understood. No questionings about the time that had fled since last they confronted one another. Richard Bartlett moved across toward his wife—the mother of his boy who had flown toward the sunlight. He stood by her chair. She fumbled and caught his arm.

Then she buried her face in his shabby little coat.

One by one the rest of us stole out. Jack closed the door of his private office. He left them alone in there in the silence of understanding.

After a time they both came out together and went away. The mother didn't seem quite so tall, so Viking-like. The grimness was gone from those lines around her mouth. And Old Bartlett didn't seem so bowed, so egg-shaped. Weak with torment his face had been as we sat in the storm behind the beach club. It was strong now—as though something had passed from the mother to the father—as though he in that privacy had taken her burden.

I went downstairs with them—to cold, clammy dawn breaking over Los Angeles—and watched them out of sight.

MAN and woman, male and female, husband and wife—all of these—and yet, only a father and a mother who had given a lad, their child of their youthful longings and heart-hopes, to what?

To that great, up-welling, wondrous thing that is crudely called Civilization—the splendor of Universal Achievement—the strivings of the great Race Heart to lift itself out of the sloughs of brutish biology *as* Biology and attain to those Heights of Progress marked on every crag by the clean, white shafts of Sacrifice.

And Frank Bartlett?

The sun never sets above the purple Pacific that I do not discern sharp glitters from the West, as from a horizontal mirror hung afar in the sky.

Off there in the amethyst his strong young soul is winging—winging—waiting to wave Godspeed to others of his breed who shall someday come singing out on stronger, faster wings to attain that goal successfully in the Kingdom of the Sun. For the strength of those wings shall be measured by his weakness, and the stress of their conflict shall be gauged by his peace.

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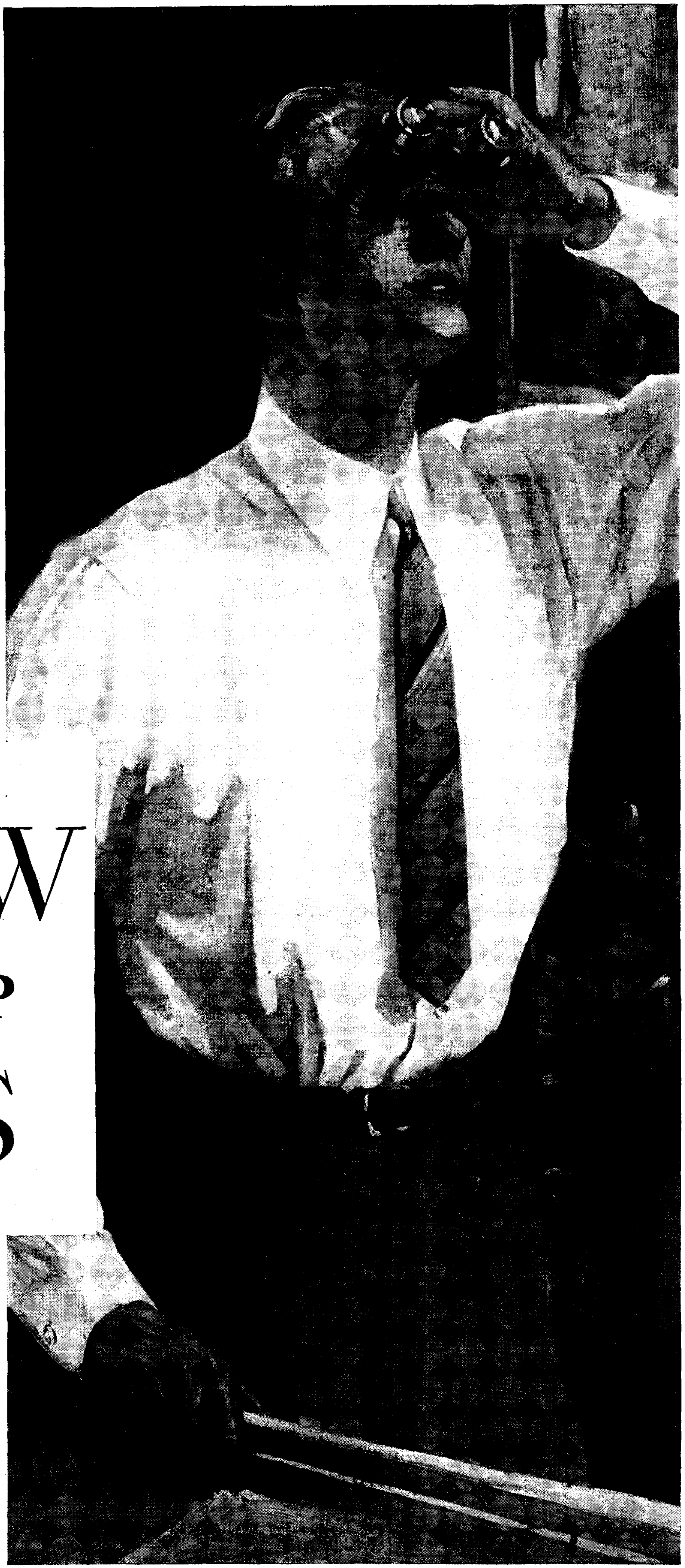

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John Wanamaker
NEW YORK
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The Strong Grasses

Continued from page 11

finish the sentence, even in his mind. "Don't . . . don't . . . don't," he breathed, striving to banish from his filmed eyes the picture of himself wielding the pitchfork.

With his left hand he grasped the locked fingers of his right, and, quite as if the fingers belonged to someone else, he wrenched and forced them from the handle. He sank back upon the hay and writhed and wrestled with the murderous temptation. He sweated and shook; he prayed; wave after wave of fury passed over him; his hands beside him clutched at and twisted themselves full of the cut grass; he prayed in a dry whisper: "Don't . . . don't . . . don't. . . ."

IT WAS all the prayer he could phrase. Still there came up to him the murmur of those impassioned voices; the sky above him seemed to whirl, and the load of hay on which he was lying seemed to go round and round, and he grew dizzy; then there was a moment's blackness, which had bright fiery spots in it; the swift whirlpool of contending emotions sucked him down into a brief unconsciousness.

Then he was awake again, and the sky had steadied itself, and his agony was on him; but it was a colder agony now. No longer in a hot instinctive fury did he lust to kill them; he began to consider it with deadly coldness. As he had tried to pray it away from himself, now he tried to reason it away.

"It wouldn't change anything," he said to himself. "It wouldn't change what has happened."

And then he heard Mary saying to young Henshaw: "Yes, I belong to you . . . I belong to you. . . ."

This colder agony of Spence's was no less bitter because of being cold. And as he lay and struggled with it he was the witness of a strange phenomenon—the witness of or the participant in. For suddenly a tremor, a quiver, an impulsion, seemed for an instant to shake the visible and apparent world.

Whether, indeed, this quick, searching pulsation really came from the earth and heavens and ran through him, or whether it originated within himself and merely seemed, in his emotional state, to include the world without, he did not ask himself. But the effect of it upon Spence was that the fields with which he was always in such intimate communication had strangely seized upon him in a way more real than ever before, and made him more truly a part of themselves . . . and that with this pounce and seizure there came to him an immediate power to bring a new evaluation to bear upon all the facts of life, including this new terrible fact of this present terrible hour. Spence felt, even before he began to think clearly, that when clarity of thought came to him again he would think as the fields think, as the woods and meadows think.

"They aren't big enough to kill," he said. "It wouldn't *mean* anything. . . ."

And now he began to see why it would not be right to kill her; if he killed her, he would go on loving her forever, and that was what the night had warned him against. She must be as nothing to him. He heard their voices again.

"But it *is* the right thing, I tell you," Henshaw was saying. "The wrong thing, the hideous thing, is for you to waste your life here, your youth, your beauty—never to live at all! Never to know the joy of life! Why, you were made for it—the joy of life, the romance of it!"

And again it sounded to Spence less like something that came from Henshaw's deep conviction than like a speech made out of things the boy had read. And with a renewed impatience for their babbling about romance there came to Spence a fuller sense of his own strength. They should *not* break his heart, his wife and this boy! He was strong, and he would not let his heart be broken!

He was strong, as strong as— He groped mentally for an image, and, physically, his hands filled themselves with the new hay. That was it—he was as strong as the strong grasses! And Spence suddenly began to see himself, and the millions of men in the world like himself, the persistent, inchoate, dedicated, obscure men whom no one ever thinks about or sings about, as the grasses, the strong grasses that clothe and revive and make habitable the earth.

The strong grasses! They are small, but they are mighty; they move heavy stones, bursting their way upward through the soil, and feed from their slow erosion as they move them—yes, their roots break up the very rocks, little by little, and eat them. Cut them down, and they come again! Always they come again, after fire and frost and war and waste. They come again to conquer, with an infinite multiplication of tiny blows, for they are the conquerors of conquerors, the last banner waving over the hosts of the Cæsars and Tamerlanes.

And Spence and his kind were as the strong grasses. With the thought an even closer intimacy with the vibrant soil established itself; and he saw more clearly that since the skies and the fields were on his side he must not shed in haste any blood they had made with such slow trouble and infinite patience.

Spence's wife was speaking again; speaking of Spence . . . slowly, trying to understand something that puzzled her. "I don't see what it is that he gets out of it . . . this land," she said. "It's like . . . well, like a religion to him. He doesn't talk about it; but if I say I don't like farm life, he's angry . . . as if I'd struck something he *worships*. But *why* does he worship it? *What* is there about it that holds and fascinates him? He's never told me—never tried to tell me, what it is. He's loved it more than he's loved me!"

SPENCE sat upright again. This was the truth which she was speaking: he never had tried to tell her! He had expected her to comprehend and share his own essential unity with the soil, without a word of explanation. Here had been his great mistake! Here was something that his perception had always owed to her blindness, and never paid—here was something that his strength and patience still owed to her weakness, and must still pay.

"There's no use to speculate about it too seriously," said the Henshaw boy, lightly. "Spence loves his farm because he's just a big bull and very little else. When you go he'll snort and bellow a few times, and then he'll settle down and eat grass and forget you."

She shouldn't go! He owed it to her to keep her and lesson her and tell her and show her whence come the deep satisfying drafts of existence, and he would give her that chance.

He slid down the hay to the ground. Mary and Henshaw had risen and were moving off, their arms about each other. They stopped and turned at the noise he made and faced him in the moonlight.

It was Mary who spoke first.

"Well," she said, "now you know!" She faced him with courage; there was anger in her voice. "You've been spying on us!"

"Not spying," began Spence. "I—"

"Not spying?" It was young Henshaw who interrupted with a hoot of derision. He seemed to feel the necessity of asserting himself before the woman whose love he had won.

Spence was annoyed rather than enraged at the interruption—annoyed, because young Henshaw didn't matter. He was an accident; he might have been any other good-looking youth. This thing was between Spence and his wife.

"Go away," said Spence to young Henshaw, "go away; I want—"

"Go away!" Again Henshaw interrupted him. And then, quite without premeditation, Spence stepped nearer to him and struck him, struck him to get him out of the way, so that he might go on to his important business, his talk with his wife; struck him as he might wrestle with a stone in the path of his plow. The blow caught young Henshaw on the mouth, and he reeled; then he steadied himself and attempted to fight back. And how many times Spence struck him again he did not know, for presently young Henshaw collapsed, his head striking the pole of the hay wagon as he fell. A kind of nervous peace, a psychic satisfaction, descended upon Spence with the explosion of physical force.

"I WANT to talk to my wife," he said, still addressing young Henshaw, "and you're in the way."

But in an instant his wife was kneeling above Henshaw, sobbing.

"Mary," said Spence, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Beat me! Beat me too! Knock me down! Trample upon me!" she cried.

"No," said Spence, struggling for words, "that isn't what I mean. What I mean is—"

And he tried to tell her. "I'm going to teach you . . . about the land . . . about the . . . about the way things grow. . . and everything." He began to pour out to her, stammeringly, brokenly, all that he felt, all that he had ever felt. "It isn't fair not to tell you . . . not to make you see . . . all of it . . . what this earth is . . . the moon . . . the grasses . . . my fault . . . I haven't made you understand . . . I'll take you back . . . you'll be my wife . . . I love you . . . I'll teach you . . . I'll make you understand. . . ." His heart was big with his love for her as he spoke, with the sense of his own strength, with belief in their future unity, but he could only stammer: "I'll tell it all to you, Mary . . . I'll teach you . . . about growing things . . . I'll take you back. . . ."

"Take me back!" She rose and confronted him. Her bosom heaved, and he had never loved her so much, never desired her so, never admired her beauty so greatly as at that instant. "Take me back! *You!* I shall go in the morning. I hate you! I hate you!"

And she bent again over young Henshaw and took his head upon her bosom and kissed his bloodied face.

Spence turned and leaned against the laden wagon, to shut out the sight, and buried his face in the hay, and his outstretched arms filled themselves with it—as if asking the strong grasses to give him all their strength and make him still more deeply one with them and all they came from, for he would need hereafter what strength he could get.

The Logical Development of Steel Pipe

WHEELING
COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

THE development of refined copper alloyed steel now known as COP-R-LOY was undertaken twenty years ago. The object was to increase the service and usefulness of an already indispensable metal, and to introduce new economy into the manufacture and use of steel products.

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You are invited to read the detailed story of COP-R-LOY Pipe, which is prepared in non-technical manner. It explains why this new development in the Age of Steel brings about most desirable economies. A copy will be mailed postpaid at your request.

Almost from the time steel pipe was first made at Benwood, a suburb of Wheeling, W. Va., in 1888, Wheeling Steel Pipe has been known among contractors and journeymen plumbers as the "dead soft" pipe to cut, thread and bend. This feature of Wheeling Steel Pipe has accounted for the thousands of installations in buildings of every size and description, standing as examples of which the pipe fitting trade is proud. In COP-R-LOY *Pipe there are combined the vital requisites of such installations with even still greater durability, giving to* COP-R-LOY *Pipe highest ranking with pipe fitters and their customers everywhere.*

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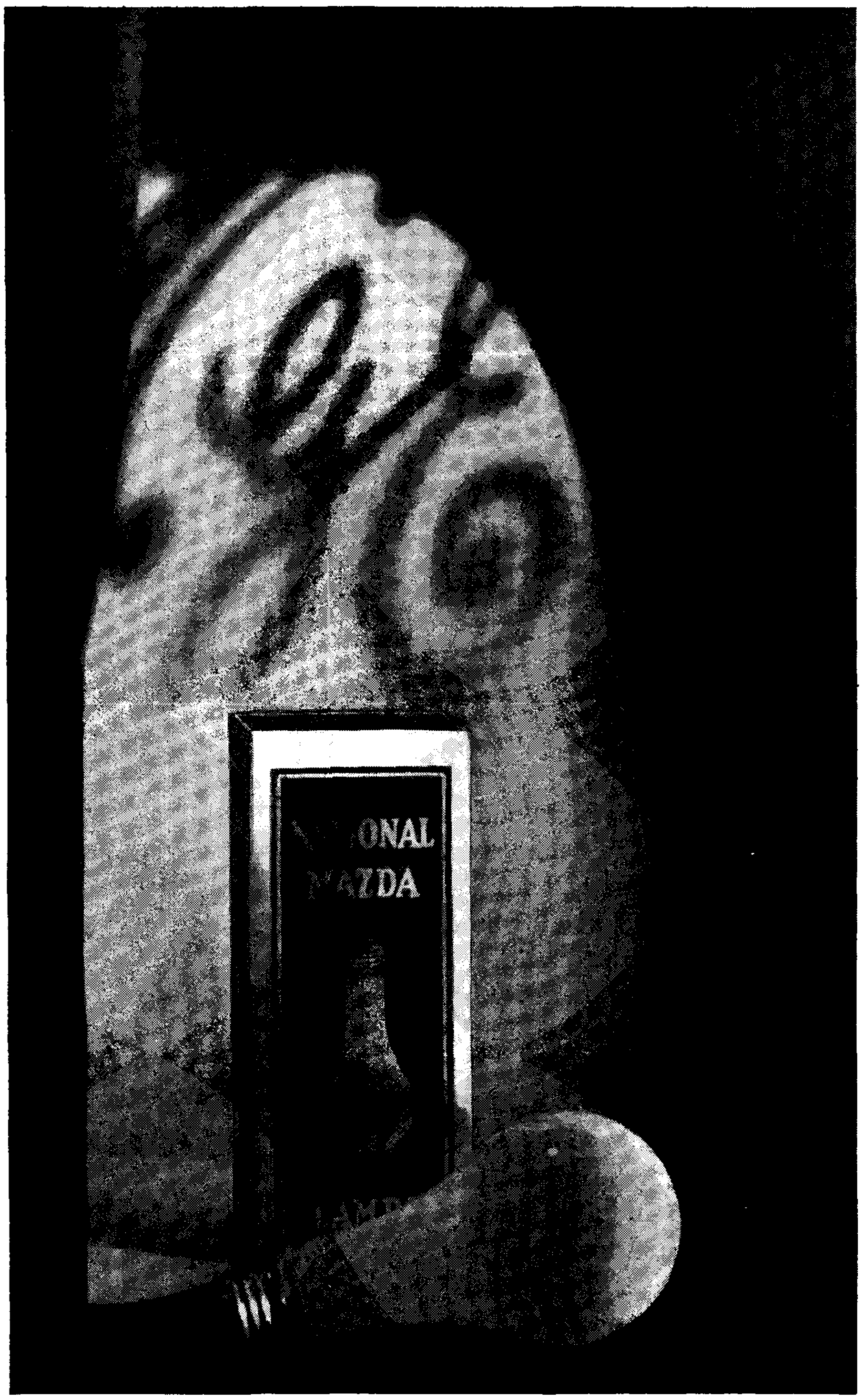

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 20

conscious now of the softness and thickness of the Axminster pile that made it possible to move unheard, and had just reached it, when from the other side there came to his ears a sound of clinking and clattering—the sound, in fact, which is made by plates and dishes when they are carried on a tray to a guest who, after a long railway journey, has asked her hostess if she may take dinner in her room.

Practice makes perfect. This was the second time in the last three hours that Baxter had found himself trapped in a room in which it was vitally urgent that he should not be discovered: and he was getting the technique of the thing. On the previous occasion, in the small library, he had taken to himself wings like a bird and sailed out of the window. In the present crisis, such a course, he perceived immediately, was not feasible. The way of an eagle would profit him nothing. Soaring over the balcony, he would be observed by Sue and would, in addition, unquestionably break his neck. What was needed here was the way of a diving-duck.

AND so, as the door-handle turned, Rupert Baxter, even in this black hour efficient, dropped on all fours and slid under the bed as smoothly as if he had been practicing for weeks.

Owing to the restricted nature of his position and the limited range of vision which he enjoys, virtually the only way in which a man who is hiding under a bed can entertain himself is by listening to what is going on outside. He may hear something of interest, or he may hear only the draft sighing along the floor; but, for better or for worse, that is all he is able to do.

The first sound that came to Rupert Baxter was that made by the placing of the tray on the table. Then, after a pause, a pair of squeaking shoes passed over the carpet and squeaked out of hearing. Baxter recognized them as those of Footman Thomas, a confirmed squeaker.

After this, somebody puffed, causing him to deduce the presence of Beach.

"Your dinner is quite ready, miss."

"Oh, thank you."

The girl had apparently come in from the balcony. A chair scraped to the table. A savory scent floated to Baxter's nostrils, causing him acute discomfort. He had just begun to realize how extremely hungry he was and how rash he had been, firstly to attempt to dine off a couple of sandwiches and secondly to undertake a mission like his present one without a square meal inside him.

"That is chicken, miss. En casserole."

Baxter had deduced as much, and was trying not to let his mind dwell on it. He uttered a silent groan. In addition to the agony of having to smell food, he was beginning to be conscious of a growing cramp in his left leg. He turned on one side and did his best to emulate the easy nonchalance of those Indian fakirs who, doubtless from the best motives, spend the formative years of their lives lying on iron spikes.

"It looks very good."

"I trust you will enjoy it, miss. Is there anything further that I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. Oh, yes. Would you mind fetching that manuscript from the balcony? I was reading it out there, and I left it on the chair. It's Mr. Threepwood's book."

"Indeed, miss? An exceedingly interesting compilation, I should imagine?"

"Yes, very."

"I wonder if it would be taking a liberty, miss, to ask you to inform me later, at your leisure, if I make any appearance in its pages."

"You?"

"Yes, miss. From what Mr. Galahad has let fall from time to time, I fancy it was his intention to give me printed credit as his authority for certain of the stories which appear in the book."

"Do you want to be in it?"

"Most decidedly, miss. I should consider it an honor. And it would please my mother."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, miss. She lives at Eastbourne."

The butler moved majestically onto the balcony, and Sue's mind had turned to speculation about his mother and whether she looked anything like him, when there was a sound of hurrying feet without, the door flew open, and Beach's mother passed from her mind like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream. With a little choking cry she rose to her feet. Ronnie was standing before her.

And meanwhile, if we may borrow an expression from a sister art, what of Hugo Carmody?

It is a defect unfortunately inseparable from any such document as this faithful record of events in and about Blandings Castle that the chronicler, in order to give a square deal to each of the individuals whose fortunes he has undertaken to narrate, is compelled to flit abruptly from one to the other in the manner popularized by the chamois of the Alps leaping from crag to crag. The activities of the Efficient Baxter seeming to him to demand immediate attention, he was reluctantly compelled some little while back to leave Hugo in the very act of reeling beneath a crushing blow. The moment has now come to return to him.

The first effect on a young man of sensibility and gentle upbringing of the discovery that an unfriendly detective has seen him placing stolen pigs in caravans is to induce a stunned condition of mind, a sort of mental coma. The face lengthens. The limbs grow rigid. The tie slips sideways and the shirt-cuffs recede into the coat-sleeves. The subject becomes temporarily, in short, a total loss.

IT IS perhaps as well, therefore, that we did not waste valuable time watching Hugo in the process of digesting Percy Pilbeam's sensational announcement, for it would have been like looking at a statue. If the reader will endeavor to picture Rodin's Thinker in a dinner-jacket and trousers with braid down the sides, he will have got the general idea. At the instant when Hugo Carmody makes his reappearance, life has just begun to return to the stiffened frame.

And with life came the dawning of intelligence. This ghastly snag which had popped up in his path was too big, reflected Hugo, for any man to tackle. It called for a woman's keener wit. His first act on emerging from the depths, therefore, was to leave the drawing-room and totter downstairs to the telephone. He got the number of Matchingham Hall and, establishing communications with Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe's butler, urged him to summon Miss Millicent Threepwood from the dinner-table.

The butler said in rather a reproving way that Miss Threepwood was at the moment busy drinking soup. Hugo, with the first flash of spirit he had shown for a quarter of an hour, replied that he didn't care if she was bathing in it. "Fetch her," said Hugo, and almost added the words, "You scurvy knave!" He then clung weakly to the receiver, waiting, and in a short while a sweet, but agitated, voice floated to him across the wire.

"Hugo?"

"Millicent?"

"Is that you?"

"Yes. Is that you?"

"Yes."

Anything in the nature of misunderstanding was cleared away.

"What's up?"

"Everything's up."

"How do you mean?"

"I'll tell you," said Hugo, and did so. It was not a difficult story to tell. Its plot was so clear that a few whispered words sufficed.

"You don't mean that?" said Millicent, the tale concluded.

"I do mean that."

"Oh, golly!" said Millicent.

SILENCE followed. Hugo waited palpitatingly. The outlook seemed to him black. He wondered if he had placed too much reliance in woman's wit. That "Golly!" had not been hopeful.

"Hugo!"

"Hullo?"

"This is a bit thick."

"Yes," agreed Hugo. The thickness had not escaped him.

"Well, there's only one thing to do."

A faint thrill passed through Hugo Carmody. One would be enough. Woman's wit was going to bring home the bacon after all.

"Listen!"

"Well?"

"The only thing to do is for me to go back to the dining-room and tell Uncle Clarence you've found the Empress."

"Eh?"

"Found her, fathead."

"How do you mean?"

"Found her in the caravan."

"But weren't you listening to what I was saying?" There were tears in Hugo's voice. "Pilbeam saw us putting her there."

"I know."

"Well, what's our move when he says so?"

"Stout denial."

"Eh?"

"We stoutly deny it," said Millicent. The thrill passed through Hugo again, stronger than before. It might work. Yes, properly handled, it would work. He poured broken words of love and praise into the transmitter.

"That's right," he cried. "I see daylight. I will go to Pilbeam and tell him privily that if he opens his mouth I'll strangle him."

"Well, hold on. I'll go and tell Uncle Clarence. I expect he'll be out in a moment to have a word with you."

"Half a minute! Millicent!"

"Well?"

"When am I supposed to have found this ghastly pig?"

"Ten minutes ago, when you were taking a stroll before dinner. You happened to pass the caravan and you heard an odd noise inside and you looked to see what it was and there was the Empress and you raced back to the house to telephone."

"But, Millicent! Half a minute!"

"Well?"

"The old boy will think Baxter stole her."

"So he will! Isn't that splendid? Well, hold on."

Hugo resumed his vigil. It was some moments later that a noise like the clucking of fowls broke out at the Matchingham Hall end of the wire. He deduced correctly that this was caused by the ninth Earl of Emsworth endeavoring to clothe his thoughts in speech.

"Kuk-kuk-kuk. . . ."

"Yes, Lord Emsworth?"

"Kuk-Carmody!"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth?"

"Is this true?"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth."

"You've found the Empress?"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth."

"In that feller Baxter's caravan?"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth."

So far Hugo Carmody had found his share of the dialogue delightfully easy. On these lines he would have been prepared to continue it all night. But there was something else besides "Yes, Lord Emsworth" that he must now endeavor to say. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune: and that tide, he knew, would never rise higher than at the present moment. He swallowed twice to unlimber his vocal chords.

"Lord Emsworth," he said, and, though his heart was beating fast, his voice was steady, "there is something I would like to take this opportunity of saying. It will come as a surprise to you, but I hope not as an unpleasant surprise. I love your niece Millicent, and she loves me, Lord Emsworth. We have loved each other for many weeks and it is my hope that you will give your consent to our marriage.

"I am not a rich man, Lord Emsworth. In fact, strictly speaking, except for my salary I haven't a bean in the world. But my uncle Lester owns Rudge Hall in Worcestershire—I daresay you have heard of the place? You turn to the left off the main road to Birmingham and go about a couple of miles . . . well, anyway, it's a biggish sort of place in Worcestershire and my uncle Lester owns it and the property is entailed. I'm next in succession. . . .

"I won't pretend that my uncle Lester shows any indications of passing in his checks, he was extremely fit last time I saw him, but, after all, he's getting on and all flesh is as grass and, as I say, I'm next man in, so I shall eventually succeed to quite a fairish bit of the stuff and a house and park and rent-roll and all that, so what I mean is, it isn't as if I wasn't in a position to support Millicent later on, and if you realized, Lord Emsworth, how we love one another, I'm sure you would see that it wouldn't be playing the game to put any obstacles in the way of our happiness, so what I'm driving at, if you follow me, is, may we charge ahead?"

THERE was dead silence at the other end of the wire. It seemed as if this revelation of good man's love had struck Lord Emsworth dumb. It was only some moments later, after he had said "Hullo!" six times and "I say, are you there?" twice that it was borne in upon Hugo that he had wasted two hundred and eighty words of the finest eloquence on empty space.

His natural chagrin at this discovery was sensibly diminished by the sudden sound of Millicent's voice in his ear.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"Hullo?"

"Hullo!"

"Hugo!"

"Hullo!"

"I say, Hugo!" She spoke with the joyous excitement of a girl who has just emerged from the center of a family dog-fight. "I say, Hugo, things are hotting up here properly. I sprung it on Uncle Clarence just now that I want to marry you!"

(*Continued on page 48*)

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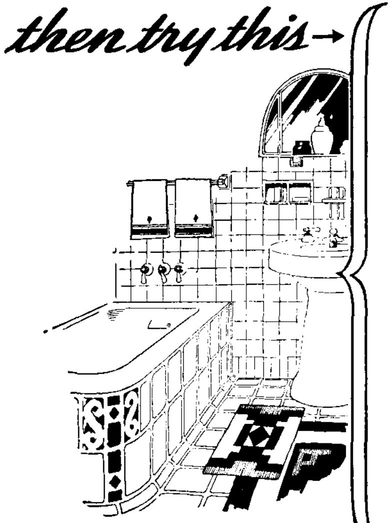

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(*Continued from page 47*)

"So did I. Only he wasn't there."

"I said, 'Uncle Clarence, aren't you grateful to Mr. Carmody for finding the Empress?' and he said, 'Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, to be sure. Capital boy! Capital boy! Always liked him?' And I said, 'I suppose you wouldn't by any chance let me marry him?' and he said, 'Eh, what? Marry him?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Marry him.' And he said, 'Certainly, certainly, certainly, certainly, by all means.' And then Aunt Constance had a fit, and Uncle Gally said she was a kill-joy and ought to be ashamed of herself for throwing the gaff into love's young dream, and Uncle Clarence kept on saying, 'Certainly, certainly, certainly.' I don't know what old Parsloe thinks of it all. He's sitting in his chair, looking at the ceiling and drinking hock. The butler left at the end of round one. I'm going back to see how it's all coming out. Hold the line."

A MAN for whom Happiness and Misery are swaying in the scales three miles away, and whose only medium of learning the result of the contest is a telephone wire, is not likely to ring off impatiently. Hugo sat tense and breathless, like one listening in on the radio to a championship fight in which he has a financial interest. It was only when a cheery voice spoke at his elbow that he realized that his solitude had been invaded, and by Percy Pilbeam at that.

Percy Pilbeam was looking rosy and replete. He swayed slightly and his smile was rather wider and more pebble-beached than a total abstainer's would have been.

"Hullo, Carmody," said Percy Pilbeam.

It came to Hugo that he had something to say to this man.

"Here, you!" he cried.

"Yes, Carmody?"

"Do you want to be battered to a pulp?"

"No, Carmody."

"Then listen. You didn't see me put that pig in the caravan. Understand?"

"But I did, Carmody."

"You didn't—not if you want to go on living."

Percy Pilbeam appeared to be in a mood not only of keen intelligence but of the utmost reasonableness and amiability.

"Say no more, Carmody," he said agreeably. "I take your point. You want me not to tell anybody I saw you put that caravan in the pig. Quite, Carmody, quite."

"Well, bear it in mind."

"I will, Carmody. Oh, yes, Carmody, I will. I'm going for a stroll outside, Carmody. Care to join me?"

"Go to hell!"

"Quite," said Percy Pilbeam.

He tacked unsteadily to the door, aimed himself at it and passed through. And a moment later Millicent's voice spoke:

"Hugo?"

"Hullo?"

"Oh, Hugo, darling, the battle's over. We've won. Uncle Clarence has said 'Certainly' sixty-five times, and he's just told Aunt Constance that if she thinks she can bully him she's very much mistaken. It's a walk-over. They're all coming back right away in the car. Uncle Clarence is an angel."

"So are you."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Not such an angel as you are."

"Much more of an angel than I am," said Hugo, in the voice of one trained to the appraising and classifying oi angels.

"Well, anyway, you precious old thing, I'm going to give them the slip and walk home along the road. Get out Ronnie's two-seater and come and pick me up and we'll go for a drive together, miles and miles through the country. It's the most perfect evening."

"You bet it is!" said Hugo fervently. "What I call something like an evening. Give me two minutes to get the car out and five to make the trip and I'll be with you."

"'At-a-boy!" said Millicent.

"'At-a-baby!" said Hugo.

SUE stood staring, wide-eyed. This was the moment which she had tried to picture to herself a hundred times. And always her imagination had proved unequal to the task. Sometimes she had seen Ronnie in her mind's eye cold, aloof, hostile; sometimes gaping and tottering, dumb with amazement; sometimes pointing a finger at her like a character in a melodrama and denouncing her as an impostor. The one thing for which she had not been prepared was what happened now.

Eton and Cambridge train their sons well. Once they have grasped the fundamental fact of life that all exhibitions of emotion are bad form, bombshells cannot disturb their poise and earthquakes are lucky if they get so much as an 'Eh, what?' from them. But Cambridge has its limitations, and so has Eton. And remorse had goaded Ronnie Fish to a point where their iron discipline had ceased to operate. He was stirred to his depths, and his scarlet face, his rumpled hair, his starting

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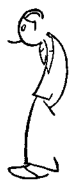
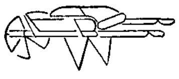
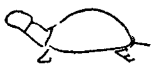


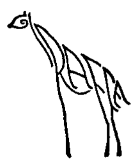
"Collegiate," by Franklin Archer, Officers' Quarters, Marine Base, San Diego, Calif.



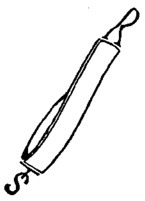
"Wheelbarrow," by Ruth Snider, 17 Cameron St., N. Kitchener, Ontario



"Turtle," by Mrs. D. A. Arnold, Garibaldi, Ore.



"Giraffe," by Guy Markland, 728 N. 3d St., Arkansas City, Kan.



"Strop," by H. Rostron, 7522 Dungan Rd., Burholme, Philadelphia, Pa.

eyes and his twitching fingers all proclaimed the fact.

"Ronnie!" cried Sue.

It was all she had time to say. The thought of what she had done for his sake; the thought that for love of him she had come to Blandings Castle under false colors—an impostor—faced at every turn by the risk of detection—liable at any moment to be ignominiously exposed and looked at through a lorgnette by his Aunt Constance; the thought of the shameful way he had treated her . . . all these thoughts were racking Ronald Fish with a searing anguish. They had brought the hot blood of the Fishes to the boil, and now, face to face with her, he did not hesitate.

He sprang forward, clasped her in his arms, hugged her to him. To Baxter's revolted ears, though he tried not to listen, there came in a husky cataract the sound of a Fish's self-reproaches. Ronnie was saying what he thought of himself, and his opinion appeared not to be high. He said he was a beast, a brute, a swine, a cad, a hound and a worm. If he had been speaking of Percy Pilbeam, he could scarcely have been less complimentary.

EVEN up to this point, Baxter had not liked the dialogue. It now became perfectly nauseating. Sue said it had all been her fault. Ronnie said, No, his. No, hers, said Sue. No, his, said Ronnie. No, hers, said Sue. No, altogether his, said Ronnie. It must have been his, he pointed out, because, as he had observed before, he was a hound and a worm. He now went further. He revealed himself as a blister, a tick and a perishing outsider.

"You're not!"

"I am!"

"You're not!"

"I am!"

"Of course you're not!"

"I certainly am!"

"Well, I love you anyway."

"You can't."

"I do."

"You can't."

Baxter writhed in silent anguish.

"How long?" said Baxter to his immortal soul. "How long?" The question was answered with a startling promptitude. From the neighborhood of the French windows there sounded a discreet cough. The debaters sprang apart, two minds with but a single thought.

"Your manuscript, miss," said Beach sedately.

Sue looked at him. Ronnie looked at him. Sue until this moment had forgotten his existence. Ronnie had supposed him downstairs, busy about his butlering duties. Neither seemed very glad to see him.

Ronnie was the first to speak.

"Oh—hullo, Beach!"

There being no answer to this except "Hullo, sir!" which is a thing that butlers do not say, Beach contented himself with a benignant smile. It had the unfortunate effect of making Ronnie think that the man was laughing at him, and the Fishes were men at whom butlers may not lightly laugh. He was about to utter a heated speech, indicating this, when the injudiciousness of such a course presented itself to his mind. Beach must be placated. He forced his voice to a note of geniality.

"So there you are, Beach?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose all this must seem tolerable rummy to you?"

"No, sir."

"No?"

"I had already been informed, Mr. Ronald, of the nature of your feelings toward this lady."

"What!"

"Yes, sir."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Pilbeam, sir."

Ronnie uttered a gasp. Then he became calmer. He had suddenly remembered that this man was his ally, his accomplice, linked to him not only by a friendship dating back to his boyhood but by the even stronger bond of a mutual crime. Between them there need be no reserves. Delicate though the situation was, he now felt equal to it.

"Beach," he said. "How much do you know?"

"All, sir."

"All?"

"Yes, sir."

"Such as—?"

Beach coughed.

"I am aware that this lady is a Miss Sue Brown. And, according to my informant, she is employed in the chorus of the Regal Theater."

"Quite the encyclopedia, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to marry Miss Brown, Beach."

"I can readily appreciate such a desire on your part, Mr. Ronald," said the butler with a paternal smile.

Sue caught at the smile.

"Ronnie! He's all right. I believe he's a friend."

"Of course he's a friend! Old Beach. He is one of my earliest and stoutest pals."

"I mean, he isn't going to give us away."

"Me, miss?" said Beach, shocked. "Certainly not."

"Splendid fellow, Beach!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Beach," said Ronnie, "the time has come to act. No more delay. I've got to make myself solid with Uncle Clarence at once. Directly he gets back tonight, I shall go to him and tell him that Empress of Blandings is in the gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood, and then, while he's still weak, I shall spring on him the announcement of my engagement."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Ronald, the animal is no longer in the cottage."

"You've moved it?"

"Not I, sir. Mr. Carmody. By a most regrettable chance Mr. Carmody found me feeding it this afternoon. He took it away and deposited it in some place of which I am not cognizant, sir."

"But, good heavens, he'll dash the whole scheme. Where is he?"

"You wish me to find him, sir?"

"Of course I wish you to find him. Go at once and ask him where that pig is. Tell him it's vital."

"Very good, sir."

Sue had listened with bewilderment to this talk of pigs.

"I don't understand, Ronnie."

RONNIE was pacing the room in agitation. Once he came so close to where Baxter lay in his snug harbor that the ex-secretary had a flashing glimpse of a sock with a lavender clock. It was the first object of beauty that he had seen for a long time, and he should have appreciated it more than he did.

"I can't explain now," said Ronnie. "It's too long. But I can tell you this. If we don't get that pig back, we're in the soup."

"Ronnie!"

Ronnie had ceased to pace the room. He was standing in a listening attitude.

"What's that?"

He sprang quickly to the balcony, looked over the parapet and came softly back.

"Sue!"

"What!"

"It's that blighter Pilbeam," said Ronnie in a guarded undertone. "He's climbing up the waterspout!"

(To be concluded next week)

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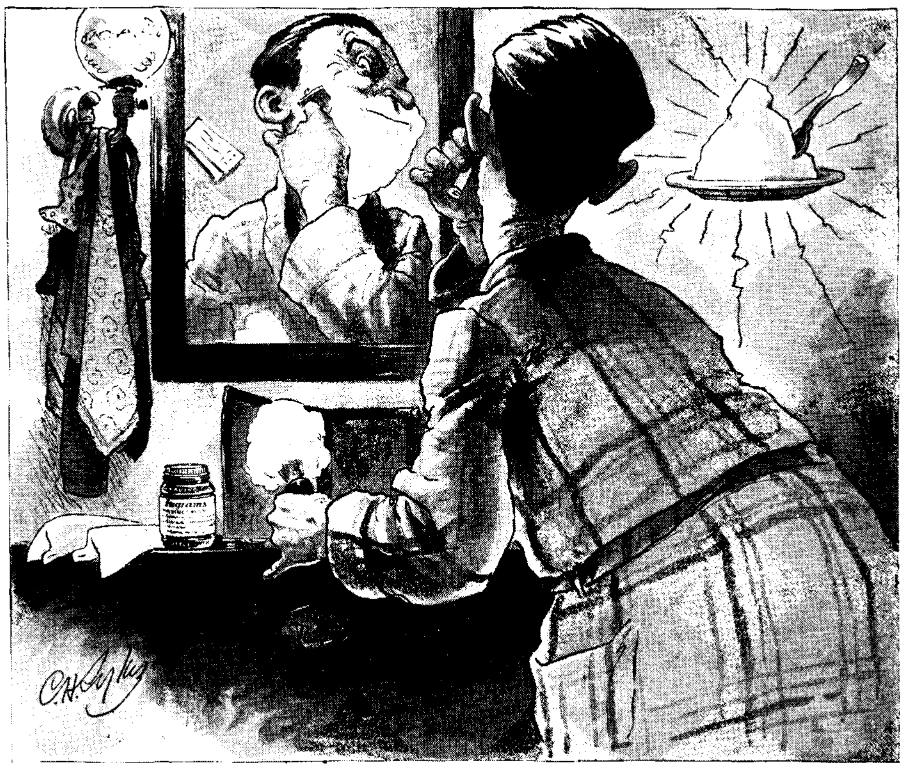

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—*Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley*

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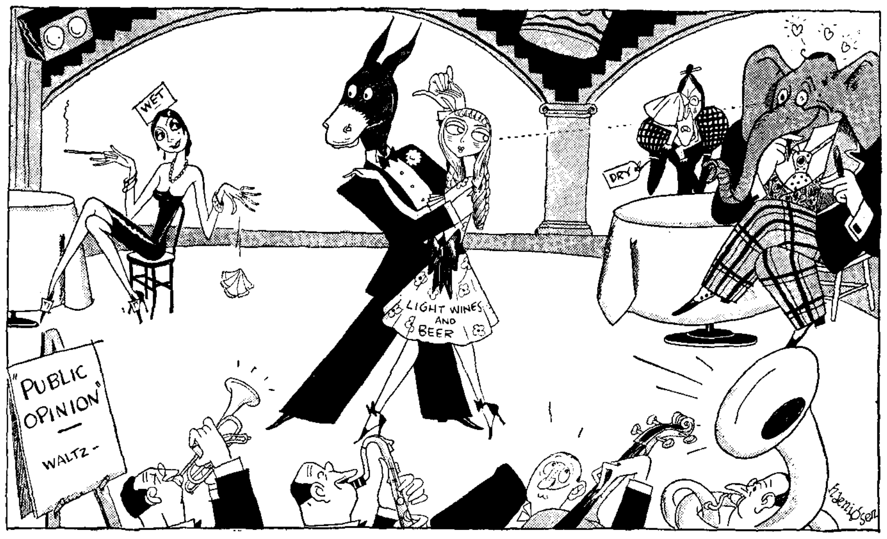


With their Eyes on '32

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE parallel between Taft and Roosevelt and Hoover and Coolidge is occupying the minds of a good many politicians of both parties. It is as close as parallels ever are. Mr. Roosevelt served one term as President and part of another. So did Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Roosevelt said he would not accept a renomination. Mr. Coolidge said somewhat less than that—precisely what, no two people agree; but at the very least it was clear that he preferred not to be renominated. Both went out of office comparatively young and with a strong popular following. Each was succeeded by a President not especially skillful as a politician.

There are some signs that the relations between Mr. Coolidge and his successor are not perfectly happy, just as there were early in the Taft Administration some signs that Mr. Roosevelt and his successor were not entirely in harmony.

No passage in the Bible has ever been more scanned by theologians than Mr. Coolidge's recent statement on why he did not choose to run has been scanned by the politicians of both parties. Mr. Coolidge wrote that there was nothing in the fact that he had served more than four years to prevent his accepting a renomination and, further, that he never formulated in his mind what he should do if another nomination had come to him.

At the same time Mr. Coolidge insisted that he never wished to run again and that he had taken certain steps to prevent his renomination. These steps were taken so secretly and unobtrusively that Washington refuses to regard them seriously.

Mr. Hoover's Trump

Knowing all this, the politicians of both parties believe that, in spite of Mr. Coolidge's thrusting away the crown upon the Lupercal, he wouldn't have been outraged if his faithful party had clamped it upon his brow. And even more surely the politicians think that Mr. Coolidge is a candidate for another nomination in 1932.

Of course it does not make any difference what hunger Mr. Coolidge has in his heart, so long as things go well with Mr. Hoover.

Now we enter upon the calculations of the Democrats, who have just begun to organize more thoroughly for 1932 than any party has ever organized so far in advance for a Presidential campaign.

One calculation of the Democrats is that Mr. Hoover will be such an idealist in the administration of his office that he will alienate the practical politicians of his party. There are already some signs of disaffection, unimportant, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but worth noting. And the other is that with intensification of feeling over prohibition, Mr. Hoover will not be able to avoid the division of his party between Wets and Drys.

It may be noted of course that a President may alienate the practical politicians in his party and still be invincible. And further that if the growing bitterness over prohibition splits the Republican party it will also split the Democratic party, with results that are now impossible to estimate.

Moreover, Mr. Hoover, being in power, has the better strategic position to take advantage of any development of wet sentiment in the next three years.

Mr. Smith's Chances

So all calculations of the Republican party's turning to Mr. Coolidge to escape schisms which may develop during the Hoover Administration leave out of consideration the opportunities that are in the hands of Mr. Hoover by reason of his having power and being able to trim his sails to every political wind that may arise between now and the time the next Presidential nomination is made.

In the meantime the Democratic situation is shaping for another nomination of Governor Al Smith. I take it that Chairman Raskob's raising of a large sum of money to wipe out the deficit of $1,500,000 incurred by his party in the last campaign and also for an intensive organization of the country preparatory to the next national campaign of 1932 is an important step toward another nomination of Governor Smith.

The money that has been raised has been given largely by the friends of Governor Smith. I question whether one tenth of it has come from the other wing of the party. It has been given by Wets. It will silence the opposition, for nothing shuts up a minority like campaign funds.

A growth of wet sentiment is taking place. If it continues, Governor Smith's renomination, if he retains his health, will be inevitable. If the Republicans are forced to move over to light wines and beer, the Democrats will inevitably go the whole distance wet.

If the Republicans remain where they are they will have the Drys anyway, and all the Democrats can do is hope that there will be enough more Wets in 1932 than there were last year to enable them to win.

Upstairs and Down

Continued from page 36

his mind and his glasses focused on enemy activities on the ground. Unconsciously he constantly would be watching the skies for attacking planes.

Lieutenant Glenn Phelps, now an architect in New York City, is officially credited as the ace of balloon observers. He was shot down five times while serving with the 5th Balloon Company.

His record was equaled only by that of Second Lieutenant Elmer Dungan, now of Cleveland Ohio. Dungan did not receive a Distinguished Service Cross as did Phelps, but he must be rated well at the top of any list of balloon observers.

Repeatedly Dungan volunteered for the most hazardous missions in high, gusty winds and in positions where the gas bag would be bobbing almost over the front lines of the enemy. Once when he was aloft an American observation plane collided with his balloon cable, shearing off a wing and killing pilot and observer.

Although generally the anti-aircraft defense of balloon companies was ineffective—due to the small caliber of the machine guns available and not to poor marksmanship—not all attacking planes escaped unscathed.

A Formidable Sausage

The 6th Balloon Company is officially credited with bringing down two German planes by machine-gun fire from the ground. Several other companies claimed one or more planes, although obliged to share credit with American aviators. I imagine all attacking planes carried some memento of their visits, but they were difficult targets at best.

The respect with which the Germans regarded the outlines of an American observation balloon in the sky is well illustrated by an incident attending the taking over of the Marbach sector by the 2d Division. It was a raw, gusty day, and the observers up for a trial flight at daybreak had reported the air so bumpy they could not focus their glasses on a single enemy activity. Accordingly the sausage had been hauled down and placed on its bed.

No sooner had the bag disappeared from the horizon than a score of German batteries opened a harassing fire on the road from Dieulouard to Pont-à-Mousson (along which a regiment of marines was moving up to the lines) inflicting heavy casualties.

The weather did not change, so we merely loaded the balloon basket with sandbags and let it up. Instantly, as the bag again appeared on the horizon, the enemy batteries were silenced and the marines completed their movement without further molestation.

Personally I think the two American observers who experienced the most nerve-racking adventure in their branch of the service were Lieutenants George W. Hinman of Worcester, Mass., and Roland S. Tait of St. Louis, Mo. Their first flight at the front was also their last flight. For three months they were prisoners in Germany.

Tait and Hinman arrived at the front with the 12th Balloon Company a few days before the Saint-Mihiel offensive was scheduled to begin. Directly behind their position was a naval cannon of 300 millimeters (about twelve inches) mounted on a railroad carriage and assigned to destroy the enemy railhead at Conflans, about twelve miles distant.

Tait and Hinman called on the battery commander, a Captain Small, and details of the regulation were worked out together. The observers promised to put the giant shells on the target.

Morning of September 12th, the opening day of the Saint-Mihiel offensive, was unpropitious for balloon observation in every way. Low clouds and high winds were a defy to every sausage on the front, yet every balloon ascended at daybreak—only to find conditions hopeless.

It was at 6:40 o'clock when the 12th Company sent up its balloon on its maiden flight at the front. The bag disappeared in the clouds at 200 feet, and tension on the cable registered as high as 600 kilograms (about 13,277 pounds) at 1,500 feet, a severe strain.

After about fifteen minutes aloft, surrounded by gray clouds, the observers reported no visibility, and the order to haul down was given.

It is possible that, working in darkness, the rigging of the balloon was improperly adjusted. It came down sweeping in a wide arc, yawing and diving. Tait was taken violently ill. In bringing a balloon to earth in high or gusty winds it is generally necessary to play it much as a fly-rod fisherman maneuvers the catch on his line. The winch operator, being limited in experience, made the error of slipping the clutch of his winch motor into high and slamming on the brakes as the bag neared the ground.

A gust of wind sweeping up the narrow ravine where the winch was located caught the balloon broadside, then swung it sharply tail into the wind. From 200 feet it went into a nose dive, the slack in the cable falling over the winch. The maneuvering crew rushed for the basket, but before they could grasp either it or the ropes the balloon flew upward again and the cable snapped!

The basket had struck flat, throwing Tait's parachute container into the rigging, where it fouled in the suspension ropes. A member of the maneuvering crew had caught his foot in Hinman's parachute rope and jerked the parasol from its container. As the balloon shot skyward, faster than an express elevator, Hinman's parachute blossomed in reverse position, forced open in the air below by the speed of ascent. It dragged the observer to the edge of the basket and pinioned his arms. His throat was forced against the edge of the basket. Slowly he was being strangled.

Tait, at first entangled in broken telephone wires and his parachute ropes, finally succeeded in freeing himself and went to Hinman's aid. But his strength was unavailing against the mightier pull of the open parachute beneath the basket.

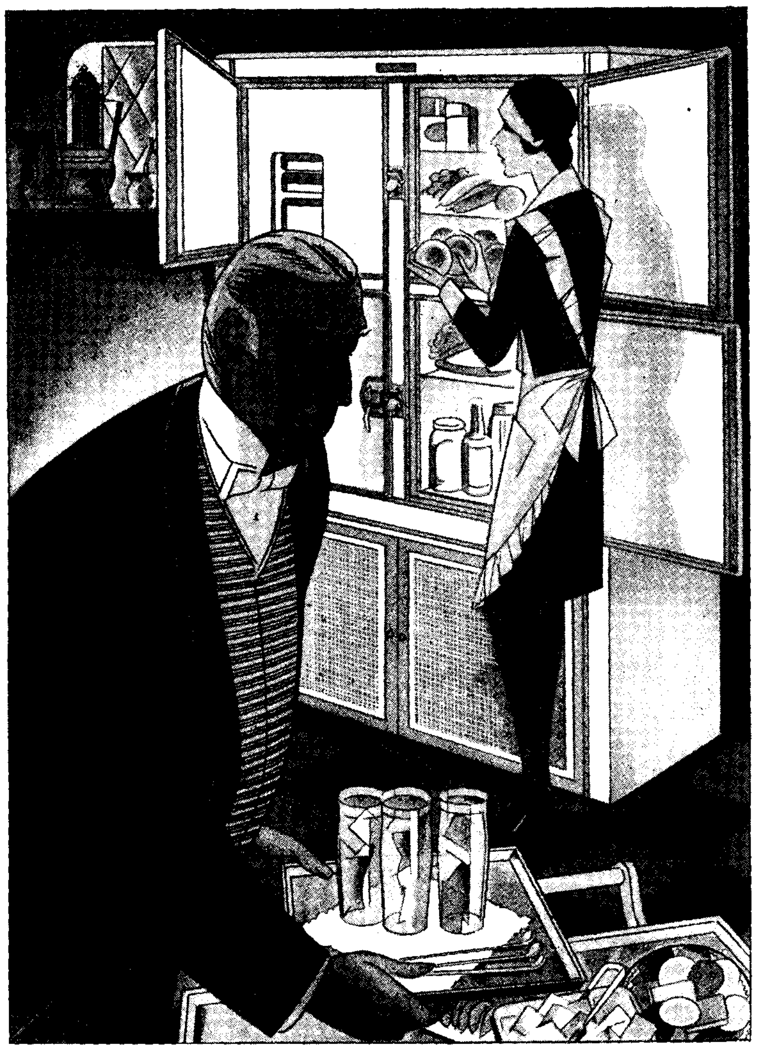
A Personally Conducted Tour

Fortunately Tait had been trained as a free balloon pilot, which Hinman had not. Thus, when Tait found his struggles to slacken the parachute lines useless, he reached for the hand-valve rope and grimly hung on until the speed of ascent was checked by the loss of gas in the bag. Hinman's parachute slowly collapsed, and it was then an easy matter to haul it into the basket.

While Hinman was recovering his breath Tait threw overboard all maps and photographs that might aid the enemy should they be captured.

Loss of gas by valving had arrested the ascent of the balloon, and it began to drop. It was impossible to gauge the speed with which they were falling, but suddenly through the cloud fringes

(Continued on page 52)



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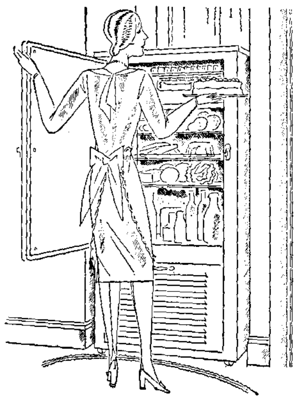

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(*Continued from page 51*)

Tait and Hinman saw the flashes and heard the crackling of massed batteries in action, the opening of a lively barrage. They were not sure whether the guns were Allied or enemy, but they did know that they did not want to chance a landing through a curtain of screaming shells.

Lacking any sand ballast to check the speed of their fall, they threw overboard field glasses, vacuum bottles, rations and the useless telephone headset. Immediately the balloon resumed its rise, at last emerging through the top of the clouds and finding equilibrium at 12,000 feet altitude.

The sun was shining brightly, and the shadow of the bag moved serenely on the billowing sea of gray clouds below. From two miles or more below came the rumble and roar of continued artillery fire, faint but unmistakable. Above them the automatic valve in the balloon hissed constantly as the hydrogen expanded in the warming rays of the sun.

Occasional worries occupied the minds of the two observers. But these minor worries were presently effaced by a greater one. The air was rent as by the weird scream of a thousand devils in torment. Alongside their line of flight a giant shell sped by. The runaway sausage was being pursued by the projectiles from the naval gun that Tait and Hinman were supposed to adjust on its target. They were traveling in the trajectory of those great shells!

Serving as Their Own Target

Several times in the next half hour the two observers held their respective breaths as the scream of the 12-inch steel missiles rose in crescendo, seemingly coming right for them.

A break in the clouds at last revealed an apparently peaceful countryside below. Tait reached for the hand-valve rope again and hung on for several seconds. The balloon began to drop, accelerating speed as it neared the ground. The few remaining articles were heaved overboard to check the rate of descent, but the downward progress was not slowed appreciably.

Every observation balloon is equipped with a rip panel, a longitudinal section of fabric which can be torn out by pulling a rope, deflating the bag immediately. When the ground was but 100 feet below Tait yanked the rip panel half open. The basket crashed violently on one edge, knocking both observers from their feet into the bottom. Again the bag bounced skyward; again it crashed to earth.

That was the beginning of a series of kangaroo-like leaps of the seemingly bedeviled sausage until a particularly hard crash dumped both observers from the basket but entangled them in the rigging. For 100 yards they were dragged across a stubble field before they were able to free themselves.

In 45 harrowing minutes they had traveled over 26 miles, their landing place being 7½ miles east of Conflans.

Their emergence from the clouds had been noted by the enemy, and before either observer could touch a match to the gas remaining in the balloon they were pounced on by several Russian prisoners working under the direction of German guards in a near-by field.

As prisoners the two observers were interrogated by German intelligence officers. The chief request for information was the location of the naval gun that was firing on Conflans. When Tait and Hinman refused to answer, a German major observed:

"Very well, I shall have to take you to Conflans, and you will be under shell fire of your own artillery."

In Conflans the two Americans were taken to the center of the city, where they were searched for the maps they had thrown away. They noted that the shells from Captain Small's naval gun were then falling north and a little short of their objective, the railhead.

For several hours the prisoners heard the giant projectiles detonating. Then they overheard an order for the evacuation of all civilians from the town. At 4:30 they were sent to the railroad station. A minute before their arrival Captain Small had shortened his range and a shell fell just short of the railroad station.

Tait and Hinman were placed in a second-class coach.

Fifteen minutes from the previous burst one of the big shells scored a direct hit. Captain Small was on his target and his first hit was timed at its destination with his observers!

Coaches to the rear of that in which Tait and Hinman were seated were obliterated. Many yards of ties and tracks from the yards spewed over the landscape. Not a window remained in the station. The prisoners' coach seemed to leap from the rails. Mad confusion reigned outside. Civilians and soldiers, many wounded and bleeding, ran about crying for first aid. Others would never move again.

Before another shell arrived an anxious engineer opened his throttle and pulled away from the Conflans station with what cars were left in his train. For the only two artillery observers in the World War personally to conduct the shells they were directing all the way to their exact destination, it was the end of the war. Until November 29th, when they were escorted in fair health over the Swiss border, Tait and Hinman were prisoners in Germany.

The Armistice prevented two important developments in American balloon observation.

To discourage German aviators from such regular and frequent attacks on our balloons an explosive sausage had been perfected. Pure hydrogen burns freely, but when mixed with a high percentage of oxygen it becomes a mighty explosive force capable of wrecking any plane within 300 feet of its vicinity. Such a decoy balloon with a dummy observer was ready to use as bait for some luckless enemy aviator on November 9th, but inclement weather prevented its flight until after the Armistice was signed.

The substitution of helium, a non-inflammable buoyant gas, for the highly inflammable hydrogen was the other great advance impending. Pure helium gas has 92 per cent of the ascensional force of hydrogen. With helium-inflated sausages, observers would not be obliged to jump at the first attack, for always the greatest danger was their own blazing craft rather than machine-gun fire.

The Future of the Balloon

An unburnable balloon would mean that the observer could remain aloft and exchange volley for volley with his attacker.

In the reorganization of the military forces following the Armistice only a few observation balloon companies were retained in the post-war air service.

But in the event of war the observation-balloon companies would be speedily restored to their position of proved importance. Despite the rapid advance of radio and airplane, the wired telephone remains the surest means of verbal communication and the fastest. Reserves of helium are now available in quantity, and in the next war the balloon observer will be back in his grandstand seat—the eyes of the army once more—and with much less likelihood of becoming an addict to the grand old pastime of parachute jumping.

Ringside Seat

Continued from page 15

a couple of weeks by attending banquets and drinking vin rouge et blanc. It was while in a state of coma that he agreed to go four rounds at the Olympic Club with a youngster named Tom Sharkey.

In the second round, Jim hit the sailor in the right eye. This was the only blow struck. The gong sounded for Round Three. Sharkey rushed out of his corner like a defensive halfback, tackled Jim around the ankles, threw him on his back and then tossed the referee onto his stomach, which was not at its best. Between that round and the fourth, Jim sat in his corner with his head on his knees. The sailor started the fourth with another dive, but missed his tackle and the big chief of police jumped into the ring and stopped the bout before Tom had a chance to throw the champion again and perhaps smother him by piling spectators on his recumbent figure. The referee called it a draw, deciding that Sharkey's black eye offset Jim's agonized giblets.

Our Gentleman, as you may recall, lost his title to Ruby Robert, then came to New York and opened a Place at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. Across the street from the Place was the old Manhattan Theater, where high-class plays were performed by high-class players. High-class players usually drink in moderation, say three quarts a day, and most of them patronized Jim. According to his own confession, six of the greatest actors in the world went off their nut right before his eyes. The hams remained sane.

The atmosphere of the place finally got the proprietor himself, and he challenged Jeffries, the current champion.

But the story of the six great actors who went loony from contact with Jim is so fresh in the minds of modern thespians that when Jim is sitting in the Lambs Club, the good ones who happen in seek tables as far from him as they can get, while the hams go right up and sit down beside him.

Fight writers and sporting men in general are in the habit of saying that the way to win a bet on a fight is to back the guy Jim picks to lose. In Jim's book he points out that this is unjustifiable kidding and boasts of his prediction that Dempsey would knock out the Orchid Man of France. That was prophesying to be proud of, when you consider that all the great fight critics in the world—Bernard Shaw, Neysa McMein, Miss Garrity of the handkerchief department at Lord and Taylor's, Harry Thaw, Peggy Joyce, Peaches Browning and Upton Sinclair were confident their Greek God would slaughter the fragile Manassa Molar. To give Jim full credit, he did select the right round, but I suspect a witch told him. Plenty of witches knew about it in advance. None of them told me, but I had seen Georges "train," so I predicted he would go under a general anasthetic in Round One. And nothing can convince me—

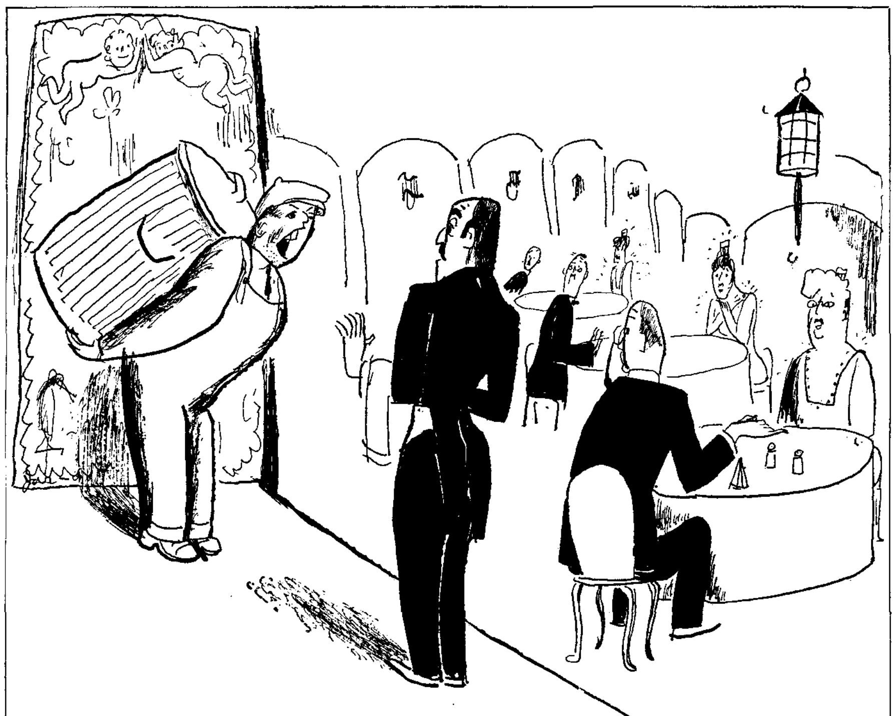
Genial, Versatile, Dangerous

Besides being rated the greatest boxer of all time, Gentleman Jim is easily the best, you might almost say the only, actor ever recruited from the flagrant realms of pugilism. Soon after beating Sullivan, he toured America in two successful plays (not simultaneously) and in recent years he has worked in one Follies and on the big time in vaudeville.

Audiences like him not only because he is Jim Corbett, but because he can troupe. He has a partner in vaudeville, always a good one. They wise crack and do a burlesque boxing match. Then Jim recites all of Eddie Guest's poems while he shadow boxes, and winds up with a series of Jewish folk songs, accompanying himself on a blow pipe.

He is a country Gentleman, living at Bayside, Long Island. His mammoth estate has many streams and small rivers, well stocked with trout, herring, deer, shad roe and bacon. When he is not on the stage or doing road work at the Lambs or Friars, he keeps in condition fishing, hunting and playing with his pets, which include 139 police dogs and an owl.

Before his first bout with Jeffries, he trained for a long time in secret. I hope he is doing it now. I am crazy to see him fight Uzcudun.



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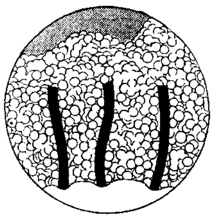

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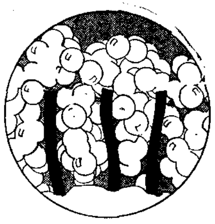

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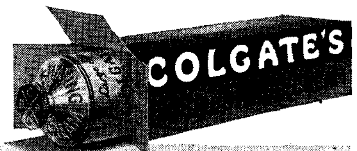
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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The very first time you use a club equipped with this new steel shaft you'll feel new spring and punch that you've never known before. It's like adding *extra* power to your own . . . power that will mean greater yardage and better control on every drive.

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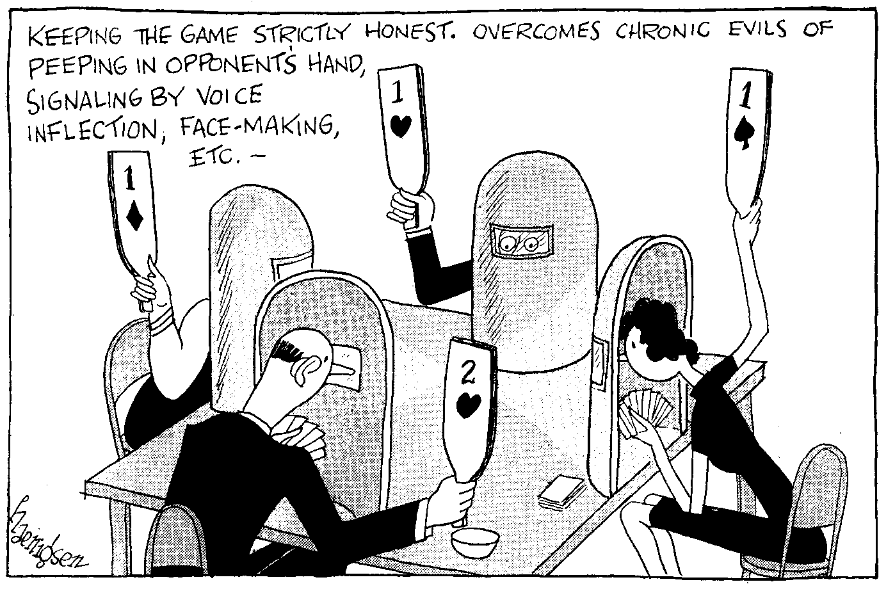

KEEPING THE GAME STRICTLY HONEST. OVERCOMES CHRONIC EVILS OF PEEPING IN OPPONENTS HAND, SIGNALING BY VOICE INFLECTION, FACE-MAKING, ETC. –
1 ♦
1 ♥
1 ♠
2 ♥

How would You play it?

By Milton C. Work

North	*East*
♠ J-9-5-3	♠ 10-7-4-2
♡ J-8-6-2	♡ 10-9-4-3
♢ Q-J-4	♢ 9-7-3
♣ 10-9	♣ 5-2
South	***West***
♠ A-K-Q	♠ 8-6
♡ A-K-Q	♡ 7-5
♢ A-10-5	♢ K-8-6-2
♣ A-7-6-4	♣ K-Q-J-8-3

FOLLOWING the series of six articles dealing with Contract Bridge exclusively, we are beginning a series in which sample hands will be discussed both from the standpoint of Contract and of Auction. The description of the first hand follows:

The Auction Bridge Bidding

South one No Trump, West pass, North pass, East pass.

The Auction bidding is obvious. There is no need for South to bid more than one No Trump. His hand is so strong that an effort to shut out adverse bids is unnecessary. Furthermore, there is just a chance that North has a major suit of more than five cards. It necessarily would be weak, but he might have enough minor strength to take out one No Trump although he would not think of taking out two No Trumps.

West is strong enough to chance a bid of two Clubs over South's one No Trump, but such bid would be very foolish. With short majors West would fear that his Club bid would steer North or South into a major declaration which would work better than a No Trump.

The Contract Bidding

South three No Trumps, West pass, North pass, East pass.

With four suits stopped, South would have been justified in bidding three No Trumps with a count of 21; his hand counts 26 and, with so great an excess over the minimum for a three No Trump bid, he naturally would think of slam possibilities and be tempted to bid four No Trumps. He should not do so for two reasons: A bid of four No Trumps announces a count of 27 and he is one point short; a bid of four No Trumps shows every suit stopped twice, and South has only one stopper in each of the minors.

After South's three No Trumps, North would pass. The partner of a three No Trumper is justified in suggesting a slam by bidding four No Trumps or four of a minor only when he has a count of at least 9; North has a meager 5.

The Play

West's original lead is the King of Clubs; and a Contract South, as soon as he saw that card and the Dummy, would be very thankful that he had not risked a bid of more than three No Trumps. As a matter of fact he has the eight sure tricks which his hand guarantees from the start and some little thought is needed to make a ninth sure. No amount of hard thinking could make a slam more than remotely possible. East and West surely will win one Club trick, and their King of Diamonds will take another unless it is a singleton. South's chances of making a slam might be called a thousand-to-one shot.

However, at Auction there would have been no thought of slam bidding, and at Contract had South risked a bid of four No Trumps North would have passed (North's count is 5 and a count of 6—33, the combined hand minimum for a bid of five, minus 27, the single hand minimum for a bid of four, equals 6—is needed to jump four No Trumps to five); even then, Declarer would have been in serious trouble; he could not have made a four No Trump contract.

Played at three No Trumps as it would be in Contract, or one No Trump as it would be in Auction, Declarer's task would be easy. He passes the first two Club tricks; it can do no harm to wait for one more. Of course if East has played his last Club on the second, and has the King of Diamonds, Declarer can make four-odd by winning the second Club trick; but to lead Diamonds will result fatally if West has the King of Diamonds and five Clubs.

South wins the third Club and then leads his two Ace-King-Queens. On the third round of each suit West discards a Diamond.

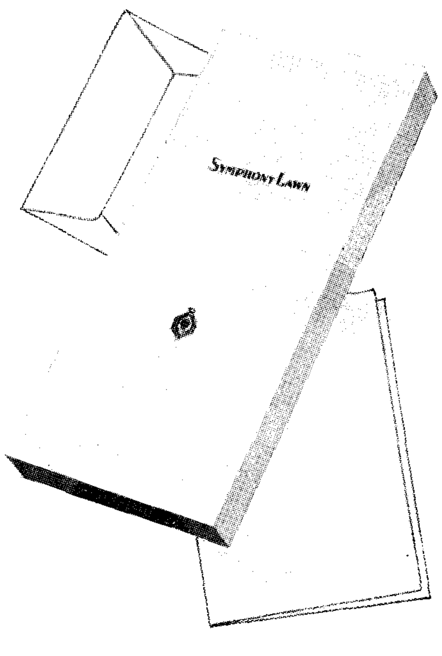
Declarer puts the game on ice by leading a Club to trick 10. Of course West has two Clubs and will make them both, but West then must lead a Diamond, giving the Declarer the last two tricks and an assured game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 9-7-6	S. 10-2
H. 3	H. 8-6-5-4
D. 10-7-6-5	D. A-K-Q-2
C. Q-10-9-7-6	C. 8-4-3
South	***West***
S. 8-4	S. A-K-Q-J-5-3
H. K-Q-J-10-9-7	H. A-2
D. J-9-8-4	D. 3
C. J	C. A-K-5-2

Rexall

LETTER PAPER THAT PAYS YOU A COMPLIMENT



Indeed, Symphony Lawn Stationery pays a two-fold compliment—to you, reflecting your own good taste, and to the person you regard as worthy of receiving something distinctly superior. Unmistakably correct in its distinguished fabric finish, its firm, substantial texture, Symphony Lawn Stationery resembles a fine linen handkerchief. A rich assortment offers envelopes and paper in the exact size and shape you prefer, in plain white or in exquisite tints. Symphony Lawn Stationery is sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

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MEN

have already swung over to the perfectly balanced Enders Razor with its super-keen hair-tested blades... *every* blade the keenest shaving instrument that can be made.

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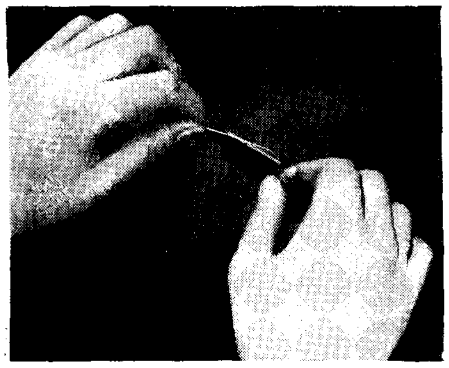
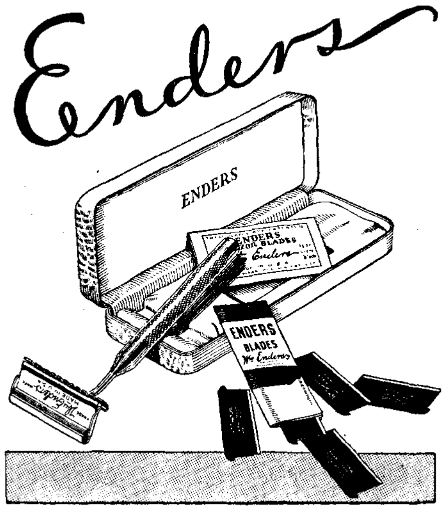


The new Enders Razor in the attractive new box, with 6 hair-tested blades $1.00

Blades, per package of five 35

NOTE: If unable to secure an Enders or blades, write us, enclosing purchase price.



A Job for Jack

Continued from page 9

Department of Justice, it gave him official power—and $6,000 a year. Having thus established himself in officialdom, Perry Howard, large and imposing in appearance, almost white in color, educated in the law and considered a fluent orator by his own people, began to frequent a small office in a small three-story building at 1216 Pennsylvania avenue.

This office was ostensibly occupied by a friend of Howard's named John T. Risher. Now Davis, the Georgia referee, had the grace to stay home where he was within easy reach of clients who wanted federal offices. But Perry Howard made many of his clients come all the way to Washington to see him in Risher's little office. It is true that he was considerate enough not to summon seekers after mere postoffice positions to make the long journey.

A Series of Interesting Checks

For instance, according to committee records, Mrs. C. A. Withington, in the town of Tutwiler, wanted to be acting postmistress. She couldn't have the job, of course, without the consent and assistance of Perry Howard.

On June 23, 1927, in Washington, Perry Howard recommended the lady for the position. On the same day, in distant Tutwiler, a check for $500—secret service men of the government have since traced it—was made out on a Mississippi bank. Within a few days this check was deposited to Perry Howard's account in Washington, D. C.

Checks like that, according to federal detective reports, were frequently coming in to Howard's Washington bank. Another check, also for $500, was traced by Department of Justice men from John H. Cook, United States attorney in Mississippi, to Howard's bank account in Washington. Another set of governmental detectives learned, through affidavits from Cook, that in sending his check to Howard, he was, in reality, lending $500 to the office-seeking Mrs. Withington and her husband. Cook swore to the detectives that the Withingtons had paid him back. Howard, with federal detectives on his trail, insisted that he gave the Withingtons a one-sixth interest in a piece of Washington real estate for the money. Cook, however, resigned his office after Howard was indicted.

There were times, however, when Mississippi folk who wanted jobs went all the way from Mississippi to Washington to see Mr. Howard, not in his office in the Department of Justice, but in the little office in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Take the trip of Mr. A. P. Russell, for example. He wanted to be United States marshal at Jackson, Mississippi; Perry Howard, of course, was the man for him to see. Mr. Russell, with three colored "boys" who had influence with Howard, took a two days' journey to Washington and went to the little office in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Mr. Russell, who has been officially described by Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi as "coming from one of the best families in that part of the country," has testified before the Brookhart committee that his visit to Howard was in response to a code message from the referee that he come and "bring recommendations"; this, declared Russell, meant "bring money."

He obeyed. "I took a check for $2,000 to Howard," he testified in effect before the committee, "but he wouldn't take a check. So I had to go back to Mississippi and get the cash. I brought back $1,500 to Howard and he took it. He let $500 of the $2,000 apply to the traveling expenses of myself and the 'boys.'"

Russell swore that he paid the money to Howard on March 14, 1927. The next day, March 15, a letter went from Howard to no less a person than Mr. Sargent, the Attorney-General of the United States. I copy it from the files of the Brookhart committee:

> Dear Mr. Attorney-General:
> I beg to most respectfully recommend Mr. A. P. Russell for appointment as United States marshal for the Southern district of Mississippi. Thanking you in advance, I remain,
> PERRY W. HOWARD

That letter was enough. A letter from Senator Borah, Senator Smoot or any other of the great and famous senators could not have had any more power in Mr. Sargent's office, than the letter of this referee from Mississippi. The wheels of the Department of Justice started to grind and, on April 8, out came an appointment for Mr. Russell.

Russell, with due ceremonies and amid floral greetings from friends, stepped into his imposing office in the federal building at Jackson, Mississippi, April 16. But just ten and one-half months later he stepped out again in disgust.

It must have been a strange federal marshal's office on the inside, no matter how imposing it may have looked from the outside to the good, honest, taxpaying citizens of Mississippi.

"Those colored boys insisted on hanging around my office all the time selling things there," Russell later testified. "And one of them lounged around drunk all day. I couldn't do anything with them. I wasn't allowed even to pick my own deputy marshals but they'd send deputies to me that I had to accept. One of them was a colored ex-convict, just out of jail. I couldn't do anything in that office and I quit. I had no control." Of course the latter statement is not surprising, in view of the fact that the hangers-on in his office were the "boys" he had taken to Washington.

A jury in Mississippi has acquitted Howard of having accepted this money from Russell as a bribe. Howard insists that such money paid to him was a "voluntary contribution" to the Republican party.

A Devious Course

Howard's lawyer said in effect to the jury, "Why, 93 per cent of the people he names for office are Democrats." Howard was later tried for having put James G. Buchanan, Russell's successor, into the United State's marshal's office for a payment of $2,000. Buchanan had been a prohibition enforcement official at $2,100 a year.

Here's how federal secret service men traced back two checks which were deposited to Howard's account in a Washington bank:

One, dated August 9—just about the time that Russell was discovering that he was sick of being a dummy United States marshal at Jackson—was for $1,000. Another, dated twenty days later, was also for $1,000. Both checks were signed by George F. McLelland.

"Who's Mr. McLelland?" queried the detectives.

The check signer turned out to have been a man whose wife was postmistress at Newton, Mississippi.

"How," queried the detectives, "did $2,000 ever get into Mr. McLelland's bank account?"

(*Continued on page 56*)

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PROTECT IT!

"Y and E" Steel shelving will pay for itself quickly on savings of formerly wasted stock. No more boxes piled in corners... spilling out their contents on the floor. Everything neat—protected—conserved!

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(*Continued from page 55*)

They found that the $2,000 had been placed there by James G. Buchanan, the $2,100-a-year prohibition official.

According to the detectives, just as soon as Mr. Russell, who had given Howard a $1,500 "contribution" less than a year before, had stepped out of the marshal's office, Mr. Buchanan, secretly using McLelland as a go-between, turned $2,000 into Howard's bank account and was appointed by Attorney-General Sargent in Russell's place. That's $3,500 from two different men—for one office alone, traced to Howard, within less than a year—an important office, of which citizens occasionally must expect much in the way of honesty and physical bravery. Howard was set free by the Mississippi jury after Buchanan claimed, from the witness stand, that the money passed was a loan on a note to Howard, which Howard had repaid. "Mr. McLelland asked me for this money at the Kansas City Republican Convention in Kansas City," explained Howard, at his trial. "And I repaid him."

Race Loyalty

If this sum and other sums received by Howard from federal officials are not payments for jobs in a give-and-take sale of offices but are merely contributions to the welfare of the Republican party in Mississippi, why, asks Senator Brookhart, hasn't the Republican party used this money to put up a ticket of candidates in that state in an effort to win even some small local election? For what party purpose, ask the senators who are conducting the investigation, are these contributions expended? Thirty-one thousand dollars were traced by Department of Justice detectives as having been deposited to Referee Perry Howard's account in a Washington bank within a period of a year and a half after his arrival in Washington. Most of this came from federal office holders in Mississippi.

John Risher, Howard's office-mate, within a period of ten months, deposited, according to federal detective reports, $14,000 in a Washington bank, $9,000 of which was in cash.

In his previous trial Howard pleaded that he was being prosecuted because he was a Negro. Senator Brookhart's committee has secured evidence that Howard, if the ugly question of race loyalty is to be brought in, has not been loyal to his own race. Detectives report that, on December 3, 1925, Howard, while he was on the pay roll of the United States government as an assistant attorney-general, received a check from a private corporation in New York, to oppose an effort of the Negro employees of that concern to gain higher wages by means of a strike. These employees wrote both to President Coolidge and to Attorney-General Sargent saying, "We urge you to request Howard to either get out of the employ of the government or get out of the employ of this private company." Even the Negroes of his state would not support Howard after they heard of this incident. Further evidence before the committee was to the effect that Howard even went so far as to oppose a federal anti-lynching law.

Ask Senator Brookhart, as I did, whether is was possible for a decent citizen in Mississippi to be a Republican and you'll probably get this answer:

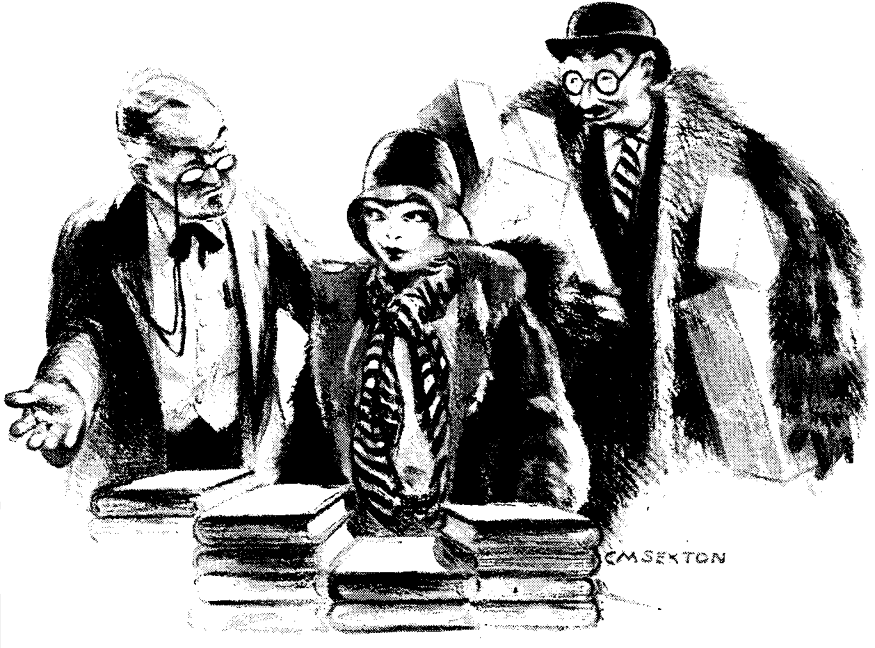
"Why, Mississippi was perhaps the worst of the states. And Howard seems to me to have been one of the worst of the referees. It was outrageous that he should seat himself in a little office in Pennsylvania Avenue while he was holding a position in the Department of Justice, and that the office seekers in his state should have made a trail back and forth from Mississippi to see him. Our records show that he endorsed ninety-one appointees in one year alone. That must have been a lean year for him. I expect he endorsed far more than that. No decent citizen, no matter how deeply he may have wished to vote against undesirable Democratic office holders in his community, could have thrown in his lot with Howard on the Republican side. Howard, so far as I can learn, never spent any of the money he took in to set forth a local Republican ticket in Mississippi."

Mr. Creager of Texas

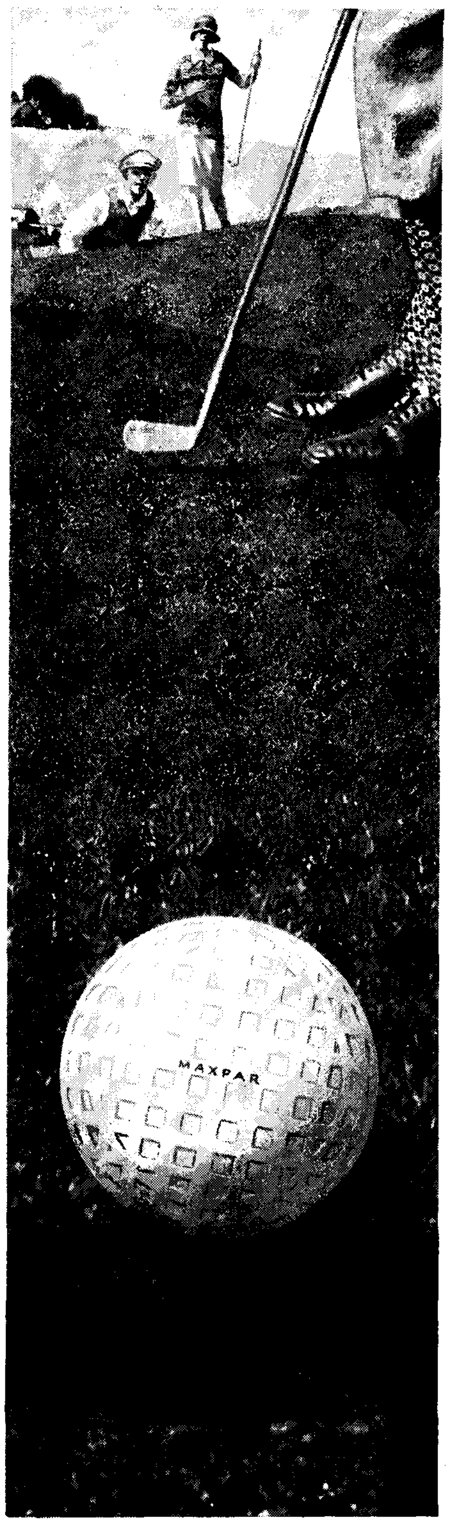
Who, indeed, could blame a Mississippian for always being a Democrat, if he or she ever took the trouble to vote at all?

Texas is another state that has only Democratic senators and congressmen. This inevitably means, as we have seen, that it must have a Republican referee. And it has—a good, fighting, red-headed white man.

His name is Ralph Creager. Many citizens of Texas who are lucky enough to have been named by Republican Washington for federal jobs in Texas —of which there are several thousand—



"I'd like a book."
"Yes, Miss—something light?"
"Oh, it doesn't matter. Clarence will carry it."



"down in three"

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have gone through the very realistic ceremony of actually signing notes carrying Mr. Creager's name. These notes are collected in installments by a bank. Several huge books were required to contain the pledges of over a thousand citizens of Texas who had promised to pay certain sums to Creager's Republican organization in Texas.

Collecting Republican money in Texas is high-pressure business; Creager has a $10,000-a-year assistant. In spite of notes brought to light by the Brookhart committee pledging a total of some $60,000, little of this party money is put up by Creager's Texas Republican organization to present local Republican candidates to Texas citizens.

Almost 500 federal office holders in Texas, according to evidence given to the Brookhart committee, are supporters of Creager's organization; each of them has been dependent (though, in some cases, within civil service limits) on the good will and the nominating powers of Creager. Even prohibition officials in Texas have signed "Creager notes." George L. Short, for instance, on the records of the prohibition bureau as "prohibition agent" at Tyler, Texas, signed a "Creager note" for $100 on September 6, 1927, and made regularly spaced payments, until, by the end of 1928, he owed only $37.50. Walter C. Guinn, according to committee records, "prohibition investigator" at Fort Worth, Texas, is shown as having regularly paid $12.50 a month on a $100 "Creager note." At the beginning of this year he owed only $12.50 on the note.

An Easy-Going Job

It is, of course, impossible to say that such payments are made by federal officials in Texas in order to either secure or to hold their jobs. Senator Brookhart, when you ask him about the predicament of American citizens in the one-party state of Texas, says:

"That autocratic machine of Creager's in Texas cannot possibly win the popular vote in that state. The Creager machine controls all Republican federal jobs. That note system of Creager's is not against the law but there ought to be a law against it. It is a coercive system. These notes that office holders sign throw a man into the hands of the banks just as if he were paying off a mortgage on his job instead of on his home or automobile.

"Another bad thing about trying to be a Republican in Texas is that the Republicans that have been in power there under Creager since 1921 seem to deliberately prevent the presentation of any local Republican tickets in that state. It wasn't the Creager organization in Texas that gave that state to Hoover in the last election. It was the so-called Hoovercrats, citizens of Texas, who, without party affiliations, went out and voted for Hoover."

There are still other states that have no Republican senators or congressmen, where Republican referees pick office holders. One is South Carolina. Joe Tolbert has been the "office picker" for the Republicans there.

"It's just as hard to try to be a Republican in South Carolina," says Senator Brookhart, "as in any other one-party state. J. W. Tolbert, a white man, has been running the federal offices of that state just as Davis or Howard have been running affairs in their states. Federal officials have put a great deal of money into this organization." C. Bascom Slemp, referee in Virginia, lost a lot of his patronage power last election because two Republican congressmen were chosen from his state; they'll do much of the job-picking for a while.

"The only part," said Mr. Brookhart, "that these Republican organizations in solidly Democratic states ever play in national affairs is to send a group of men to the national Republican convention under a boss who votes them as he pleases. The leader of this delegation always tries to pick the winner so that he will have more patronage to distribute during the next Presidential term."

It was Harry S. New, Postmaster-General under Coolidge, old Republican warhorse, deep-dyed in Indiana politics and beneficiary in more than one national convention of the votes of Southern delegations, who has helped to "crack open," as it were, the Solid South and let in the daylight on Southern Republicanism. Brookhart is a critical progressive. New has been as conservative and as "regular" as an old-time Republican can be, but also he is seventy-one years old and at the end of his political career.

Put it down for Harry New that, in the closing months of his cabinet position, he sent out thousands of letters signed in his own hand to postmasters and postmistresses in the solidly Democratic states of Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi ordering each of them to make affidavits as to any payments they may have been making to Republican party leaders in their states. Floods of these affidavits have been turned over to the Brookhart committee.

From the state of Georgia, for example, 326 postmasters, out of a total of 329 first-, second- and third-class postal officials in the state, sent affidavits to Postmaster-General New. Two hundred and sixty-nine admitted under oath they had been making payments to the Georgia Republican organization. Ninety-five swore their payments had been demanded, requested or solicited. Only fifty-seven swore they had paid nothing.

Proportions in other states investigated covering over 1,500 postoffices showed about the same proportions. Salaries of postmasters run from $1,000 to $3,200 a year with a top notch in Georgia of $6,000 for the Atlanta postmaster.

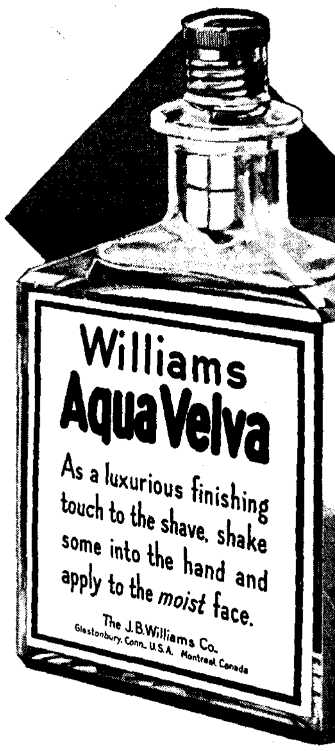
The facts show that even "voluntary payments" by postal officials in these states were made to the man, or his organization, who could get the payer his job and help him to hold it.

"The South will stay solid, and no sensible person can blame its citizens for encouraging this situation," says Senator Brookhart, "until the Republicanism of the Southern States is cleaned up, or cleaned out." Months will pass before the senate committee can make a report on Southern Republicanism and how to abolish it in its present form. In the meantime the once-magic words of the referees fall on deaf ears at the White House and in the offices of cabinet members in Washington.

The End of the Referee

A moratorium has been called on debts to Southern state Republican leaders, debts which may never again be brought to life. We are living in an age of first-time happenings. It is a notable fact, therefore, that for the first time since the end of the Civil War, postmasters, postmistresses and other federal officials in Southern states under a Republican administration, are sending in no money to headquarters.

The hand of the referee has been at last paralyzed. Davis, Howard and Tolbert no longer have federal jobs to give out. President Hoover has declared that their recommendations will not be considered and that in appointing federal office holders in these three states he will follow the advice of local committees made up of reputable citizens, both Democrats and Republicans.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¶ Aqua Velva takes care of tiny nicks and cuts, unseen as a rule. Tones up. Livens. Protects,—from dust and germs; from irritations, trivial, annoying. Pleasantly astringent, it helps toward firmness, away from flabbiness.

¶ *Keeps* the skin as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit!*

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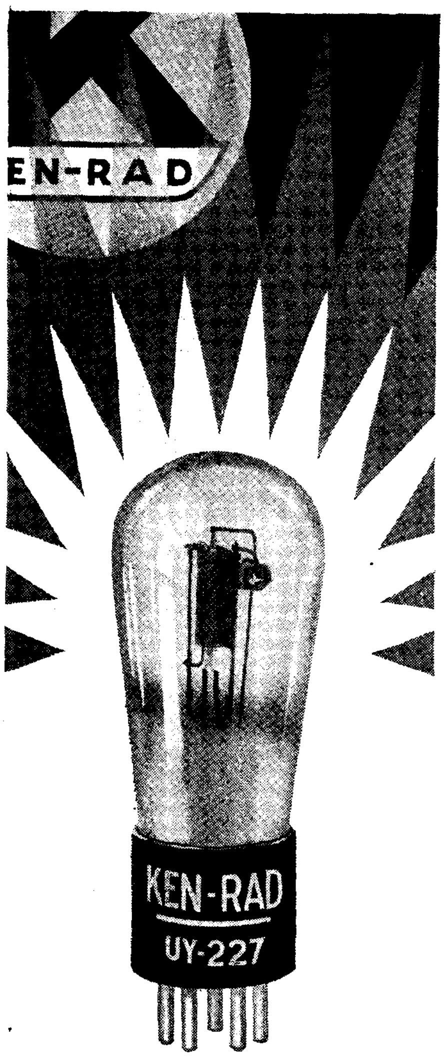

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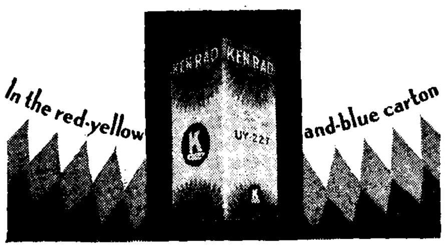
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"I never saw a Duke before"

Continued from page 14

her head. "It is a straw for me to cling to," she answered, "and there can be no harm."

"Let me inquire of you," said the duke. "If you were a maid and your will was your law, would you choose this young American above all the men you have seen?"

"He would be my choice," she said.

"Yet you have scarcely seen him," he objected.

"There are acquaintanceships," she said in a low tone, "which are not of the outward senses. I *know*."

He lifted her hand to his lips. "There is no problem," he said gravely, "which is without its solution. Let your patience stand firm."

"Have I not been patient? But now that you are in Venice, my friend, it will not be so difficult."

"Remember," said the duke, "I shall not be far absent from your affairs."

"Good day, my friend," she said, and watched him withdraw from the room with eyes which were braver and chin which was held higher because of the fact of his coming.

ON THE landing steps the duke was compelled to postpone his embarkation while a gondola bearing home the Conte Foscari drew up to the stones. Servants rushed to assist the old nobleman to a secure footing, where he stood regarding dei Colli with small red-rimmed eyes, malevolent as an ailing hawk.

"Good afternoon, dei Colli," he said.

"You are in health?" asked the duke suavely.

"What would you?" He paused, and with malice in his tone, continued, "You found the contessa in spirits?"

"Her head," said the duke, "was high."

With which saying he stepped into his craft, nodded gravely in farewell, and was paddled out into the reaches of the Grand Canal. Foscari stood peering after him, head oscillating, red lids narrowed. "Now what," he asked himself, "did he mean by that?"

"Paddle slowly," said the duke to his gondolier. "It is the proper hour of the day for lovers to be abroad."

"What hour is not?" asked the gondolier under his breath, and dei Colli smiled.

"True," he said, "but melancholy descends most heavily at sundown, and requires to be salved."

In this he was right, for, scarcely had he reached the middle of the canal, when he perceived young Thomas Rice sitting rigid on the cushions of a gondola with eyes fixed upon the façade of the palazzio whose walls hid from him the lady of his dreams and of his torments.

"Draw alongside," commanded the duke, and the gondolier, uttering a warning cry to his mate, obeyed. Thomas Rice dropped his eyes to the duke without instant recognition.

"We meet again," said dei Colli cheerfully. "Have you, then, eyes which can pierce the stones?" He chuckled. "But I can reassure you: she is in health and more beautiful than ever before."

"You have seen her? You have been with her?" asked Thomas, all in one breath.

"Not only," said dei Colli, "have I seen the lady—but I was present at the homecoming of her husband. Has it, perhaps, presented itself to you as a wise thought that here is no place for you to loiter?"

"What," asked Thomas, "do you mean?"

"The reputation of a lady," said the duke, "is a very fragile commodity. Also Venetian eyes are sharp and Venetian minds quick to leap to conclusions. Beside which, the conte is given to sitting in windows and to staring out into the world."

"But there can be no harm," expostulated Thomas.

"Young sir," said the duke, "already you are the gossip of the canals."

The boy bit his lip.

"You would not bring calamity to her," said the duke.

"I would die to avert it," said Thomas.

"You may both die and not avert it," the duke said gravely.

"What am I to do?" the boy asked miserably.

"Do whatever you will," said dei Colli, "but absent yourself from the vicinity of the Contessa Foscari."

"I will go home to America," said Thomas dolefully.

"Not yet," said dei Colli. "The time has not yet come for that."

"Why not?" asked Thomas.

"Because, after all, there is a God," said the duke, "and one never knows when he may interest himself in the affairs of men. Go to your hotel, my friend, and if you walk abroad in the night time, keep to wide and lighted streets. I will call upon you in the morning, and we shall talk of many things."

That evening the duke attended the dinner of the old Marchesa de Grimani, where, in the drawing-room, he found a score of old-time friends bearing names which had been great in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Among the later arrivals were the Conte and Contessa Foscari, whose entrance was not without its sensation. The justly feared tongue of the old marchesa whispered in dei Colli's ear, "A wedding at which the saints must have rejoiced, eh, my friend? A senile lizard, wed to a fledgling bird of paradise!"

FOSCARI, leaving his wife abruptly, made his senile way across the room directly to dei Colli.

"A word with you," he said softly.

"Willingly," said the duke, withdrawing to one side and preparing to listen.

"So," said the conte, "the Duca dei Colli has become the go-between for my wife and her lover!"

"The marriage service gives many rights to the husband," said the duke, "and numbers among them that of insulting his wife."

The conte sneered. "You play a fine part, and for what pay, signore? Or is it an affair of partnership?"

"I have considered this way out of the dilemma," said dei Colli, "but there are many arguments against it."

"You are cryptic," said the conte. "What way have you considered?"

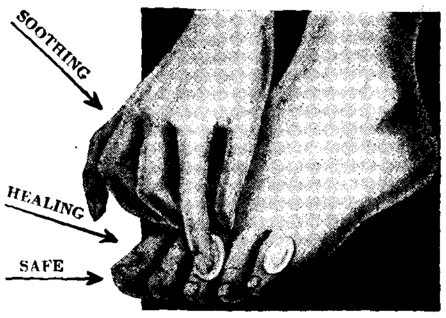
"Permitting you to affront me," said the duke, "so that I might take you to an island at dawn and kill you with my sword. But it goes against the grain. I do not care for such memories. And, when all is said and done, it is not inside the bounds of possibility for the Conte Foscari to insult the Duca dei Colli. No. . . . No. . . . Let us pass on to some other reflection."

The count's hands quivered. "You have read history," he said venomously.

"With pleasure and profit."

"What Foscari ever has tolerated an unfaithful wife? Eh? And what lover has lived to boast of his success? Am I less a Foscari than those others?"

"Unquestionably," said the duke gently, "they look down from heaven with pride in their descendant."



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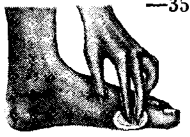

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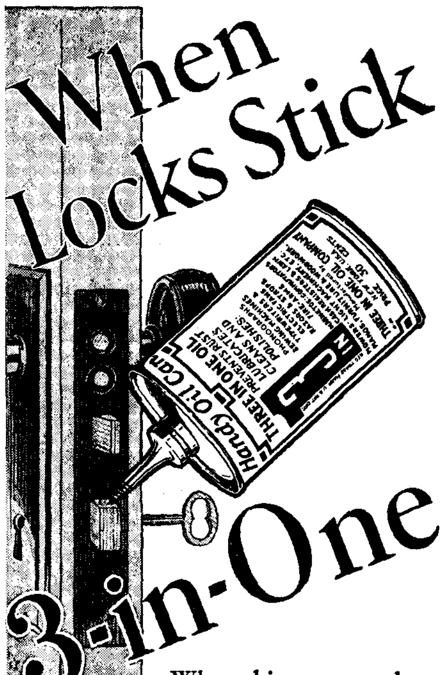

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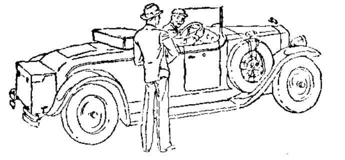

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"I will give them reason to feel satisfaction," said Foscari, and added malignantly the word, "Go-between!"

"Am I threatened?" asked the duke.

"You are informed," said the conte. He smirked. "These are unpleasant thoughts," he said, "to harbor when the joys of Carnival are at hand. Carnivals are for lovers, eh? Well, well, we shall see."

The duke smiled and turned away. "I trust," he said, softly, "your knife will not be so dull as your conversation."

Nevertheless he was not without apprehensions, not as to his own safety, but as to the safety of young Thomas Rice. Affairs were moving much as he had prophesied they would move, but it behooved him to maintain an open eye and a listening ear. It was Venice; the villain of the piece was Foscari, therefore the methods which led to the climax would be thus and so. Having stood the test of the ages they would suffice for Foscari, and because they were simple, savage and direct they were exceedingly efficient.

THE duke almost could have repeated the conte's conversation with Giorgio—for he fancied Giorgio would be the instrument through which the work would be done—that Giorgio who for thirty-odd years had been gondolier, procurer, bully and, latterly, a species of majordomo for his master. The duke rather liked Giorgio for his forthright enjoyment of the delights of evil intrigue.

This conversation which dei Colli might have reproduced in all its details occurred in the bureau of the conte, to which Giorgio was summoned.

"You have found the name of this young man, and his residence?" asked Foscari.

"The name," said Giorgio, "is Tomassio Reec-ay. He sleeps in the Royal Danielli."

"Good. On the night of the Carnival all Venice will crowd toward the Piazza San Marco. Across the Rialto and beyond the fish markets will be many dark and deserted streets."

"And canals," said Giorgio, "for men to float upon."

"The details I leave with you," said the conte. "But the place and the hour I would know."

Giorgio understood; close upon forty years of intimate association in designs which would not bear the light of day had taught him much of his master. "Pleasure," he said sententiously, "comes from the eyes, not by ears listening to a tale told after the event."

The conte nodded.

"If you will follow the Ruga San Giovanni across the little bridge and into the quarter behind the Palazzo Papadopoli there will be a thing to see," Giorgio said. "The shadows beyond the bridge are very black." He paused and calculated. "The time—shall we say?—two hours before midnight when the carnival is at its merriest."

"Go with God," said the conte in dismissal, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

On the afternoon of the day set aside by authority for the carnival the Duca dei Colli alighted at the landing steps of the Royal Danielli and inquired for his friend Thomas Rice, who, by good fortune, was in his room. Once the formality of greetings were over, the duke became direct.

"Has the letter come, my friend?" he asked.

"You know! She told you!" exclaimed Thomas.

"It may be I guessed it," said the duke. "I am apt at guessing. Now, let me see if I am in error. You are to proceed to a certain spot where a woman will meet you and conduct you to a rendezvous?"

"A little bridge," said Thomas, "close to the end of the Ruga San Giovanni, at the rear of the Papadopolus Palace."

"An excellent place," said the duke.

"And I am," said Thomas, "to wear a white handkerchief about my left arm so the messenger will not mistake me."

"An excellent forethought," said the duke. "I do not err in supposing you will go to this meeting?"

"I shall go," said Thomas.

"You know the spot?"

"I propose to locate it by daylight so that I cannot miss it in the night."

"A wise precaution. I will walk with you and point out this little bridge. After which I must leave you to fish in troubled waters."

Together they strolled across the city to the appointed place, and dei Colli's task was to restrain the curiosity of his young friend regarding the letter he had received. What was its purpose? Why did the lady desire to see him? Why this and why that? The duke parried all queries by saying that the ways of women are unfathomable. It is to be noted he did not warn young Thomas against keeping the rendezvous, nor point out the dangers of intrigue with married women under the Venetian sky.

"Do you suppose she wants some service of me?" asked Thomas, dreaming of the part of knight-errant. "That," he added, "would make me very happy."

The duke smiled gravely. "All I can tell you, my friend, is that all signs point to some climax in these affairs. Nothing stands still. There is swift movement and slow movement but all things flow inexorably toward some agony or some joy." He did not add that he was able to see no joy at the end of this road, but, as a good opportunist, was hoping for the sudden advent of the unexpected or the miraculous.

When they had returned again to San Marco's where the merrymaking already was in progress, more especially among the youngsters, and where Pierrots and clowns and Columbines and monsters strutted upon the piazza, the duke said to Thomas, "I would suggest a domino for the evening. You may then walk the streets without attracting attention."

"I have thought of that," said the boy. "A black domino—so the white about the arm will show more distinctly."

"Ah," said the duke impassively.

Presently he stepped into his waiting craft. "Giovanpietro," he said presently, "there are times when all one's plans must be negative. When one may plot to prevent but not to obtain. I confess that, for this time at least, I must leave the larger aspects of the matter in the hands of God."

"Doubtless," said Giovanpietro, "God will be competent to handle them—with the advice and assistance of the saints."

BUT it seemed as if the powers of evil rather than those of light were in charge of the destinies of Countess Foscari and Thomas Rice. At least one may suppose so from the satisfaction which glittered in the narrow eyes of the conte himself. The hour was after eight in the evening, the conte was dressed in a domino of black silk, unmasked as yet, and waiting. He rang and when the servitor appeared he said harshly, "Inform the contessa that I await her here. Be quick."

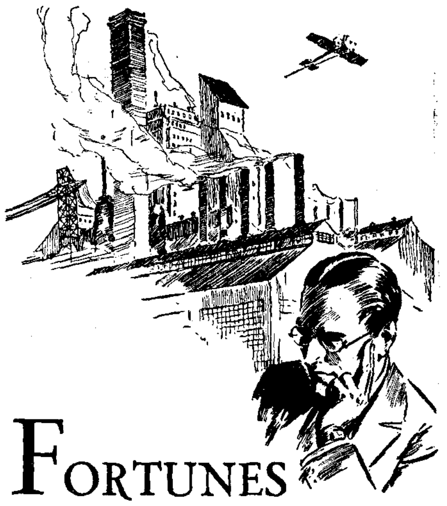
Presently, in answer to this summons, the Contessa stood very straight and passive and cold in the doorway.

"Come in, my dear," said the conte. "I have news for you."

"No news from your lips," said the contessa, "could be good news."

"Ah, but this! It is a matter of your honor—of a slight stain upon your

(*Continued on page 60*)



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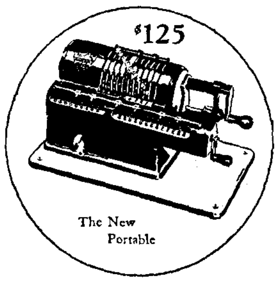

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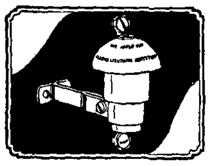

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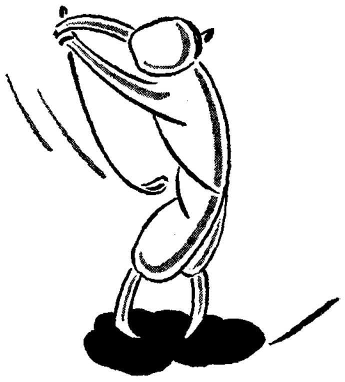

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(*Continued from page 59*)

honor. A stain to be removed because, my dear, I know how insupportable it is to you. Through no fault of your own, my precious, but nevertheless an appreciable smirching of your purity. Do I not interest you?"

Her only reply was a white silence.

"A youth of evil intentions," continued the conte, "has caused tongues to wag and your name to be bandied up and down the canals. In silence I have watched your resentment. I have even observed your growing desire for some just punishment. So, little dove, because your will is my will, I am about to indulge you in this matter."

She did not sway, but stood slender and brave and unflinching; and very young and exceedingly beautiful.

"I go from here to oversee the matter," said the conte. "I shall stand a little back in the shadows and watch while faithful hands strike the blow and bathe themselves in blood. I shall see and I shall hear—and, as hastily as may be, will bring you the glad news that your honor is avenged and that whispering tongues are silenced."

"Liar," she said softly, "and coward."

He arose and walked toward her, and when he was but two paces distant he stopped and struck her upon the cheek with his slender stick—so that a red weal revealed itself against her pallor. And he pronounced an epithet which raised a more unsightly weal upon her soul. Then, seized with a sudden humor, he laughed and snatched the piece of lace which lay about her shoulders.

"I GO as your very gentle knight," he said, "wearing your gage. See. Thus I tie it about my arm while I go upon my errantry. . . . And as he sprawls upon the stones I shall hold it before his eyes and tell him it was you who sent me and that I do your bidding."

He could not move her; it seemed he could not hurt her.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I have much for which to thank my God." It was uttered quietly and not as a taunt, but the meaning was clear to him and again he struck her with his stick. Then he rushed from the house.

Young Thomas Rice, with the impatience of youth, already had left his hotel, and jostled his way through the press of merrymakers and the clouds of confetti, under the Torre dell' Orologia and so northward through narrow and winding streets to the Rialto. It was his plan to reach some spot near the rendezvous and there await the appointed hour.

He crossed the bridge and passed onward through an air bearing heavily the odor of fish until he came to the Ruga San Giovanni. Here he loitered, eyeing his watch at frequent intervals, and sauntered westerly upon this thoroughfare until he reached its intersection with the street called Terra di San Silvestro. Thence he continued his way to the piazetta before a church whose name he did not know, but whose steps gave him a resting place within two minutes' walk of the little bridge which was his destination.

He was in no observant mood, or it might be he would have perceived that he did not have the shadows of the piazetta to himself. Dark figures lurked there, to the number of a dozen. Some of these had flitted behind him as he made his tortuous way from the Rialto; others, it seemed, had here awaited his coming. They stirred secretively in niches and corners and whispered with palms to lips. But Thomas himself sat exposed upon the steps and their eyes were never far from his sitting figure.

When it was less than ten minutes before the hour Thomas stirred and would have proceeded on his way, but the figure of a man came walking rapidly out of Ruga San Giovanni and cut diagonally across the square. Thomas waited discreetly for this individual to vanish, and then followed. . . . Behind him, and very close upon his heels, flitted a dozen shadows.

Thomas walked briskly now, heart beating as the heart of youth must beat in the presence of adventure, and so he came to a spot where, through an opening in the buildings, he could see his little bridge and the moonlight dropping upon it with bright gentleness. He lessened his pace and approached more cautiously, which was as well, for now he saw a man mount the little rise and stand with one hand upon the stone balustrade. This man was dressed in black, a domino, and Thomas saw him *lift his arm with a gesture* as from some melodrama. About the lifted arm was a band of white! Then Thomas heard the stranger laugh, and an unpleasant laugh it was to hear. He laughed and then he vanished into the blackness across the bridge.

The interval between the dying of that laugh and the first quavering note of a scream of agony was but the time it would require to count a dozen. *Thomas halted as one must halt* who hears such a sound, and then bent his body to dash forward to investigate what malign thing had befallen. But he found himself grasped at the elbows and held firmly, while a voice spoke in his ear.

"It is you, Thomas Rice? Speak. Quickly."

"Yes," said Thomas. "Let go my arms. Something has happened."

"But what?" asked the Duca dei Colli. "But what? Giovanpietro and four go forward. We will follow."

SO, PRECEDED by five and guarded by the remaining seven of his attendant shadows, Thomas Rice reached his rendezvous, and when he topped the bridge he saw a circle of light thrown by an electric torch; and in this circle of light sprawled upon its face the black figure of a man. And Thomas uttered an exclamation.

"See," said the boy, "he has a white band around his arm."

"I see," said the duke, "but who put it there, and why? Let us see his face, Giovanpietro." He looked about him grimly. "This," he said, "was not written in the prospectus. Turn the face upward."

"He is masked," said Giovanpietro.

"Then remove the mask."

A face, an old face, a seamed and wicked face of waxy white looked up at them, framed by the gray of the flagstones and the circle of yellow light.

"Do you know him, my friend?" asked the duke.

"He is unknown to me," said Thomas.

THE Duca dei Colli stood in silence, marveling. "This," said he, "must have required some devising, even by an adroit God working out the destinies of man! My friend, it is the Conte Foscari. He is dead. Omnipotence has solved the unsolvable. Have you a particular saint, young man?"

"I believe St. Thomas is supposed to have an especial interest in me."

"Then be grateful to him," said the duke, "for perhaps he had some share in this matter. There are miracles. How otherwise would Conte Foscari have kept your rendezvous for you—and with a band of white around his arm?"

"It is lace," said Thomas.

"Which," said the duke, "but adds to the mystery. Come. We will leave Giovanpietro to convey the conte to his home—and I—I shall carry news of this to the contessa."

"Still," said the bewildered Thomas Rice, "I do not understand. Why are you here, and these others? Why is Foscari here? And who slew him?"

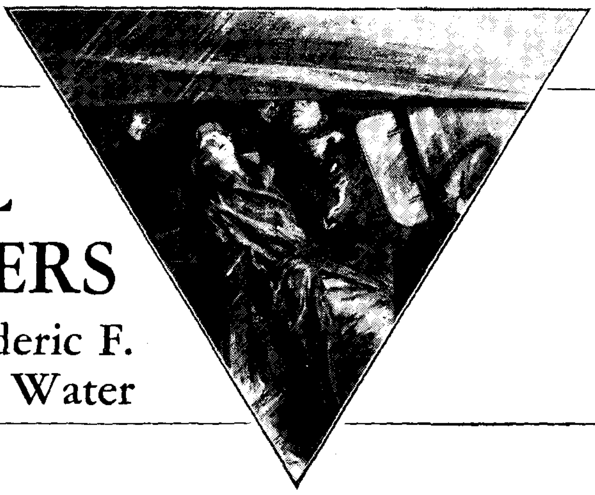
"We—we are here," said the duke, "because we are men of little faith. I will accompany you to your hotel, where you will await me. I will come to you there."

Suddenly Thomas Rice seemed to awake. "She is free!" he exclaimed, but his voice was almost a whisper as the meaning of her freedom burst upon him.

"She is free," said the duke, "the evil dream is vanished, and life stretches before her—and before you, my friend. I think," he continued, "you should know great happiness, for never before have I seen a marriage so certainly arranged by Heaven."

"Still," said Thomas, "I do not understand."

"I," said the duke, "find it difficult to do so myself."



STILL WATERS

By Frederic F. Van de Water

A breathless tale of love, mystery and adventure that makes a new speed record with every chapter.

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

The Prodigal Sun

Continued from page 28

used with the enthusiasm which its wonderful powers awakened, its dangers were not understood, and as a consequence it claimed its toll of victims—justly called martyrs of science.

Radium, too, has claimed its sacrifices, not only in the scientific field but in the commercial world. We have all heard of the tragedies incident to the radium paint industry. Both X-ray and the emanations and rays of radium penetrate tissue and destroy it. When they are used locally and with great care on diseased tissues, they destroy the disease along with the involved tissue, and the result is beneficial. But when they reach healthy tissue they do not discriminate—they destroy it just the same, or, oddly enough, start a specific disease process.

Although the ultra-violet ray of the sun's light, and of the artificial sun lamps, is not the same as either the X-ray or the radium ray, still it is a penetrating ray, and in excess dosage it destroys tissue.

We know that extreme exposure to the sun itself is dangerous, as illustrated by sunstroke and heatstroke, and we know that, in a state of nature, we are protected from extreme exposure to the sun by pigmentation of our skins.

Precautions to be Observed

It is no coincidence that peoples who live in tropical climates, where the sun is pitiless, should be provided with a thick layer of pigment which keeps out all but the most powerful of the ultra-violet rays.

If we choose we can infer from our studies in the pigmentation of the races that Nature believes the sun to be a good thing, but admits that we can have too much of that good thing.

Is there a sane way for others than scientists to use these new sun lamps? Or is all use of them by the laity just playing with fire? I believe that they can be useful, if the right sort of lamp is selected, and if it is used in the right way.

There are two sorts of sun lamps made. They are the mercury-quartz arc lamps and the simple carbon-arc lamps.

The former modify the sun's spectrum by cutting it down at the red end and increasing it at the violet end, giving a large number of the ultra-violet rays, in some cases more than the sun at greatest power.

The carbon-arc lamp imitates the spectrum of the sun very exactly, if simple carbons are used, but with more elaborately constructed carbons may modify the spectrum to increase either the infra-red or the ultra-violet rays. The mercury-quartz lamp tans the skin. The carbon lamp does not. Tanning protects the skin against ultra-violet rays, which puts the user of a mercury lamp at a disadvantage.

The manufacturers of the lamps are aware of their dangers, and have been assiduous in trying to prevent their getting into the wrong hands and doing harm. The makers of the best-known mercury lamps will not sell them to families without a doctor's recommendation and assurance that he will supervise the use of the lamp. The makers of the carbon-arc lamps provide a screen which filters out all rays which do not occur in the normal sun spectrum, and refuse to sell the special carbons except on a doctor's recommendation.

These rules of the manufacturers show that they are not trying to victimize the public with a new, half-baked discovery; but they do not mean that the lamps, if sold to private individuals, may not be greatly misused.

I believe the big, powerful mercury-quartz lamp should not be used outside doctors' offices and hospitals.

When a physician feels that a lamp is advisable for home use, the small model mentioned before can be rented or bought and used during the illness for which it has been ordered, and used under the doctor's orders.

For the simple carbon-arc lamp which imitates the sun's rays quite accurately, I believe there is considerable usefulness in the home. Their greatest usefulness is in families where there are young children, and particularly where there are infants born in the fall.

All young babies are exposed to the sun nowadays, and are benefited by it, but in the fall and winter it is often hard to manage the daily sun bath with unfiltered sunlight. Ordinary window glass filters out the ultra-violet rays quite completely, and as the ultra-violet rays prevent the occurrence of rickets and are the *raison-d'être* for the infant's sun bath, exposure to glass-filtered sunlight is not effective. On very cold winter days, or on cloudy winter and fall days, the sun lamp gives the baby his sun bath without exposing him to the cold.

City dwellers whose sunlight is cut off by other houses, can make their houses, and particularly their nurseries more habitable if they use a sun lamp properly.

Theoretically the light and rays from a sun lamp should have the same disinfectant properties that sunlight possesses. A sun lamp turned on for a time in a sunless room can do no harm and may have the same effect on the air of that room as has bright sunlight streaming through open windows.

The operation of the carbon lamps is quite simple, although not fool-proof. A lamp used in a family should have certain safety devices. It should have a "spark screen"; a filter for excessive rays; a timing device, such as a stop clock or an automatic time shut-off, and it should be adjustable for length of exposure and strength of exposure.

The general rules for using the lamp should be laid down by the family physician, written, preferably, and pasted on the lamp, and they should be followed by the family. All lamps are sold with protective spectacles, and when a baby is exposed his eyes should be securely covered with dark cloth.

In Command of the Sun

We can not point, as yet, fortunately, to any dire results that have resulted from indiscriminate use of sun lamps. I have known of severe burns, and of severe and very uncomfortable general reactions from the use of mercury-quartz lamps. But casualties from the use of carbon-arc lamps I have not heard of, except in the moving-picture field, where such lamps are used, and where the actors cannot wear goggles.

Looking at artificial sunlight from a medical standpoint, I believe that the highly concentrated ultra-violet ray is no more available to the general public, as yet, than are X-ray and radium. When pure sunlight is imitated in a lamp, I believe anybody can use it exactly as he would real sunshine, but not as a cure-all for all diseases. Let us use it *as* we would use the sun, but not *when* we can get the sun instead; and let us treat it with the same respect with which we treat the sun.

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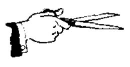
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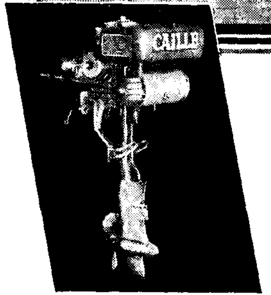

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 26

We alighted. I held the Colt automatic. My frame of mind was one which I find myself unable now to describe. I was conscious of a sort of buzzing in my ears; but, as I have since realized, this may have been due not to nervous excitement, but to an actual atmospheric condition surrounding the woods of Felsenweir.

"I shall go forward twenty paces," said Max in a low voice. "Follow me slowly, so that you keep me in view. But never lose sight of the car. If you see anything or anyone, shout. I shall do the same. If you are attacked—shoot."

IN THIS order we commenced our second reconnaissance of Felsenweir.

I had never in my life experienced a similar tension to that which held me as I watched Gaston Max march slowly forward. I stood beside the car counting his paces. . . . When, looking all about as he advanced, these paces totalled twenty, he checked. Turning, he raised his hand.

He moved forward again. And I set out, keeping him in sight. On he went toward the hidden gate. On I went, twenty paces behind him. The gate reached, he checked. Turning, he gestured—indicating that I should look back to assure myself I could still see the car.

I twisted about and stared through the dusk.

The car was still visible, its metalwork gleaming dully.

I saw that Max was advancing again. I followed. In this way I reached the scene of our recent miraculous escape. Ahead of me Max was approaching that dim crescent which concealed the gates.

The night was deathly still. No sound was audible—if I except the queer buzzing in my ears.

Again Max signaled me to look back. I did so. The car remained discernible. I waved my hand indicating that he should go on. He signaled that I should draw up closer, then went ahead slowly, and I hastened my steps in order that I might not lose sight of him. . . .

He had rounded the bend and for a moment became invisible before I reached that point heavily overshadowed by trees which marked one horn of the crescent.

A dim stretch of road, its form resembling a new moon, stretched before me.

Not a soul was in sight!

I stood stock still. I was unwilling to believe the evidence of my eyes. I could hear no sound—see no living thing. Whereupon, precaution forgotten:

"Max!" I cried, "*Max!*"

My voice was tossed back to me mockingly from the Felsenweir slopes; but no answer came!

What I should have done had I been entirely master of myself I cannot say: I know that a sense of horror settled on me like a damp cloak. But what I did do was to run forward wildly in the direction of a gap in the trees which I knew must mark the gates.

I reached it. What I saw was this:

A towering ancient iron gateway, reinforced with barbed wire, and flanked by miniature stone towers. Beyond, a rising ill-kept road, ploughed up as by passage of heavy vehicles.

Not a soul was in sight.

Through trumpeted hands I shouted: "*Max!*"

Again the word was buffeted back in mockery. That throbbing in my ears grew more intense.

I turned and doubled on my tracks. Round the horn of the crescent I raced to where star-lighted road stretched straightly.

Then I pulled up with a jerk.

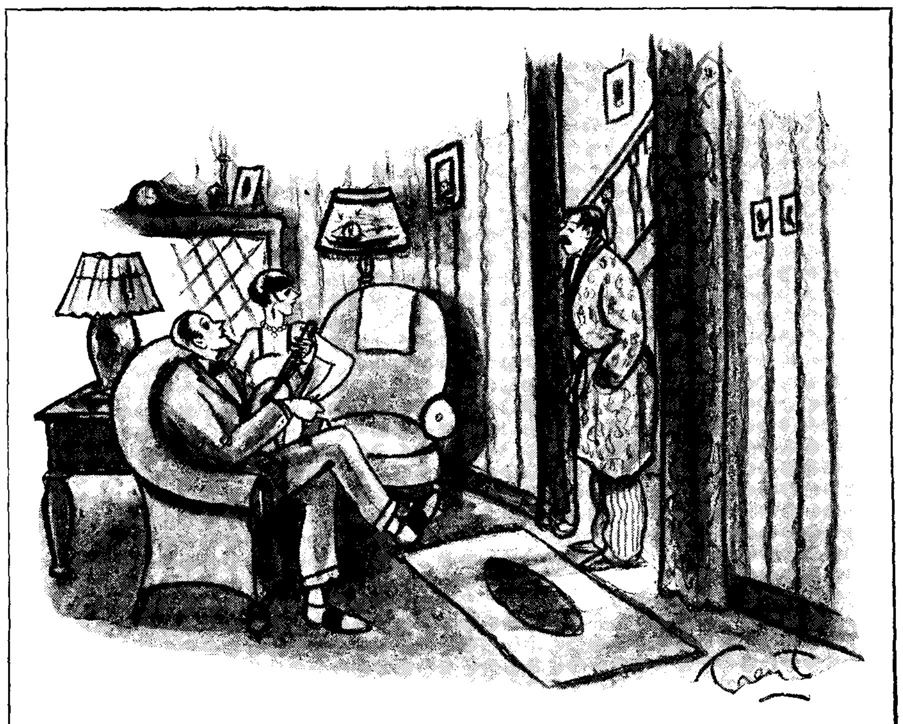
I could see the car.

But between me and my goal, lurching down upon me with long ungainly strides, was a giant figure of gleaming black! . . .

EVERY man's courage has a breaking point. I am not ashamed to confess that mine came now. Raising the automatic I fired again and again—wildly—at that advancing horror.

If I hit or if I missed I shall never know. I emptied the magazine. But its ungainly stride, heavy with the heaviness of the inevitable, never ceased, never changed. The Thing bore down upon me like a black Fate.

"Merciful God!" I cried—and knew



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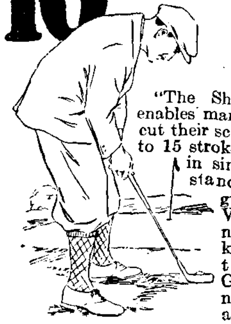

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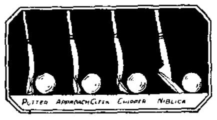

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that I was as frightened as a child.

I turned. I began to run.

Now my knowledge of maps, upon which Lonergan had congratulated me, came to my aid. Straight on toward the ominous gates I ran, but, running, wondered if I should pass them alive! . . . Max!

On I raced. . . . And I passed the gates unchallenged. There was no road and no path marked in the map for five hundred yards or more. I must skirt those deathly woods. I concentrated on the map, visualizing it as I ran.

Yes! I could see the footpath—the path which led to safety—or at least away from Felsenweir, with its black guardian horrors.

I was none too fit, and my heart seemed to be bursting; but I carried on until—at last! at last!—I glimpsed the beginning of the path, a white finger pointing to safety.

There I had to pull up to recover my breath. Panting, I stood and looked back.

What I expected to see was the armored figure. For this I was in part prepared. For that which I did see I was not prepared.

A perfectly naked man of gigantic build, but so emaciated that he might have been an unwrapped mummy, his skin of a dull, lusterless yellow, was rapidly overtaking me!

I caught the gleam of sunken eyes, of a face resembling a death's head. I saw fang-like teeth!

The Thing—I could not otherwise identify it—carried something, a scarf, a cloak, flung over one shoulder. . . . With gigantic strides and a wild animal agility it sped toward me. . . .

I think I shrieked. Certainly I tried to do so. Then I turned, and literally hurled myself down the steep slope!

At times, I could not see my way. Yet I never hesitated.

Pat-pat-pat!

The bare feet were ever behind me and ever nearer! My breath coming in sobs, I burst at last through a fringe of trees. Before me lay the desolation which had been Felsenweir village.

So much I saw. I collapsed. Mighty hands grasped me. . . .

MY NEXT contact with the world afforded a moment I can never forget. I opened my eyes, supposing myself to be in bed at the Regal, and wondering why I had left the lamp on.

Instantly, memory swept back—a flood of horrors.

I sat up and looked about me.

On setting out with Gaston Max I had dressed hastily over my pajamas. I discovered that I still wore them. My outer garments were folded on a chair beside the bed. Upon a small table lay my automatic and some few other personal belongings.

The room in which I found myself was flooded with what appeared to be sunlight. Yet it possessed no window! There was no lamp, nor could I detect the presence of any lighting device whatever. Furthermore, and most staggering discovery of all, there was no door!

This amazing room was square, having a polished wood floor. Its walls were olive green at the base, this green being graduated as the walls ascended and becoming aquamarine where they joined the ceiling which, whilst of the same color, was of even lighter shade.

Immediately facing me and in direct line with my bed a square opening showed a narrow bathroom. I could see to the end of it and all three walls. There was no window and no door. But, like my bedroom, it appeared to be flooded with sunlight.

Physically, I felt as well as I had ever felt in my life. Having taken in my astounding environment, I closed my eyes again for a few seconds and then—reopened them.

Yes, it was real! And at this moment:

"Good morning, Brian Woodville!"

The *Voice*. . . .

I clenched my fists, looking sharply about me.

"Don't be alarmed," the Voice went on. "You are my guest and quite safe. Indeed, I am glad you have joined us, although you did so somewhat reluctantly. We shall be meeting later. But in the meantime, what attendance would you like? I can send you a Japanese man-servant, an English batman, or a French valet. On the other hand, I can recommend a beautiful Circassian, highly accomplished in matters of the toilet, or a Nubian girl like an ebony statue carved by a Greek master, who will prepare your bath in such a manner that it will exhilarate and rejuvenate you."

The Voice ceased!

"Thank you," I said, speaking as one who comments upon a radio program—confident that his criticisms are unheard. "I can dispense with their services. I'm used to preparing my own bath." A saving sense of humor came to my aid—and: "A cup of tea would be welcome," I added.

"My dear Woodville," the voice assured me, "it shall be brought to you at once."

I SPRANG out of bed.

Not only could I hear the Voice, but also . . . the Voice could hear *me!*

Could he *see* me? I debated my next step.

A pair of comfortable slippers had been placed beside the bed. Wearing these I walked into the bathroom, which was tiled in green and gold mosaic.

A safety razor, evidently new, with a packet of unopened blades lay upon a glass shelf together with a shaving brush of first quality and a sealed stick of soap.

The hot water proved to be boiling: the cold water was apparently iced. A bath of light green marble looked inviting; and one wall consisted of a single mirror some nine feet high and twelve feet long. Sunshine warmed everything.

Yet there was no window. . . .

I began to shave. Odd how habits of a lifetime cling to us. I suppose a condemned man shaves for his execution. I had little more to look forward to. Yet quite automatically I began to shave. I had not dared to begin to think. Having been once over my aggressive beard, I was relathering lightly when a sound like that made by an elevator arrested me.

Dropping the brush, I hastily wiped soap from my chin and stepped to the outer room.

A section of the wall—floor to ceiling and some four feet wide—had opened. . . . From it stepped a gigantic figure in armor!

I clenched my teeth but uttered no sound. I watched the figure pace slowly across the room. Its armored hands held a tray. Upon the tray I saw a bowl of fruit, rolls, butter, sugar, cream, and a teapot—also a box of my favorite cigarettes!

The armor of this incredible servant clinked faintly, metallically, as it set the tray upon a table. Then, standing upright and turning—this slowly but with military precision—the figure walked back into the opening and began to sink, apparently into the floor!

Stupid with amazement as I was, nevertheless I saw that a panel was descending correspondingly. With the disappearance of the attendant's head below floor level, this panel closed completely. The wall became whole again.

(*Continued on page 64*)

BOTH MARKETABLE

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(*Continued from page 63*)

That I was awake and in possession of my senses was certain. That I was a prisoner in the Castle of Felsenweir seemed a reasonable deduction. I ate a roll and butter and a beautifully ripened peach, and I drank two cups of excellent tea.

I completed the operation of shaving and lighted one of the cigarettes so thoughtfully provided by my invisible host.

Having bathed luxuriously, I groomed myself as for a lovers' meeting, resumed my pajama suit, added socks, shoes, the well-worn flannels and that pull-over which had formed the hasty make-up in which I had left the Regal.

I sat down in a comfortably cushioned armchair and wondered when the master of my destiny would deign to indicate the next move.

THERE was perfect silence in the supernaturally sunlighted apartment. Smoking, I meditated. First, and this priority was significant, I thought of Marusa.

From that enchanting figure my ideas wandered to the armored creature. Grotesque—abnormal—it undoubtedly corresponded to the figure photographed by Lonergan—the figure which had patrolled the battlements. It was the same as, or identical with, that black horror which had cut off my escape on the road below Felsenweir.

A possible truth intruded—an unwelcome truth.

The Thing was not human: It was an automaton! My old theories, based on medieval superstitions, gave place to new ones. The great bats—were *they* susceptible of scientific explanation? Now that I had seen one of the armored men at close quarters, I was disposed to believe, as Gaston Max had suggested, that all the mysteries that puzzled us might prove to be reducible to a reasonable explanation.

So far, so good. But a scientist capable of these achievements, one so far in advance of his generation, might further be capable of producing, not only the activities, but the *appearance* of humanity!

This was the new horror which obsessed me.

Marusa!

Was she a real woman or a creature of this master illusionist into whose power I had fallen?

The idea was maddening.

I stood up and began closely to examine the walls of my apartment. If Gaston Max had formulated a theory, admittedly never substantiated, respecting the origin of the Voice, surely I could discover some explanation of why a windowless room should be flooded with sunshine.

Carefully I set to work, bringing to bear all I knew, had read or had heard of modern lighting devices.

I drew a blank. There was no clue to the mystery. And I was about to smoke another cigarette, when:

"My dear Woodville!"

I dropped the match. I stood rigid, cigarette in hand.

It was the Voice!

"I don't know what you are looking for. If it is a way out, you will never find it. But perhaps the source of the light intrigues you? It will be made clear in time. For the moment I am going to ask you to have a chat with a friend which may perhaps lead to a better understanding between us."

I heard that faint whining sound which I had heard before. My glance flashed to a part of the wall. As I watched, swiftly the wall opened. From the gap created, a man stepped out. . . .

At great speed the panel reclosed, its descent marked by the characteristic whine. I stared at the newcomer.

I saw a man of about my own build, wearing pajamas, slippers and a dressing-gown of bright yellow. Abundant reddish brown hair was brushed straight back from his forehead. It was slightly gray at the temples.

He met my regard with a sort of glassy fixity of expression. This expression was unpleasant—in fact ghastly. It was utterly unfamiliar—as was the man's whole appearance. But his eyes were not!

I experienced a degree of bewilderment to which I had never sunk before. . . .

"Lonergan!" I whispered. "Lonergan!"

"Himself!"

It was the well-known voice! Not the voice of Rev. Josiah Higgins but the voice which I had first associated with Aldous P. Kluster. And yet in some odd way, it was different.

I grasped his hand.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed. "I was afraid. . . ."

But I broke off, knowing myself to be face to face with a proposition in which stark insanity lurked immediately around the corner.

"I can guess," said Lonergan. "It don't matter, anyway. Whatever happened before you arrived here—just forget it."

I stared uncomprehendingly. For some reason I could not focus his glance. He seemed to be looking *through* me. I struck another match and lighted my cigarette.

"What occurred after you left the note?"

Lonergan's expression remained obtuse.

"The note," he repeated. "What note?"

His manner resembled that of one groping for forgotten lines; or, as I realized later, listening for the voice of the prompter

"The note telling us to follow you to Felsenweir!"

"Oh!" He seated himself upon the side of the bed, continuing to stare queerly before him. "Yes. That. . . . Well! It was necessary. . . ."

"Necessary?"

"Sure. Otherwise you'd have crashed with the rest of the world. I didn't want that to happen—not after I knew."

I STOOD in front of him looking down . . . but found myself quite unable to catch his eye.

"After you knew? Lonergan, I don't understand you. What has happened?"

He looked up. But although he was staring straight at me, there was no clash of interest. He was still looking *through* me. It was uncanny.

"Just this, Woodville: What I came to the Black Forest looking for, I've found. I can explain everything. But first you've got to make a decision."

"About what?"

"About all of us. The world ends some time this week. Are we to end with it, or are we to go on?"

I experienced a keen pang. . . . Lonergan had gone over to the enemy!

In the circumstances I determined to temporize. For how could I know what had led to his defection?

"We'll go on."

"That's sane," he replied mechanically. "I figured all along there were no bats in your belfry. You know me, and when I say you're wise it means something. Am I right?"

"Quite right."

"Take it or leave it, the world checks out. Neither the United States nor Britain nor France are going to mean a dam' thing once the die is cast. They'll just be swept away. Only a fool would fight for a country that's ceased to exist, except as a name—or a memory. There's suicide. If you like to take that route, I guess it's open to you. Short of it, there's no choice!"

He spoke on monotonously. It was the voice of Lonergan—but not his diction, his manner. I was puzzled; horrified.

"The Deluge all over again, Woodville. For you and for me there's just one question: Not what it means to the crowd who must go under, but whether we're shipping in the Ark or staying to be drowned. Just one question. But I'm here to say you've got to answer it in an hour. I had less."

"And you chose. . . ?"

"The Ark, sure."

"You were wise." I marveled that I had my voice in such good control.

Lonergan, who had been staring past me whilst he spoke, now looked up. For a brief moment I caught and held the fugitive glance. But that moment told me all. . . . Warning—entreaty—agony. These I read, and more!

Then his stare cut through mine again and became fixed on some distant spot far behind me, so that his eyes appeared to be slightly crossed.

"Have I convinced you?"

"Entirely!"

He stood up.

"We're here," he said with a sudden odd note of weariness. He moved in a mechanical way across the room. "And we're safe."

That whining noise accompanied his last words. A panel opened and Lonergan stepped through. Immediately he began to drop floorward.

"But I'm glad you're wise, Woodville," came as the panel closed.

(To be continued next week)

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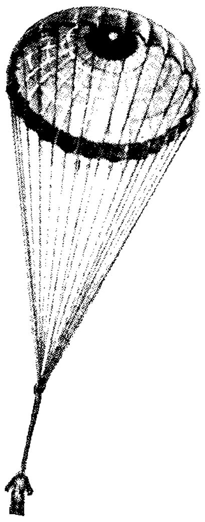

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A Piece of Bunting

RAW winds from the Rhine swept the battlements of the German fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on a gray morning in November, 1918. An outpost of the American Army of Occupation marched from Coblenz through scowling villages and hamlets of a vanquished country to take possession of this citadel of fallen might.

The men were tired, cheerless and volubly exercising the soldier's prerogative of cursing a fate that kept them among a foreign people with the war over and their hearts longing for home. With scant rations and confinement to rigid bounds, these Yankee infantrymen were a gloomy, rebellious lot. Exiled from the great bases of the American Army, they were morose and sullen. In a forced march they had not even brought a flag to break from the staff they stripped of the German tri-color.

Suddenly, something happened. A welfare worker, ransacking a trunk in a baggage unit, shouted in delight. He rushed to the commander with what he had found. A bugle sounded the assembly. With full ceremony, before his battalion, the colonel stood on the castellated battlements and hauled the Stars and Stripes to the staff-top. His men saluted and a roar of exultation rolled across the river.

The appearance of a piece of bunting changed the mood of these men because to them it was a symbol of all they held precious, of the country for which they served and suffered.

The stir of emotion at the sight of the Flag is the common sentiment that binds the men of one country together as spiritual brothers.

Reaching back to the beginnings of history, our knowledge of the motives that led men and nations to great destiny or ignominious doom is vague and speculative. But it is clear and irrefutable that in all their struggles for dominion or against tyranny, men followed a flag.

The passion for an emblem of their place of birth and habitation of their race and kind is rooted as deeply in the nature of men as their love of women and their delight in children. In all times men have been the creatures of the age in which they lived. Yet in every age, a zeal for the sign of their country has animated all men. Even when mercenaries fought for a price they also fought for a sign.

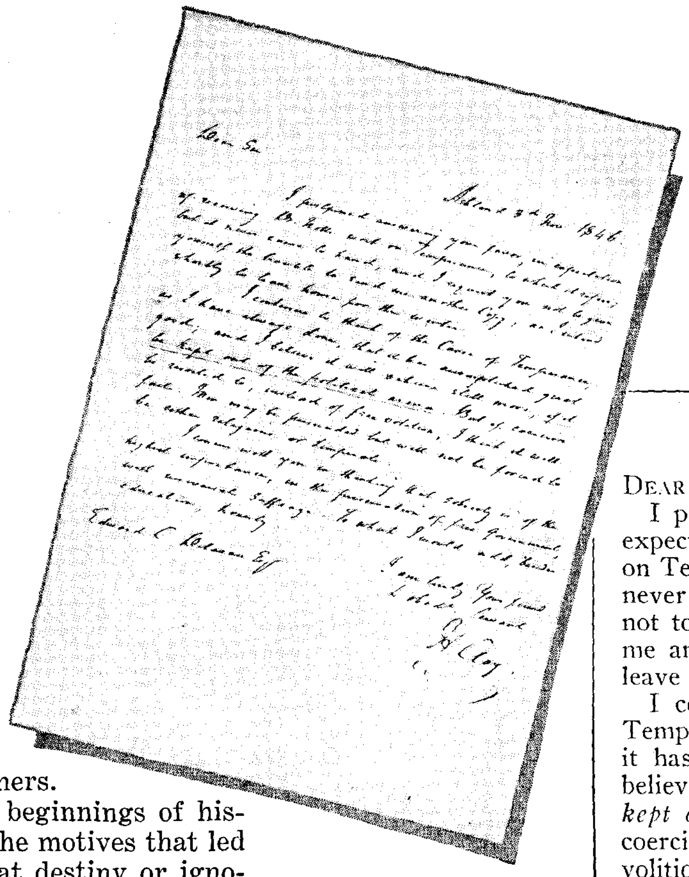
It is gratifyingly true that in the United States this stubborn instinct of man for the symbol of his nationality is vigorous and persistent. Abroad, it is a usual criticism of Americans that they are flag-worshippers. And it is quite true that when Old Glory is displayed on foreign soil, Americans display exuberance, and the zest of their reverence for their national emblem is mistaken for fanaticism.

Exploitation of love for the Flag by the cruder sort of politicians and showmen—and the two are quite synonymous—gives rise to the American axiom that many a poor candidate and many a sour show is saved by flag-waving. Yet it is wrong to say that flag-waving cheapens the Flag; it simply advertises the cheapness of the flag-wavers.

Congress has rightfully thrown the protection of law about the Flag to guard it from the outrage of commercialization. And patriotic societies are united in promoting Flag Day as an occasion for the people to pause and reflect on the meaning of the Flag and the deference which they owe it.

At home and at peace we may require a special day to honor the Flag but, abroad and in danger, we need none to tell us the meaning of that piece of bunting.

It is the visible sign of our national unity. We honor it as we respect ourselves. We feel secure in its promise of protection. We love it because it is not only the historic emblem of freedom, but the practical standard of fair-play and square-dealing among all nations.



Henry Clay, towering statesman of the first half of the nineteenth century, wrote the letter here reprinted seventy-four years before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. Human nature has not changed in all these years

Ashland, 3d Nov. 1846

DEAR SIR:

I postponed answering your favor, in expectation of receiving Dr. Nott's work on Temperance, to which it refers; but it never came to hand, and I request you not to give yourself the trouble to send me another copy, as I intend shortly to leave home for the winter.

I continue to think of the Cause of Temperance, as I have always done, that it has accomplished great good; and I believe it will achieve still more, *if it be kept out of the political arena.* But if coercion be resorted to, instead of free volition, I think it will fail. Men may be persuaded but will not be forced to be either religious or temperate.

I concur with you in thinking that sobriety is of the highest importance, in the preservation of free Government, with universal Suffrage. To which I would add, besides education, honesty.

I am truly Your friend
& obed't. Servant,
H. CLAY

Sink or Swim

THE text is from the front page of a spring issue of the Houston Post-Dispatch: "Two silent men picked up two small heaps of clothing from the bayou's banks and went toward their homes."

A ten-year-old boy who could not swim waded into water over his head, as boys have done from the beginning. A fourteen-year-old boy who could swim went after him, as swimmers have dared to do since man discovered that he and stones were not brothers in the water.

Both were lost. Not only there, but in nearly every community every year.

Two or three faltering swimming strokes would have made the boy safe. But they were beyond him. The will of a Napoleon would not have helped him. The strength of Hercules, Mozart's genius and Foch's coolheadedness all combined in his mind, spirit and body would not have supplied the common skill to pull him a few easy feet through the water.

And yet learning to swim is easier than learning to walk.

It's a father's job, either in person or by trusted proxy, to see that the lesson is learned. He must realize that no active boy—or girl, for that matter—will obey a parental order to stay away from swimming water, and that until he learns to swim he is, in the water, brother to the stones.

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